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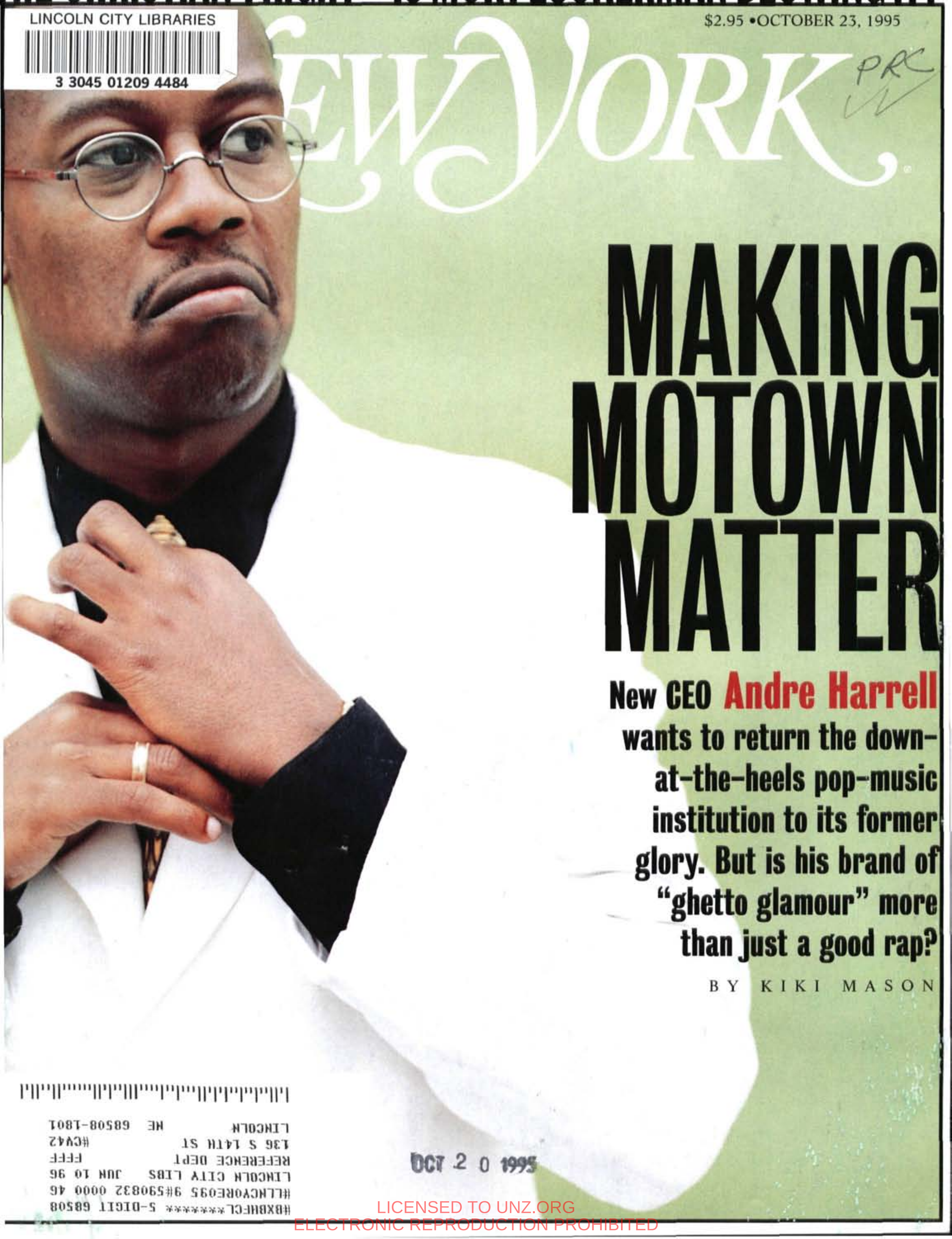

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BY KIKI MASON

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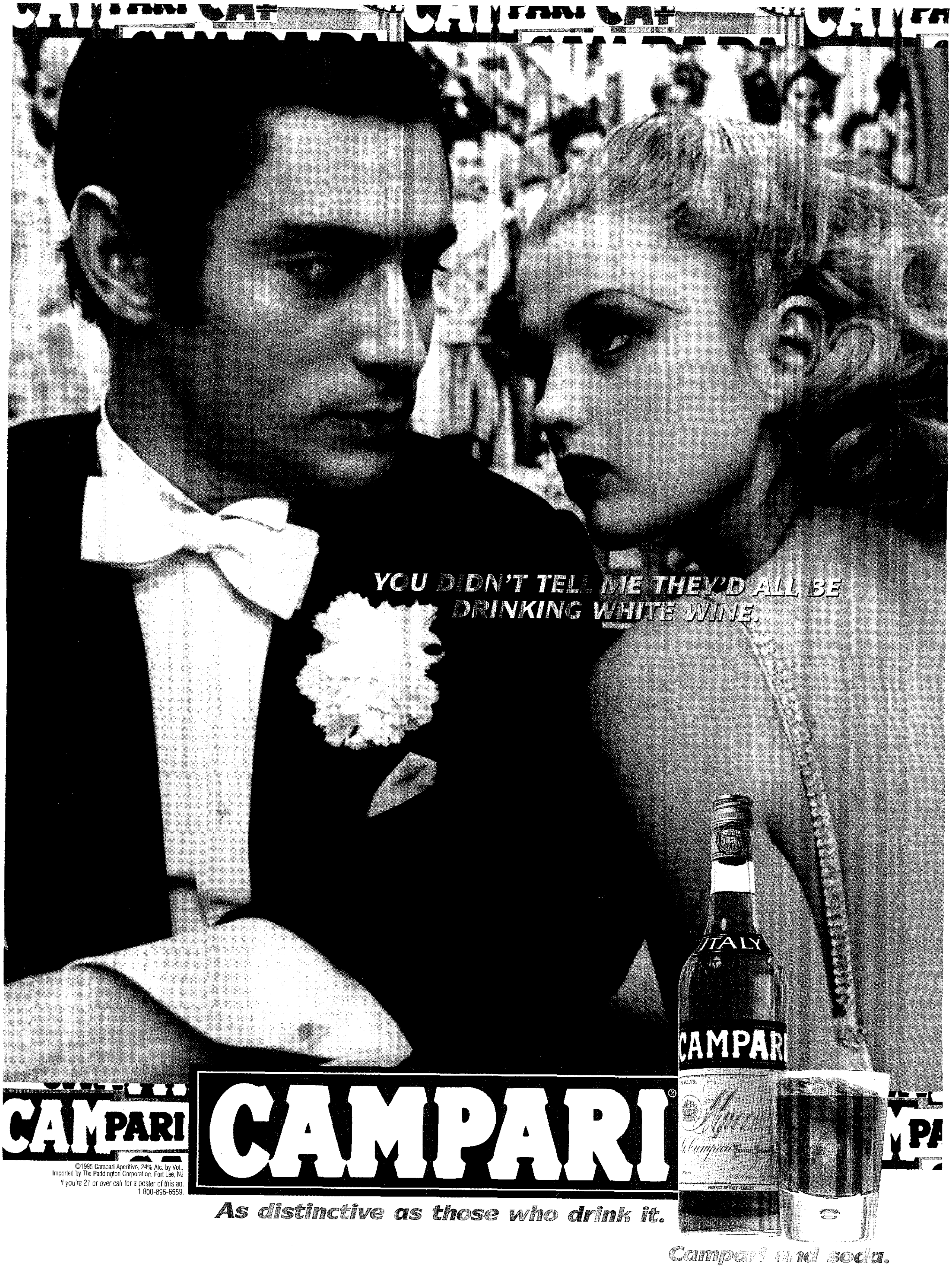
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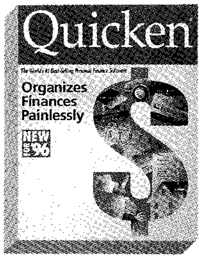

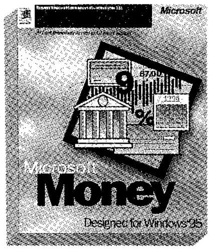

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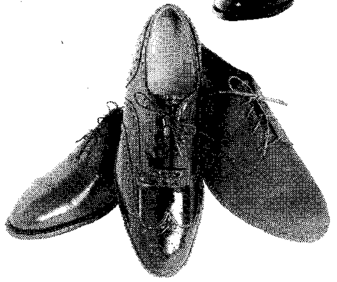

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BROOKLYN PLANT

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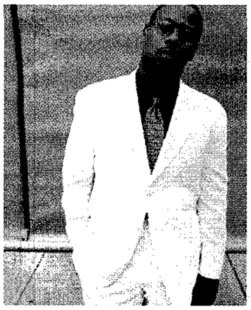
Motown Records's new president and CEO is promising to revive the legendary but moribund institution with a slickly cool, quasi-retro synthesis of hip-hop and soul and a very old-school emphasis on "ghetto glamour." Andre Harrell is as much style as substance—but so what? He's *cool.*



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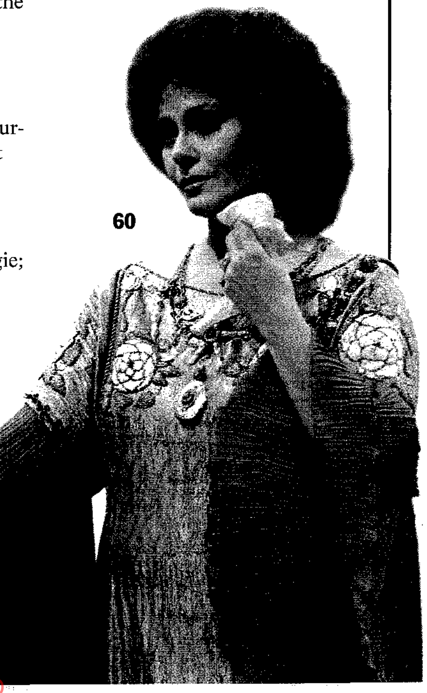
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Spin Cycle

Who has the communication gap—the mayor's aide-de-camp or the wretches in Room 9? Roth or his reviewer?

CRAIG HOROWITZ'S STORY ABOUT Mayor Giuliani's communications director, Cristyne Lategano, is an insult to working women ["Why Does Everyone Hate This Woman?," September 25]. Why the cover line THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAYOR? It is a shame that during the seventy-fifth anniversary of women's suffrage, a professional woman such as Lategano is being placed on the sacrificial altar of male chauvinism by reporters in press-rooms across New York City. It's also intriguing that only a handful of woman reporters have come to Lategano's defense. Where are the Marcia Kramers of New York? First Sara Lee Kessler, then Lategano. Which working woman will be next?

Name Withheld
WOOD-RIDGE, N.J.

HAVING HAD THE HONOR OF WORKING with Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's communications director, Cristyne Lategano, not once but twice, I can say Craig Horowitz's article "The Woman Behind the Mayor" smacks of tabloid journalism at its worst. The bottom line is, the boys in Room 9 have never accepted the fact that Lategano is a hardworking, professional woman who takes her position seriously and serves her mayor supremely well. If Horowitz had talked to Lategano's New Jersey Bush-Quayle '92 colleagues and volunteers, he would have discovered she was, and still is, revered as an outstanding professional and true friend. I am proud to have worked with Lategano. She is the finest person I know.

Paul T. Cuba
Deputy Press Secretary
New Jersey Bush-Quayle '92
RUTHERFORD, N.J.

IF MOST OF THE CITY'S PRESS CORPS HATE Cristyne Lategano, she must be doing something—maybe everything—right!

Bob Hall
MANHATTAN

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THE SOLUTION TO THE "CRISTYNE PROBLEM" is a return to no-nonsense, aggressive investigative news reporting with no dependence whatsoever on City Hall flacks. If the mayor and his aides insist on playing hardball with media access, then they should be denied media exposure. Cut off their easy P.R. fix and watch them turn into slobbering little puppies.

Frank Beacham
MANHATTAN

THE REAL STORY ABOUT MAYOR GIULIANI IS that he is the first mayor since the seventies to cut the budget and reform government as promised during his campaign. And he is improving the city's quality of life in the process. This is definitely not the approach New York has been used to, and so far it has been a complete success.

Noach Dear
Councilman, Forty-fourth District
MANHATTAN

MS. LATEGANO SHOULD CONSIDER ADOPTING a strategy employing shrewd negotiation as the way to reconcile the mayor with the Room 9 crowd. It is possible to give the press what they want (stories and access) while giving the mayor what he wants (control over the media agenda) by serving as a tough mediator between both sides. Whether you like spin doctors or not, pros like David Garth, Michael Deaver, and Roger Ailes have shown that a balance between the press and the pols can be achieved through a kind of rough-and-tumble shuttle diplomacy. Over the long run, the pit-bull style of media relations simply does not work.

Lloyd P. Trufelman
MANHATTAN

A Crown Jewel in Manhattan

YOUR SPECIAL REPORT "NEW YORK MOTOR City" [October 2] was great, with one exception: On the map "Car-Friendly New York," the best drive-through fast-food place was omitted: the White Castle at 351 East 103rd. Its "drive thru" is really fast, and has great food and cheap prices. It's definitely worth the trip.

Richard T. Roberts
MANHATTAN

Review Copy

THE SEPTEMBER 18 "INTELLIGENCER" article "True Lies: Waking Up to *Sleepers*" implies that several writers, including myself, blurbed Lorenzo Carcaterra's *Sleepers* as repayment for rave reviews in *People* from Carcaterra or his wife, Susan Toepfer. In my case, the facts are: I received a typed manuscript of the book from Linda Grey, formerly my publisher at Bantam. I receive lots of stuff from former editors, publishers, etc. I'm a rather cranky reader, hate most of what is sent, and only blurb the very few books I actually enjoy. I thought *Sleepers* was a great read. However, I felt there was a too-good-to-be-true aspect to the story. I phoned Linda and asked her about this. She swore to me that the book was 100 percent true. I sent her a blurb.

As far as I know, Lorenzo Carcaterra has never reviewed any of my novels, favorably or otherwise. I do believe Susan Toepfer reviewed one or two of my books several years ago. If my recollection is correct, one was a pan and the other positive. I've never met, spoken to, or developed any sort of relationship with either Carcaterra or Toepfer.

Jonathan Kellerman
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

ALTHOUGH I AM NO FRIEND TO THE MISOGYNY of Philip Roth or his new book *Sabbath's Theater,* I take exception to the choice of Katie Roiphe as reviewer-executioner of Roth's novel ["Books: Portnoy's Last Stand," September 4]—a selection that bears comparison with sending King Lear to a graduate student in social work for psychiatric consultation. I don't get it. Even if Katie Roiphe were an unbiased reader, how does she qualify as a literary critic? I found Roiphe's review pedestrian, predictable, tainted with ageism, and unworthy of Roth. Certainly, after a lifetime of writing, Roth deserved a less political and more literary critic.

Phyllis Raphael
MANHATTAN

Correction The article "Learning to Love the U.N." (October 16) erroneously stated that Sir Brian Urquhart served in the British air force. He was, in fact, in the British army's airborne forces.

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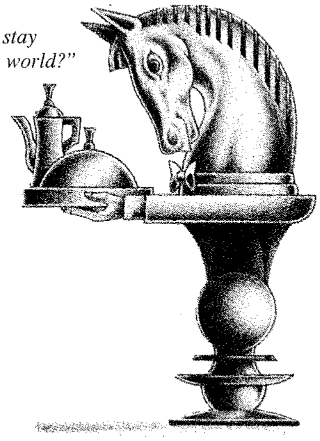

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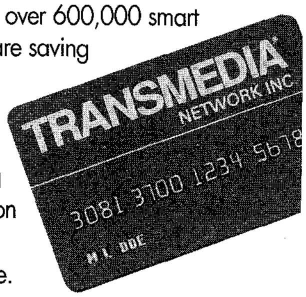

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Code 3

BY ROGER D. FRIEDMAN WITH BETH LANDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

O.J.: WHEN YOU WISH UPON A *STAR*

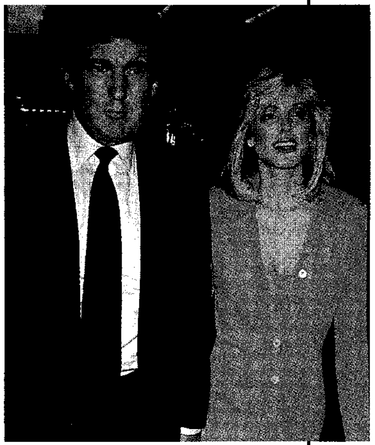
Though he insists he's far from broke, it's a fair bet **O. J. Simpson** could have used the extra million he was reportedly expecting for those "exclusive" victory-party pictures published last week in the *Star.* (How much can you get for a secondhand Bentley, anyway?) But *Star* sources claim that Simpson's fee for the photos was in the range of $250,000—far less than the million-dollar figure that he reportedly demanded. In any case, the whole thing is not sitting well with **Haywood Galbreath,** a well-known black photographer who covered the trial. Galbreath claims that Simpson's buddies and personal attorneys **Robert Kardashian** and **Skip Taft** had promised *him* the exclusive job of shooting Simpson's return home. Instead, credit for the job went to **Kathy Amermann,** the girlfriend of Simpson co-author and part-time speechwriter **Lawrence Schiller.** But actually, Schiller took the pictures himself; they carry his and Simpson's copyright. "Right before the trial ended, Schiller started asking me about different kinds of photographic equipment," says Galbreath. The deal with the *Star* was brokered by Taft, who continues to make deals for Simpson. But Schiller may have had the last laugh. While the tabloid had to *pay* for its set of pictures, Schiller offered both *Time* and *Newsweek* the rights to use one of his photos free, with the odd provision that it not be run on the cover. Both of the newsweeklies took him up on the deal. Meanwhile, an angry Galbreath has decided to publish *his* pictures of the O.J. spectacle (he has 18,000 frames) in book form with General Publishing Group of California. Among the more interesting shots should be the ones he took at Cochran's recent birthday party, showing **Robert Shapiro** glumly segregated from the rest of the Dream Team.

TRUMP RAINS (CASH) ON A PARADE

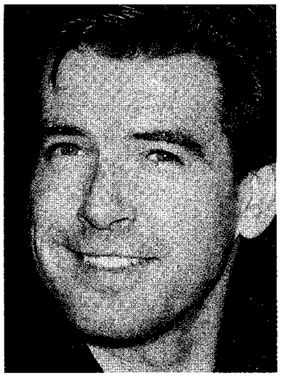
The closest **Donald Trump** has gotten to military service is a few adolescent years at New York Military Academy, but that hasn't kept the casino owner from being appointed grand marshal of a mammoth parade to celebrate Veterans Day and the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II. On November 11, Trump—with Marla at his side—will lead 100,000 marchers up Fifth Avenue in what is being billed as "The Nation's Parade," the biggest Veterans Day celebration in the city's history. In addition to thousands of vets, organizers are expecting the joint chiefs of staff and all five living presidents, including—somewhat improbably—**Ronald Reagan.** But Trump? "A lot of people know who he is, and they thought he could make it great and grand," gushes the developer's spokeswoman, Norma Foerderer. But insiders say what parade organizers found *really* grand was the $100,000 Trump personally contributed to the parade, and the additional half-mil he raised from deep-pocketed pals. "Patriotism comes in many forms," says parade director Tom Fox earnestly. "Mr. Trump has raised more than $2.5 million for the Vietnam vets." For his part, Trump is, characteristically, more blithe. "Marching with the military, politicians, and the president will be a lot of fun!"

MAKING AN L.A. CONNECTION

The career of one of New York's best-known talent agents seems to be unraveling, and show-business insiders are wondering why. **David Guc,** who in the past represented **Kathleen Turner, John Goodman, Annette Bening,** and **John Turturro,** quietly left the New York branch of the Gersh Agency, where he was a partner, in June. In August, he sued the Gershes for $15 million, claiming that he'd been locked out of his office and wrongfully dismissed. But sources say that Guc had been abruptly removed from his position after he allegedly duped a fellow agent into becoming his drug courier. The agent, **Raelle Koota,** carried a package with hashish hidden in it to Los Angeles at Guc's request, according to Gersh's attorney, Michael Connery. She wound up being body-searched and spent a night in an LAPD lockup. Guc pressured Koota to keep the incident quiet, but she finally broke down and confessed. That's when Guc was ousted. (Koota remains with the agency.) Sources close to the agency are hopeful that the suit will be settled soon, but there has been little progress. Guc, meantime, is out of work and declines to comment.



Donald Trump and Marla Maples: They'll never walk alone

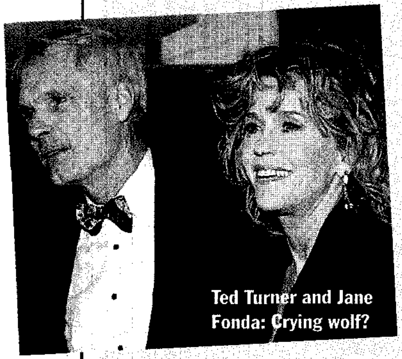


Pierce Brosnan: Moving to Queens?

THE LION THAT ATE LONG ISLAND CITY

MGM/United Artists may soon be seeking an eastern outpost—in Queens. Insiders claim the studio is the "mystery investor" bidding for a partnership in the sprawling Kaufman Astoria Studios. The move comes at a time when the studio has been struggling to make it back to the big league. Sources say MGM is currently costing its principal owners—Crédit Lyonnais and the French government—millions of dollars a month. Be-

Photographs: top right, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; center left, Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; bottom, Benainous-Duclos/Gamma-Liaison.



Ted Turner and Jane Fonda: Crying wolf?

A PLACE WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

Ted Turner is trying to keep the wolves away from his door. Literally. Environmentalists in Montana, where Turner and his wife, **Jane Fonda,** own a vast ranch, charge that the CNN founder has quietly reversed himself on wolf repopulation—a controversial ecological issue—because he's afraid roaming packs will feast on his herd of buffalo. **Alston Chase,** a Montana environmentalist featured a few years ago on the cover of *Newsweek* and author of the just-published *In a Dark Wood,* claims that Turner has turned his back on the wolves. "Ted thinks that raising buffalo makes him morally superior," snorts Chase, scoffing at Turner's sudden about-face. "These celebrities come here because they love the idea of being on a ranch. Then they do everything they can to outlaw ranching because they don't think it's politically correct." **Russ Miller,** Turner's ranch manager, claims that his boss is still in favor of the *concept* of repopulation. "But there are downsides to every business. It's not just Ted—*all* ranchers have conflicts with predatory animals." And many media moguls too.

cause of regulatory rules, the bank has to sell its stake by 1997. One possible savior is the French media company Hachette. For now, though, MGM is nervously pinning its hopes on three new movies: the well-received *Get Shorty,* starring **John Travolta;** *Goldeneye,* with **Pierce Brosnan** as the new James Bond; and a bleak drama called *Leaving Las Vegas,* for which **Nicolas Cage** is winning the best notices of his career.

A CLASH OF STYLES AT THE *TIMES*

"Styles of the Times"—the unterrible but much-maligned section of the Sunday *Times* that was folded into the Metro section more than two years ago—is about to undergo yet another surgery. Current editor Eric Asimov—better known to *Times* readers as Friday's "$25 and Under" restaurant critic—is moving, probably to the Living section. He will be replaced by **Walter Middlebrook,** a refugee from New York *Newsday.* Among the first casualties of the new regime: Bob Morris, whose "The Night" column is being sharply cut, and legendary society and fashion photographer **Bill Cunningham,** who will have fewer of his pictures published. "From the beginning, people at the *Times* acted as if the section was ridiculous. They had no faith in it," complains one of its original editors. Critics charge that Old Guard *Times*men resented the invasion of fab young freelancers who wrote about un-*Times*ian subjects such as "The Arm" and sex and where to slam-dance. But insiders blame the continuing flux at Styles on the endemic balkanization of soft-news coverage at the paper. "Fashion coverage was separated from Styles, and culture was also separate," notes one contributor. "There wasn't much left to write about." Meanwhile, Asimov's change, in *Times* Kremlinology, is seen as something of a promotion, sources assert.

NPR, THE PLO, AND FULL DISCLOSURE

Talk about getting into bed with your sources. Last week, **Maureen Meehan**—a respected stringer who reports on Arab-Israeli issues for *Newsday* and National Public Radio—was fired by both organizations after they discovered she was married to a longtime PLO official. According to *New York's* Robert I. Friedman, the Israel-based Meehan even quoted her husband as a "PLO official" in one *Newsday* article without bothering to identify him as her spouse. "[It's] a serious ethical lapse, and Maureen obviously won't be writing for *Newsday* again," says **Jeff Sommer,** the paper's foreign editor. Sommer says that when she was first confronted, Meehan lied and angrily denied that the official she quoted, **Jiries Atrash,** was her husband. Atrash, a spokesman for the Palestinian Authority in Jericho, also set up the PLO's missions in Chile and Brazil. NPR first learned about Meehan's PLO connection in a letter from CAMERA, a right-wing Jewish media-watch group closely aligned with Israel's Likud Party. According to NPR official **William Buzenberg,** Meehan at first denied Atrash was involved with the PLO, but her story quickly unraveled when NPR found the *Newsday* article in which she quoted her husband. The Meehan mess is a particularly bitter pill for NPR, which has long been targeted by CAMERA for an allegedly pro-Palestinian bias. Meehan, who now claims her husband is just a PLO "consultant," has hired high-powered New York trial lawyer **Michael Kennedy** for a possible libel suit against CAMERA. "It's both sad and undistinguished for NPR to discriminate against Maureen Meehan based upon threats from a Zionist organization," says Kennedy. Despite the controversy, Meehan continues to report for both NBC Radio and the *Christian Science Monitor.*

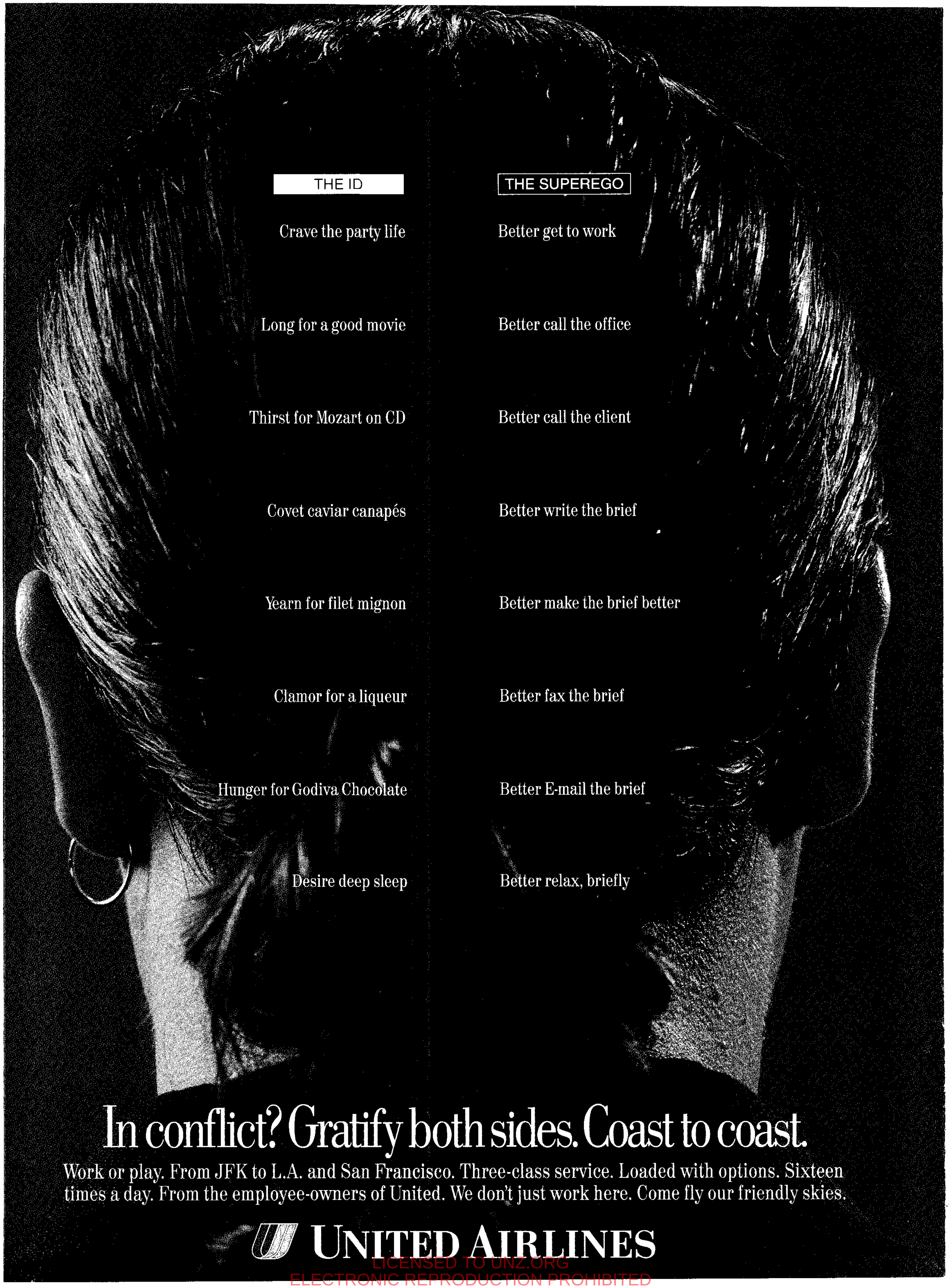
CORRECTION

It was reported in this space last week that Jeffrey Toobin, a *New Yorker* staff writer, acknowledged at a public meeting that Robert Shapiro was a source for his article about Mark Fuhrman. In fact, Toobin made no such acknowledgment. *New York* regrets the error.

MOTHER TERESA SUPPORTS HER BANKER

That contrarian *Vanity Fair* columnist **Christopher Hitchens** doesn't like **Mother Teresa** is old news. He's even written a book about her politics called *The Missionary Position: Mother Teresa in Theory and Practice* that's coming out shortly. Included: an odd epistle to Judge **Lance Ito** in his pre-Simpson days. It seems M.T. certainly does love all her children, especially those such as S&L mega-swindler **Charles Keating,** who was among her benefactors. "I do not know anything about Mr. Charles Keating's work or his business," she writes. "I only know that he has been kind and generous to God's poor and always ready to help when there was a need." The letter prompted a response from Los Angeles deputy district attorney **Paul Turley,** urging M.T. to return whatever money she received from Keating. To this day, Hitchens reports, Turley has not heard back.

Photographs: top left, Fitzroy Barrett/Retna; bottom, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos.



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3:00pm–10:00pm

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Christmas Eve • Christmas Day
11:00am-8:00pm

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- Children (7-12) $15.50*; under age seven dine free
- 4 hours free parking

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GOTHAM

A European city, [illegible] of no known country —*Saul Bellow*

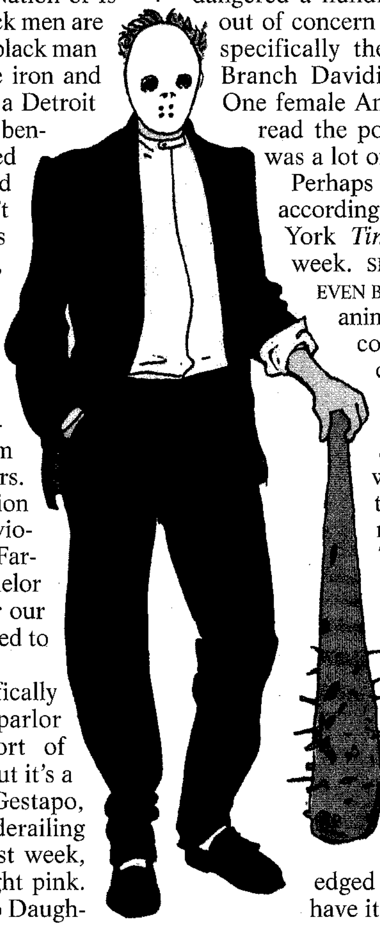
THE FRONT PAGE

Why Men Are Bad

Males do horrible things only because their chromosomes tell them to.

Men suck. Every decent thing that has ever been ruined, all that is uncivil, wicked, vile, brutal, every bad thing—with the exception of American daytime television—is the fault of men. It's a distressing and woeful conclusion, and sobering if you happen to be one of them.

Minister Louis Farrakhan has sobered up, it seems. After years of saying everything was the fault of specifically *white* men—with the exception of Adolf Hitler, who, in the minister's view, wasn't all bad—the Nation of Islam leader now realizes that black men are no great shakes, either. When a black man beat a black woman with a tire iron and then drove her to her death off a Detroit bridge as the result of a fender bender recently, Farrakhan chastised his followers: "She wasn't killed by Mark Fuhrman. She wasn't killed by the oppressor. She was killed by her so-called brother, because he was mad she had bumped into his shiny car." Hoping to put a stop to such displays of manliness, Farrakhan was planning to gather a million black men in Washington this week and lecture them about responsibility and manners. Of course, gathering any 1 million men in any one place makes violence almost inevitable, and so Farrakhan insisted on a strictly bachelor party, since "we do not wish for our women and children to be exposed to that kind of danger."



Blaming everything on specifically black men is also a popular parlor game, particularly in the sort of homes that still have parlors. But it's a fairly safe bet that the Sons of Gestapo, who claimed responsibility for derailing an Amtrak train in Arizona last week, are not black. More likely, bright pink. (And equally likely, there are no Daughters of Gestapo, or if there are, they are dedicated to knitting swastika doilies and providing nurturing Nazi homes for the sons and daughters of the Sons of Gestapo.) Interestingly, a very bad poem left at the crime scene suggests the men who killed one man and endangered a hundred innocent lives did so out of concern for women and children, specifically the ones who died at the Branch Davidian compound in Waco. One female Amtrak passenger who had read the poem had this critique: "It was a lot of gibberish."

Perhaps so, but also nature's way, according to an article in the New York *Times* Science section last week. SEXUAL HARASSMENT: WHY EVEN BEES DO IT cited a survey of animal-behavior research that concluded that when it comes to women and children, all male animals are beasts. "Males," the article said, "will often do whatever they can to seize the resource they covet most: female sexuality." This included, but was not limited to, simple harassment (bees); biting and hounding (chimpanzees); casual rape (orangutans); and murder in a fit of passion (sea otters and O. J. Simpson).

"It's all very squalid and depressing," one male scientist acknowledged resignedly. "But there you have it."

THE AGENCY THAT CRIED "REPLACEMENT TOKENS" The Metropolitan Transit Authority insists that it will issue new tokens with the proposed 25-cent fare hike November 1. But many people seem to remember the 1991 fare increase, when the MTA insisted it would issue new tokens but then didn't. Of twenty people randomly questioned in Grand Central Terminal last week, 40 percent said they planned to stockpile the current tokens.

PLEASE COUNT & CLAIM

IT'S LIKE A PRISON IN HERE According to the recently released "Mayor's Management Report," jail guards call in sick more than any other category of city employee. The paid-absentee rate for Corrections workers in fiscal 1995 was 7.07 percent, compared with 4.41 percent for sanitation workers and 2.42 percent for firemen. According to a Corrections spokesman, "It's important to know there's a small group, maybe 200 or so, that average approximately in the 70-day range," or an average of more than once a week.

YOU WILL BE GOING ON A LONG TRIP Popular astrologist Patric Walker's horoscope for Sunday, October 8, the day he died after a long bout with salmonella, written by Patric Walker for the New York *Post:* "Anything you put your mind to will yield positive results. Take care not to overdo things, as the emotional aftershock of the full moon may take a little time to fade."

Photographs: top, Gary Buss/FPG; bottom, Dana Fineman/Sygma; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

International

FIVE MINUTES, MR. CASTRO

LAST MONTH, WHEN DIPLOMATS WERE informed that the heads of their respective states would be limited to five-minute speeches during the United Nations' fiftieth-anniversary ceremonies beginning this Sunday, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. "There are *some* heads of state," a Moroccan diplomat fretted, "who cannot speak for less than *40* minutes."

This is perhaps the most delicate situation the U.N. has ever had to negotiate: More than 150 heads of state, kings, queens, and other potentates all wanting to speak first or last or before someone else and for some multiple of five minutes. At first, the anniversary committee wanted to have a first-come-first-speak sign-up list, but then, according to one committee member, they decided against that idea, fearing that some nations might send junior diplomats to line up overnight "like for a sale at Macy's." Next, the committee decided to choose speaking order by lottery, but after months of negotiating, the lottery turned into an impossibly complicated six-stage process. So they dropped that idea and went with a one-time blind draw, but even that presented problems: "They were trying to make everyone happy," said the diplomat, "but in a typical U.N. way, it was so cumbersome that no one could understand it."

Hoping to ameliorate complaints about the time limit, Australian ambassador Richard Butler suggested that speakers be allowed to submit longer versions of their speeches, which would then be printed in a special commemorative book. The cost of printing the book—7,000 copies translated into six different languages—soon reached $715 a page, however, with one French diplomat envisioning the nightmare scenario of "some speaker who might turn in a 250-page speech." Consequently, American diplomat Linda Shenwick (Jesse Helms's unofficial but vociferous ally at the U.S. Mission) has been lobbying to get the project canceled.

Another problem arose over how speakers would address the assembly. Libyan diplomats repeatedly asked to address the session by satellite hookup since "some heads of government and state might not be able to come to New York." (Colonel Qaddafi, like Saddam Hussein, will not attend the ceremony.) "We just ignored the idea," said one committee member. "And they stopped raising it."

Then came the question of who would be invited to what party: "None of the rogue governments will be invited to any of the city or White House events," declared one United States official who, when asked to name the rogues, could only come up with Fidel Castro. Mayor Giuliani's office, however, was much more explicit: "There are a handful of nations not invited [to participate in the city's events]: Cuba, Iran, Iraq, Libya, North Korea, Somalia, and Yugoslavia," explained a Giuliani spokeswoman.

Former pariahs, meanwhile, are finding the city a bit more welcoming this time around. Yassir Arafat, who during his 1974 visit was forced to spend the night in the U.N. sick bay for security reasons, will be staying at the U.N. Plaza Hotel this time. He also negotiated for a speaking position between the prime ministers and the foreign ministers. "In fact, the Americans were more opposed than the Israelis," said one Arab diplomat.

As president of the host country, Bill Clinton has been guaranteed the first speaking slot and allotted fifteen minutes, but he also has to deal with Congress's Helms-fueled refusal to pay its dues to the U.N. "You tell me what I'm supposed to say," he said in an address to Congress earlier this month. "I will go give this speech, and they will say, 'Thank you very much, Mr President. Where's your billion dollars?' "

IAN WILLIAMS

MEDIA

Subliminal Canonization

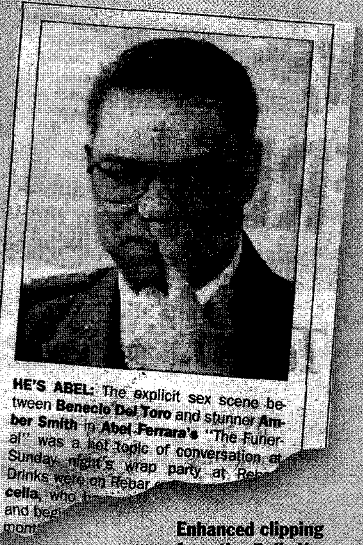
LAST TUESDAY, THE NEW YORK *Daily News* ran a photo of potential presidential candidate Colin Powell in the "Hot Copy" column on page 18. Powell is in a pensive pose, but more remarkable is a faint cross that appears precisely in the center of his forehead. Upon further inspection, the cross turns out to be a dagger symbol that has bled through from an ad for Bell Atlantic NYNEX mobile-phone services on the preceding page.

"Assuming this was done intentionally, it's fascinating," mused Dr. Wilson Bryan Key, the author of *Subliminal Seduction: Ad Media's Manipulation of a Not So Innocent America.* "Colin Powell, as a potential Republican [presidential] candidate, must come to grips with the Christian right. The message is, I suppose, that he is a closet Christian or something.

"Powell probably had nothing to do with it," Key theorized, "but possibly *someone* does. . . ."

Confronted by *New York,* "Hot Copy" columnist Michael Lewittes admitted, "It was planned for months." Then he started laughing.

MATT HABER



HE'S ABEL: The explicit sex scene between **Benecio Del Toro** and stunner **Amber Smith** in **Abel Ferrara's** "The Funeral" was a hot topic of conversation at Sunday night's wrap party at Reb
Drinks were on Rebar
cella, who b
and beg
mont

Enhanced clipping from the *Daily News.*

The Law

SOURED GRAPES

BACK IN 1969, FOUR YEARS AFTER HE graduated from Harvard College and a year before he went to Yale Law School, Geoffrey Gund made a wise investment. He bought 109 cases of really good wine, including three cases of 1961 Château Pétrus for $253 a case and one case of 1959 Lafite-Rothschild for $375. Then he stored the wine with Morgan and Brother Manhattan Storage.

"I started to learn about wine when I lived in Cleveland—Father was head of Cleveland Trust Bank," explains Gund. "I bought first growths of the best vineyards so that in 20 or 25 years, I would be able to share them with family and friends." Gund's selections were, to say the least, prescient. Nowadays, the Pétrus has sold for as much as $25,300 a case, 100 times what Gund paid.

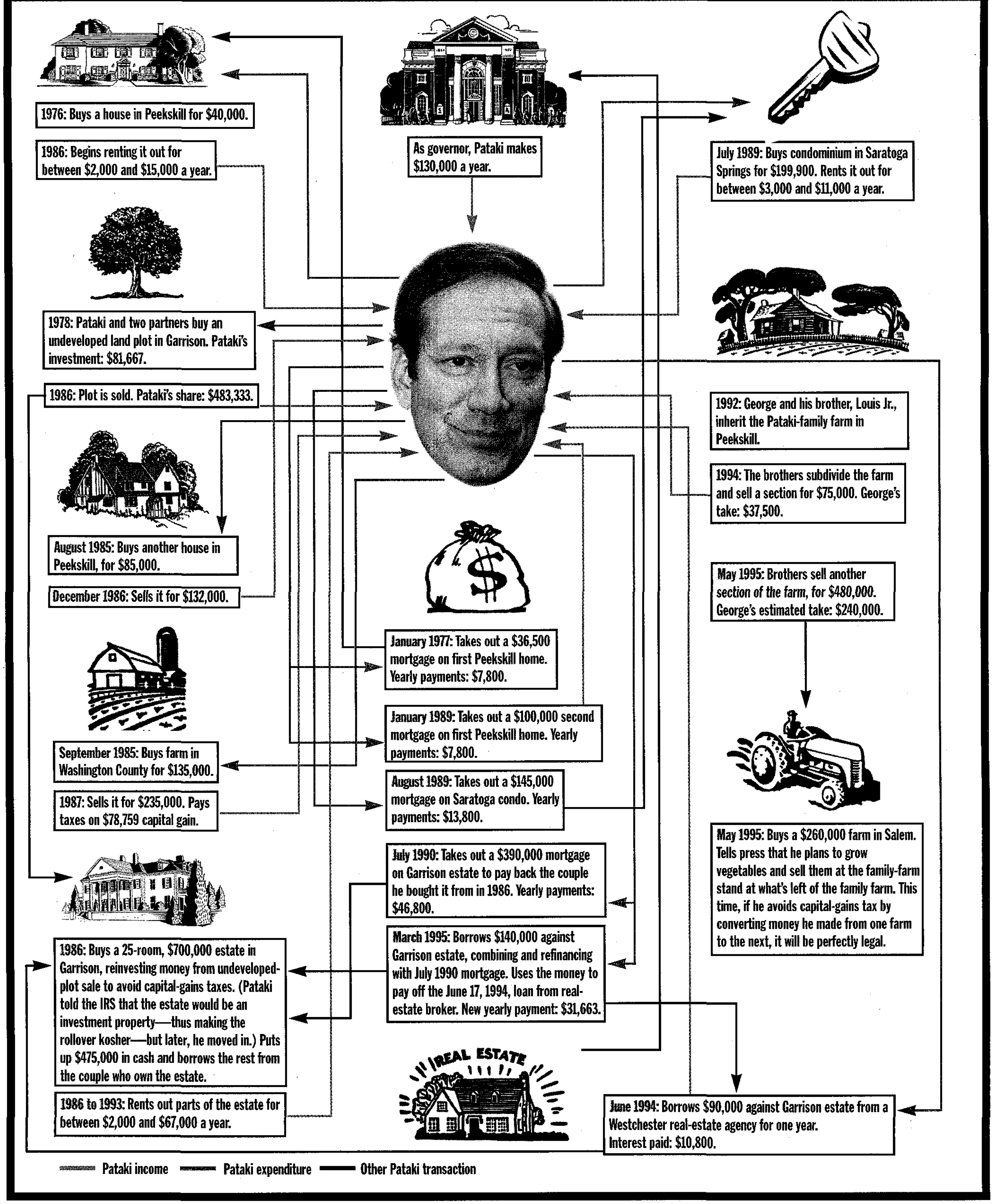
Gund was a patient investor. Over the years, while he was working as a history and economics teacher at the Dalton School, he never dipped into his cache. Instead, each month, he dutifully sent off a check to Morgan for storing the wine. In a 22-year period, he paid the company around $40,000 for its services.

Morgan, in turn, kept the wine in the basement of its warehouse and sent regular invoices. In 1987, Gund asked the company to provide an inventory. Morgan sent a list showing 66 of the original 109 cases, but since the invoice accompanying the list was for 101 cases (just 8 short of the original), Gund did not notice the discrepancy. Then in

The Fancy Financial Footwork of George Pataki

After Governor George Pataki let Italian-American and Hungarian-American trade groups pay for his weeklong tour of Hungary and Italy last month, he told critics that he hadn't wanted the taxpayers to foot the bill. A look at Pataki's own labyrinthine personal financial history, however, suggests that the governor was simply conducting business as usual.

ED SHANAHAN



1976: Buys a house in Peekskill for $40,000.

1986: Begins renting it out for between $2,000 and $15,000 a year.

1978: Pataki and two partners buy an undeveloped land plot in Garrison. Pataki's investment: $81,667.

1986: Plot is sold. Pataki's share: $483,333.

August 1985: Buys another house in Peekskill, for $85,000.

December 1986: Sells it for $132,000.

September 1985: Buys farm in Washington County for $135,000.

1987: Sells it for $235,000. Pays taxes on $78,759 capital gain.

1986: Buys a 25-room, $700,000 estate in Garrison, reinvesting money from undeveloped-plot sale to avoid capital-gains taxes. (Pataki told the IRS that the estate would be an investment property—thus making the rollover kosher—but later, he moved in.) Puts up $475,000 in cash and borrows the rest from the couple who own the estate.

1986 to 1993: Rents out parts of the estate for between $2,000 and $67,000 a year.

As governor, Pataki makes $130,000 a year.

January 1977: Takes out a $36,500 mortgage on first Peekskill home. Yearly payments: $7,800.

January 1989: Takes out a $100,000 second mortgage on first Peekskill home. Yearly payments: $7,800.

August 1989: Takes out a $145,000 mortgage on Saratoga condo. Yearly payments: $13,800.

July 1990: Takes out a $390,000 mortgage on Garrison estate to pay back the couple he bought it from in 1986. Yearly payments: $46,800.

March 1995: Borrows $140,000 against Garrison estate, combining and refinancing with July 1990 mortgage. Uses the money to pay off the June 17, 1994, loan from real-estate broker. New yearly payment: $31,663.

July 1989: Buys condominium in Saratoga Springs for $199,900. Rents it out for between $3,000 and $11,000 a year.

1992: George and his brother, Louis Jr., inherit the Pataki-family farm in Peekskill.

1994: The brothers subdivide the farm and sell a section for $75,000. George's take: $37,500.

May 1995: Brothers sell another section of the farm, for $480,000. George's estimated take: $240,000.

May 1995: Buys a $260,000 farm in Salem. Tells press that he plans to grow vegetables and sell them at the family-farm stand at what's left of the family farm. This time, if he avoids capital-gains tax by converting money he made from one farm to the next, it will be perfectly legal.

June 1994: Borrows $90,000 against Garrison estate from a Westchester real-estate agency for one year. Interest paid: $10,800.

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

1991, Morgan sent Gund a letter that began, "Dear Depositor, We are pleased to enclose your first copy of our computer-generated inventory. . . ." Computer tracking, the company promised, "will provide both you and us with an accurate, up to the minute report on the status of your account."

Gund read the new inventory, then compared it with the 1987 list, and realized that he was suddenly down to just 46 cases of wine—63 had disappeared. He asked the company to check its warehouse. Morgan could not find the wine. Gund then delivered a statement of loss and damage to Morgan, requesting that he be recompensed $254,274, the estimated value of the missing wine. Morgan responded with a letter stating, "Our records indicate that there was no additional storage insurance on the wine while in storage, thereby limiting our liability to warehouseman's legal limit of $.30 a pound per article." That added up to $672. Gund then asked Morgan to return his wine, and they sent him his remaining 46 cases, many of which had been opened and resealed; one case was even partially crushed.

Morgan's storage facility, it turns out, is not an ideal place to store valuables. In court papers, one of the warehouse managers explained that the basement in which wine was stored often flooded. "There were times that there would be cases of wine that were obviously picked up and dropped," he acknowledged. "They would come right through the bottom. The carton would be soaked. There would be no real way of identifying them sometimes, so there was nothing we could do other than just clean it up." A source who visited the warehouse told *New York* that it was even more bleak than that: "There were wine bottles all over the place; it looked like they had been floating in the muddy water."

In 1992, Gund sued Morgan for the $254,274. He lost. According to a judge's decision handed down in July, Gund had an opportunity to notice the missing wine back in 1987 when he received the inventory list, and so that was when the clock began to tick on the three-year statute of limitations that governs these types of claims. Thus, the maximum he could claim was the $672. But in his decision, the judge hedged: "Plaintiff's complaint alleges defendant's treatment of plaintiff's property as negligent, not grossly negligent. Limitation of liability clauses are enforceable against claims of ordinary negligence." Gund's lawyer would not discuss the possibility of a gross-negligence suit, but chuckled when the topic was brought up. JOHN CONNOLLY

At Roseland (from left), *Strange Days* director Kathryn Bigelow with Jay Cocks, who co-wrote the screenplay; actor Tom Sizemore with Robert De Niro. Below, at *Worth* magazine founder Randall Jones's apartment, Yvette Mimieux and Sidney Poitier celebrate her new video, *Yoga Workout With Yvette Mimieux.*

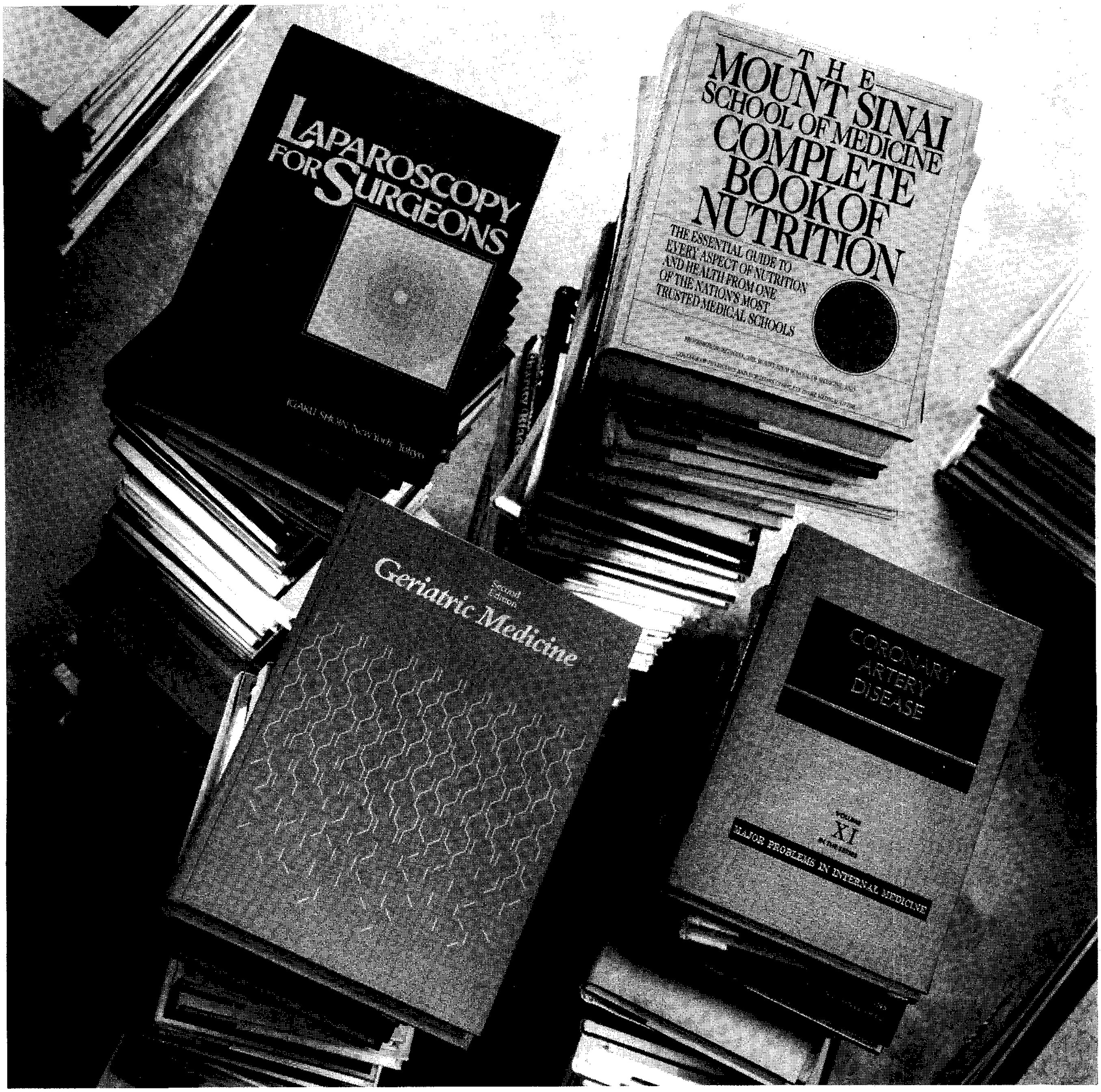
Party, Like, It's 1999

At the Roseland Ballroom for the premiere party of 'Strange Days.'

By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

"IT'S PRETTY DEPRESSING," SAYS ANGELA Bassett. "It's so fucked up," mourns Brigitte Bako. If the stars of *Strange Days* seem a little dour, it's not the savage reviews they are bemoaning but a massive post-O.J. hangover. "It's getting creepier, because real events seem to be mirroring what's happening in the picture," says James Cameron, who wrote the story behind Kathyrn Bigelow's tale of race-apocalypse set in 1999 Los Angeles. Meanwhile, the party's *faux*-millennial debauchery—club kids hired to be Brownshirts and dominatrixes, just like in the movie—seems more passé than prescient, and the throbbing techno beat seems *so* eighteen months ago.

Left: Divine Brown and Michael Musto at Musto's birthday party at the Tunnel. Below, Lisa Loeb and sister Debbie at Cal's restaurant for *Saturday Night Live's* after-party.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JACOB WEISBERG

The Religious Right Hype

Don't believe the scaremongers: Ralph Reed might have made the Christian Coalition more presentable. But he can't make it truly powerful.

IN THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, THE Christian right has undergone what must amount to one of the more successful makeovers in the history of public relations. Instead of *hellfire* and *damnation,* its new buzzwords are *family* and *mainstream values.* Thinly veiled theocratism has given way to professions of belief in the separation of church and state. In place of showcasing Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, high-rolling hucksters with a touch of Elmer Gantry, the movement now presents the epicene choirboy visage of reasonable Ralph Reed. To be sure, Reed works for Robertson's Christian Coalition, the religious right's chief organizing vehicle. But for all Robertson's mutterings about Masonic oaths, Jewish bankers, and nefarious international cabals, his boy Reed has built a 1.7 million–member organization that appears to be no more extreme than the Elks Club.

Choirboy Reed: Looking good, getting nowhere.

For those who obsess about such things, this image enhancement only makes the fundamentalists more dangerous. They haven't really changed their goals; they've just become more devious in pursuing them. In the words of Barry Lynn, director of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, Reed's methods amount to "a Communist Party agent-of-influence strategy." By this interpretation, the group is working surreptitiously to infiltrate government at every level. Once the fellow travelers creep into place, it will be too late to save our rights.

Reed does his part to feed such paranoia. "It's like guerrilla warfare," he said in 1992, describing the coalition's effort to elect covertly evangelical candidates. "If you reveal your location, all it does is allow your opponent to improve his artillery bearings. . . . It's better to move quietly, with stealth, under cover of night." Robertson himself says he no longer makes the mistake of using his "spiritual" idiom when talking with "secular" reporters. The Christian Coalition does indeed have, as People for the American Way contends, "two faces." If you doubt it, compare Robertson on *The 700 Club* to Reed on *Meet the Press.* Where the Coalition's critics go wrong, however, is in viewing these tactics as signs of strength rather than fatal weakness. Groups that can't say what they think for fear of being laughed out of town don't tend to get very far. The truth is, as much as direct-mail liberals deny it, the Christian right is a paper tiger.

Sure, the Christian Coalition looked like a major force last month, when it held its "Road to Victory" convention in Washington. With the exception of Arlen Specter, who wasn't invited, and the late unlamented Pete Wilson, who couldn't make it, the Republican presidential aspirants all swore eternal fealty. "I read in this morning's papers about how all these candidates were coming down here to court all of you," Bob Dole told the assembled audience of 4,000. "Well, maybe we are. What's wrong with that?" Lamar Alexander said the next president should be a "little bit of a preacher." Richard Lugar promised "to challenge the morality of gambling." Newt Gingrich talked of praying his way through marital difficulties and thanked the group "from the bottom of my heart" for helping to elect the Republican Congress.

But looking past appearances, what's important is what was not said at the event. Republican candidates with an actual hope of being nominated (that is, *not* Pat Buchanan, Bob Dornan, and Alan Keyes) pandered in a generic way while carefully skirting the very issues Christian conservatives care most deeply about: returning to pre-seventies community standards on abortion, prayer in public schools, and homosexuality. Any Republican with a brain wants the help of Reed's foot soldiers in the primaries. But he is also aware of what might be called the Mondale trap—after the Democrat who triumphed in his party's primaries in 1984 by playing up to the liberal interest-group base but, in so doing, doomed his chances in November. For Dole, Lugar, Alexander, and even Phil Gramm, the trick is to try to win the affection of the coalition, along with the Iowa and New Hampshire primaries, by feinting right—without getting pinned down. That means plenty of symbolic politics, like Dole's refusing a contribution from gay Republicans, but little in the way of hard-right substance, such as, say, supporting the legal prohibition of homosexual acts.

Reed understands the difficulty G.O.P. regulars face and generously declines to put them on the spot. In reality, it is the coalition that is coming to meet the mainstream Republicans and not the other way around. The surprising thing about the Contract With the American Family, which the Christian Coalition unveiled in May as a successor to you-know-what, is how moderate it is. Its ten planks

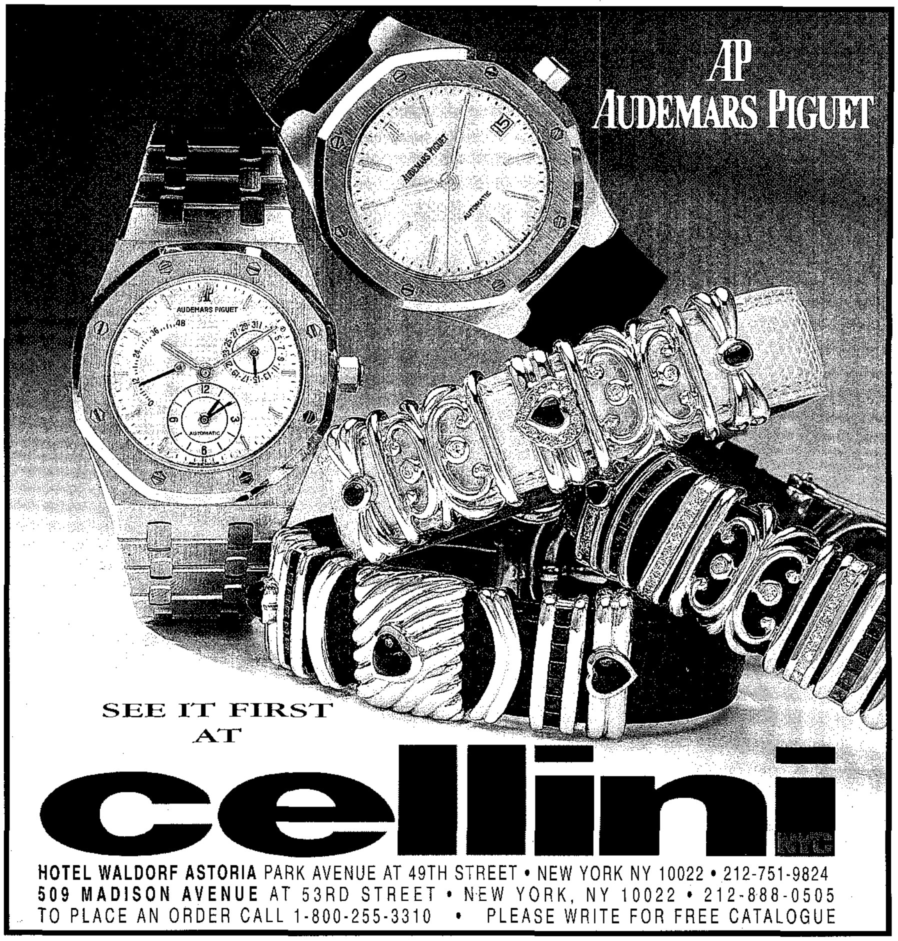
Photograph by Mark Peterson/Saba.

are a tax cut, school choice, laws to keep pornography away from children, restitution for crime victims, "privatization" for the NEA, elimination of the Department of Education, a bigger tax deduction for charitable contributions, limits on late-term abortions, protection for "parental rights," and voluntary prayer in public places. Scared yet?

What the document actually does is focus on all the issues that unite Christian conservatives with garden-variety Republicans while neglecting such embarrassing demands as a right-to-life amendment to the Constitution. "Christian conservatives are very powerful whenever they're pushing the Republican Party in a direction it wants to go anyway," says the conservative critic David Frum. "They're not so powerful when pushing it in a direction it doesn't want to go." Compromising is shrewd politics on Reed's part. By stressing areas of conservative consensus, he can share credit for legislative victories, create a perception of power, and perhaps build momentum. But absent a massive shift in public opinion, he'll never turn America back into the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Liberal fear-mongers invariably focus on the coalition's local gains. Reed's organization now controls the Republican Party apparatus in some eighteen states, and is increasingly winning seats on school boards, state legislatures, and city councils. But here too, the threat is oversold. The right is certainly capable of winning power in local elections. What it cannot do is use it. John Judis recently wrote in *The New Republic* about the town of Merrimack, New Hampshire, where in 1994 the Christian right got control of the school board using Reed's recommended stealth tactics. But as soon as the fellow travelers proposed teaching "creation science," parents got involved and stopped them. Liberals won the next election, and the kooks remaining on the board are considered no-hopers for a second term.

Reed's position is rather like that of another factional leader, Jesse Jackson. If Reed tells his troops to break ranks and support an independent, he could seriously damage the Republican Party, just as Jackson can hurt the Democrats. But such a blackball power is too crude to be useful, and Reed is too smart to squander the credibility he has gained on such a gesture. Instead, he has been making friendly noises toward the pseudo-conservative Dole and even toward the nonconservative Colin Powell. To Reed, conservatism must mean conserving the illusion of vast power, in the hope that it someday wins him real power. In the meanwhile, his Christian Coalition remains an 800-pound weakling. ▬



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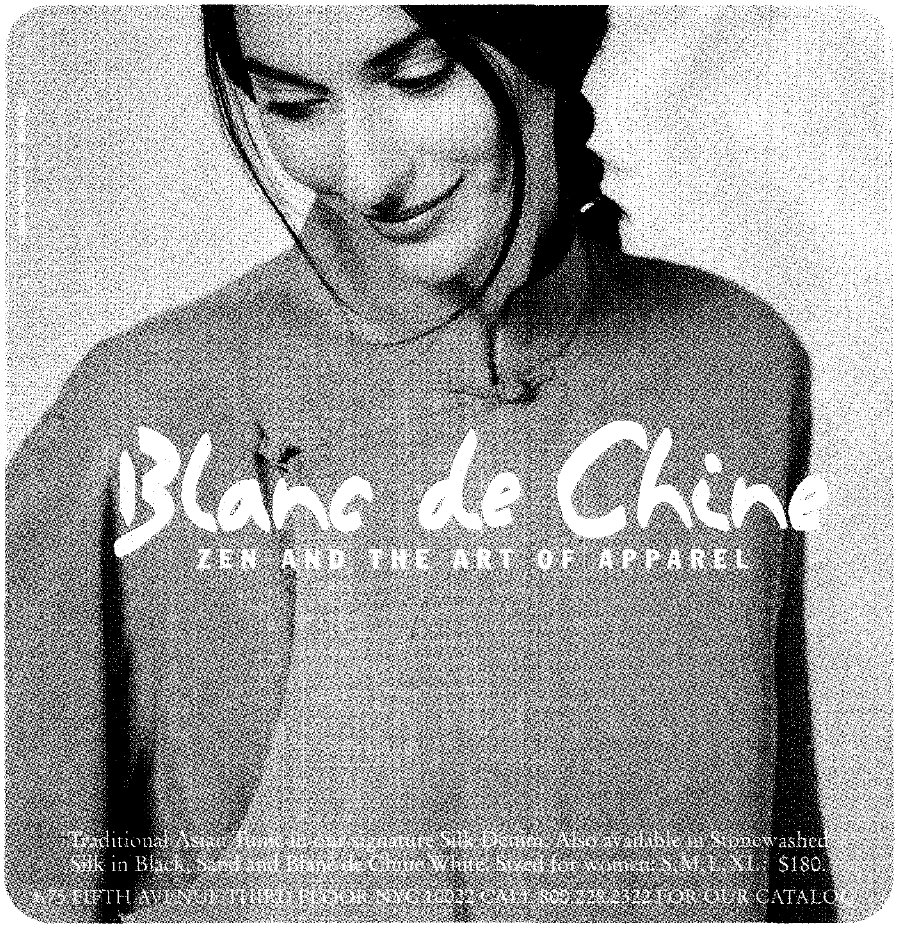

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CITYSIDE AMY PAGNOZZI

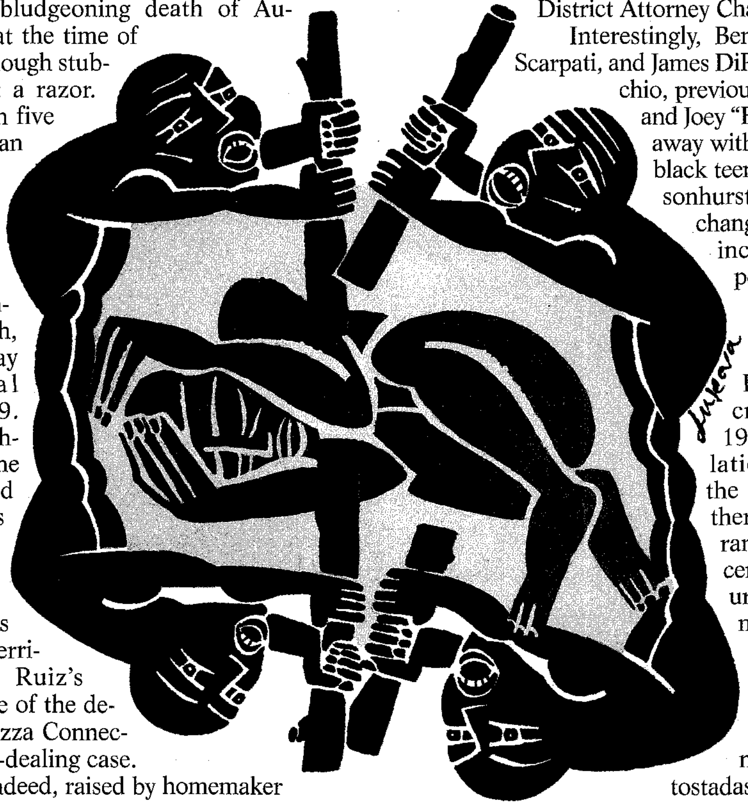
When Good Kids Kill

So four white kids, from good Brooklyn homes, allegedly bash in the head of a homeless Ecuadoran man who was using their park. Who cares?

MANUEL AUCAQUIZHPI WAS 40 WHEN HE DIED; HE had come to Brooklyn thirteen years ago from Ecuador. To the Italian kids who killed him, he was Mexican—neighborhood shorthand for anybody who speaks Spanish and looks like an immigrant. As in: "You Mexican, get the fuck out of the park."

Aucaquizhpi stayed put. "I'm not bothering you," he replied, according to Patricio, a kitchen worker also in Dyker Park on September 6, 1994. "That's when [the kids] got mad and got the bats," adds Patricio, who did not stick around. *"Los Italianos siempre nos acosan!"* he shrugs. "If I stayed to watch every time, I'd live in the park."

This week, four of the kids—Joseph Pennachio, Steven Ruiz, Anthony Scarpati, and John Tanico—appear in Brooklyn Supreme Court in the bludgeoning death of Aucaquizhpi. Fifteen to 17 at the time of the killing, they haven't enough stubble among them to coat a razor. Not one stands taller than five feet four, or looks older than 12. Squirt defendants aren't new to race cases, but these kids lack the nasty swagger of their predecessors: Joey Fama of Bensonhurst, 1989; Jonny Lester of Howard Beach, 1986; and Anton McCray of the first Central Park–jogger rape, 1989. Perhaps these kids' high-priced lawyers—four of the city's toughest—clued them in to the advantages of looking like the altar boys they once were. "These are good, clean-cut kids from nice homes who got caught up in a terrible situation," insists Ruiz's lawyer, Joe Benfante, once of the defense attorneys in the "Pizza Connection" heroin- and cocaine-dealing case.



The defendants were, indeed, raised by homemaker moms and blue-collar dads who sent them to Catholic schools. Scarpati's father loads trucks; Pennachio's dad works for the city; Tanico's is a postal employee; and Ruiz's helps run his in-laws' funeral home. But there are also uncles reputed to be soldiers in the Gambino crime family. Prosecutors have told the court that first cousins Ruiz and Pennachio are nephews of reputed family soldier Robert Scarpaci, and that Scarpati is the nephew of another, unnamed, Gambino associate. Casting the defendants as the wild spawn of mobbed-up families may be too easy, though. The uncles were not in the park that night, nor did their nephews report back to them after Aucaquizhpi was killed; they returned to loving, two-parent homes.

Tanico initially told cops that he and his friends killed "the Mexican" because he had kicked their handball, but then Tanico said a lot of different things. "That stuff about the handball was bull," says Deputy District Attorney Michael Vecchione, "an excuse for these kids to do what they wanted to do anyway to people whom they considered scum."

Pennachio struck first, according to prosecutors, dropping the alcoholic, unemployed factory worker with what Vecchione describes as an "upper-deck swing" to the back of his head with an aluminum bat. The rest closed in. Scarpati had the broken hockey stick. Ruiz and Tanico wielded the two-by-four and the aluminum rod. "Mindless hatred—that's the common link in Bensonhurst and Howard Beach and all these bias cases," says District Attorney Charles "Joe" Hynes.

Interestingly, Ben Brafman, who represents Scarpati, and James DiPietro, who represents Pennachio, previously represented James Patino and Joey "Babes" Serrano, who both got away without jail time in the killing of black teenager Yusuf Hawkins in Bensonhurst six years ago. Plenty has changed since then: For those so inclined, there are now more people to hate.

According to the Department of City Planning, the number of Mexicans in Bath Beach and Bensonhurst increased 423 percent from 1980 to 1990; the Asian population also quintupled during the same period. (Until 1990, there weren't enough Ecuadorans or other Latinos for the census to publish separate figures on them.) Though still a minority, the Hispanics use the parks a lot. There are so many Latinos playing soccer and volleyball, barbecuing *cuy* (guinea pig), and picnicking on plantanos and tostadas against a backdrop of native music that crossing into the grassy field behind the boccie-ball and basketball courts in Dyker Park is a little like crossing the border. Says Vecchione, "You or I might find it very festive—but some of the people who have always lived here don't like it." The fact that the income of whites living in nearby Bay Ridge now falls below both those of their black and Asian neighbors hasn't helped the "Mexicans" ' case either; they are perceived as one of the few groups left to look down on.

Patricio, 23, typifies the attitude of recent Latino immigrants to Brooklyn. A consummate wannabe American in his

Illustration by Luba Lukova.

Fila sneakers and red-white-and-blue T-shirt, he works as many hours as he can in the basement of a Bensonhurst catering hall and only wants to get home at night. The refrain following the Bensonhurst attacks—"No Justice, No Peace"—has given way here to "No Justice, No Problem." "We Ecuadorans are passive," Patricio asserts. "We don't come here looking for trouble; we come here looking for a better life."

The only Ecuadoran who attended the pretrial hearings was Walter Sinche, a 26-year-old electrician. "Had this happened to a guy from another community—to a Jew, or a black, or a gay guy, people would be marching in the streets," says Sinche, who dropped out of night school so he could canvas the park for witnesses, whom he personally delivered to investigators. The Ecuadoran Al Sharpton, Sinche pesters the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, the NYPD's Bias Unit, and the Mayor's Office of Immigrant Affairs regularly and acts as occasional interpreter for the media—not that they care.

From left: Joseph Pennachio, Anthony Scarpati, and Steven Ruiz.

Bias crimes don't rate anymore. Attacks this month on Mexicans and Asians in Sunset Park—which once would have inspired a week's coverage—were one-day stories, or even briefs. As for Aucaquizhpi's murder, it would not have made the papers at all had I not had a column then in one of the dailies. "How do I guarantee the actual trial gets covered?" Sinche asked.

It's too bad, because this is a great story (mob allegations, fancy lawyers, altar-boy defendants) with unceasing dramatic developments. First there was Tanico's September 1 betrayal of his childhood friends in exchange for a sweetheart deal, negotiated by lawyer Jack Litman (one and a third to four years in jail for manslaughter, as opposed to a possible 25 to life). Then a month later, Scarpati followed suit. "The D.A.'s given everybody deals except for Pennachio and Ruiz, because they got this vengeance for [their uncle] Bobby Scarpaci, and they're taking it out on these two kids," charged Pennachio's lawyer, James DiPietro. He claims that not only Tanico but Robert Muia, another kid who was there that night, was granted immunity; Tanico and Muia both "pounded away" on Aucaquizhpi and "were the main movers here, far more culpable," DiPietro said. He also scoffed at prosecutors' claim that Ruiz threatened Muia shortly after his arrest, noting that prosecutors conceded they had no evidence of any other potential witnesses' being harassed.

Of course, many witnesses have simply disappeared of their own volition. Investigators are still seeking a white woman who was walking her dog the night of the murder and who pointed the suspects out to the cops, but who then vanished. Some Ecuadorans who were with Aucaquizhpi when the bats were pulled out have not been found. Whether they are more afraid of the mob or the INS is unclear.

Ruiz and Pennachio, and by extension their lawyers, are in a pickle, having spent the past year sharing defense strategies with the state's star witnesses and their attorneys. Lawyers Benfante and DiPietro must discredit teens they portrayed a week or two ago as the greatest of kids—easier in Tanico's case, since there were discrepancies in his confession; the defense also intends to portray him as the ringleader. "There are eyewitnesses who have Tanico hitting the deceased in the head with a pipe," says Benfante. He and DiPietro also hint at a self-defense argument. True, Aucaquizhpi was struck over and over again from behind; but DiPietro noted that he was carrying a chair before he was struck, and a kitchen knife was found near his body. Hey, it's a strategy. Benfante pitched in, gamely attempting to establish context. Unspecified "Mexicans," Benfante elaborated, "got liquored up and threw bottles at these young teenagers and made lewd remarks and grabbed at neighborhood girls" during the weeks preceding the murder.

Just for the record: Manuel Aucaquizhpi was born in the mountains of Ecuador, and is survived in America by his sister, Delia Maldonado. There was another brother here, but in 1993, Alejandro Aucaquizhpi—an unemployed dishwasher who also became homeless after losing his job—was found beaten to death beneath an underpass at 65th Street and Fourth Avenue. Not surprisingly, Delia, who has two baby boys and a husband to care for, wants to skip the trial, having buried two brothers in two years' time—both of whom lived and died on the ground. "I don't blame the family for not wanting to come," says Sinche. "I just hope that when the trial opens I won't be the only Ecuadoran in the courtroom. I don't want people to say that the Ecuadorans are poor and illegal and have nobody to fight for them, so they are easy to kill." ▬

Photographs by Frances M. Roberts.

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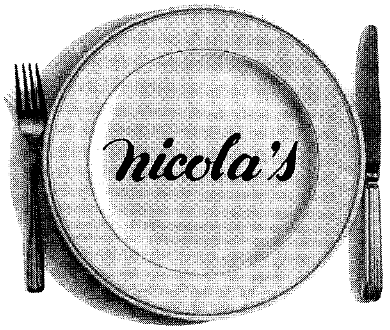

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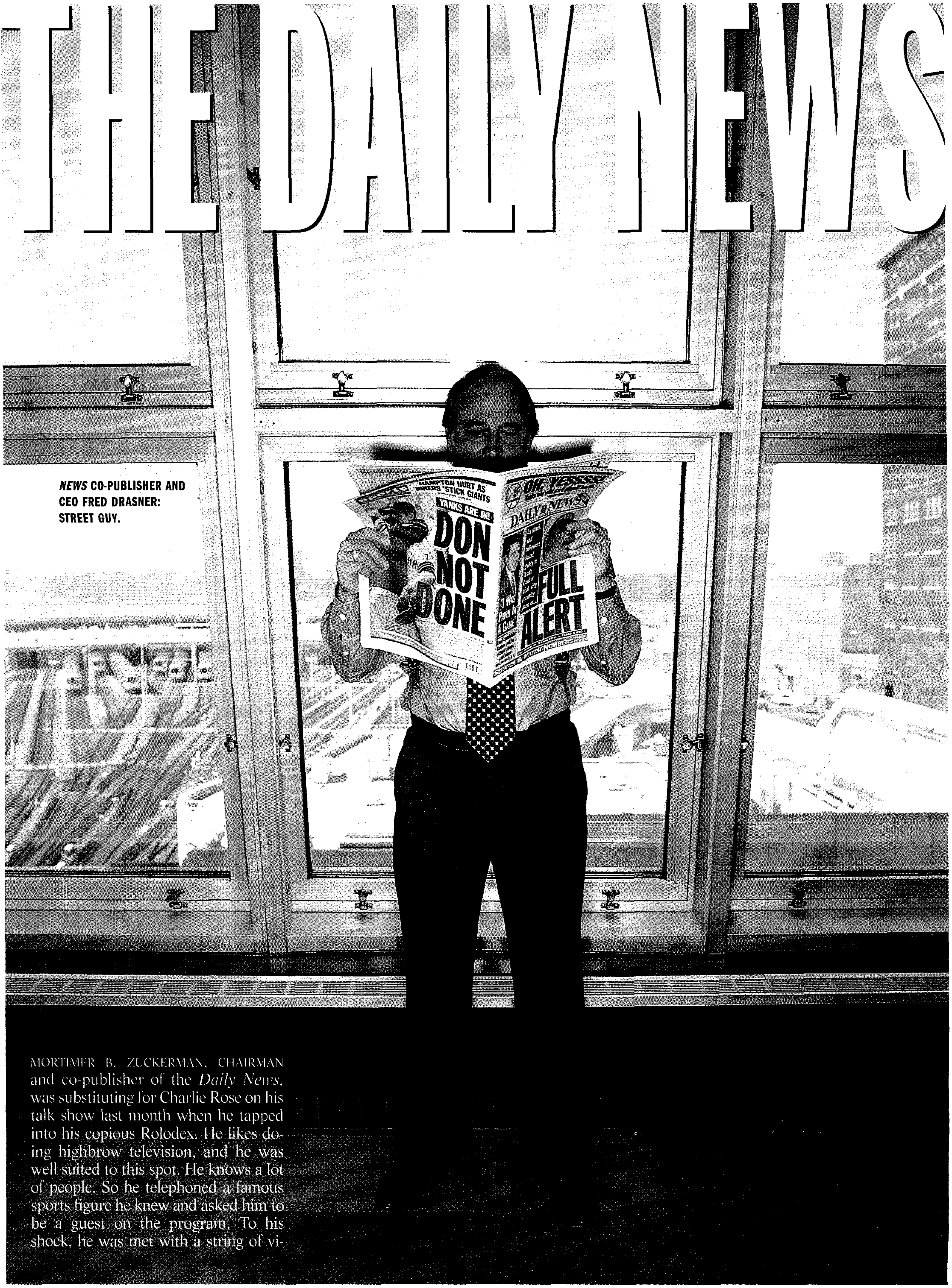
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DAILY NEWS
FULL ALERT

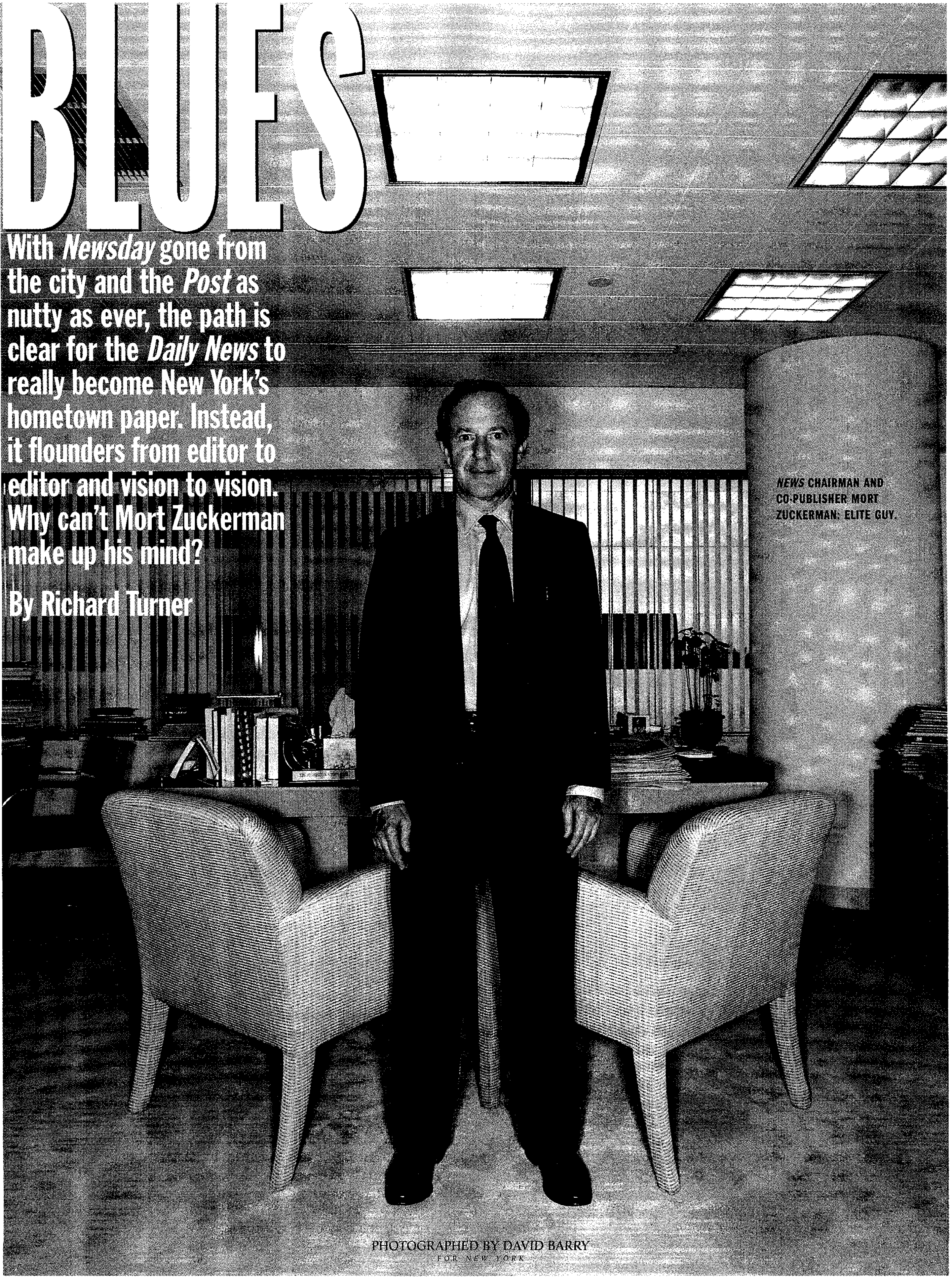
***NEWS* CO-PUBLISHER AND CEO FRED DRASNER: STREET GUY.**

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN, CHAIRMAN and co-publisher of the *Daily News*, was substituting for Charlie Rose on his talk show last month when he tapped into his copious Rolodex. He likes doing highbrow television, and he was well suited to this spot. He knows a lot of people. So he telephoned a famous sports figure he knew and asked him to be a guest on the program. To his shock, he was met with a string of vi-

BLUES

With *Newsday* gone from the city and the *Post* as nutty as ever, the path is clear for the *Daily News* to really become New York's hometown paper. Instead, it flounders from editor to editor and vision to vision. Why can't Mort Zuckerman make up his mind?

By Richard Turner



NEWS CHAIRMAN AND CO-PUBLISHER MORT ZUCKERMAN: ELITE GUY.

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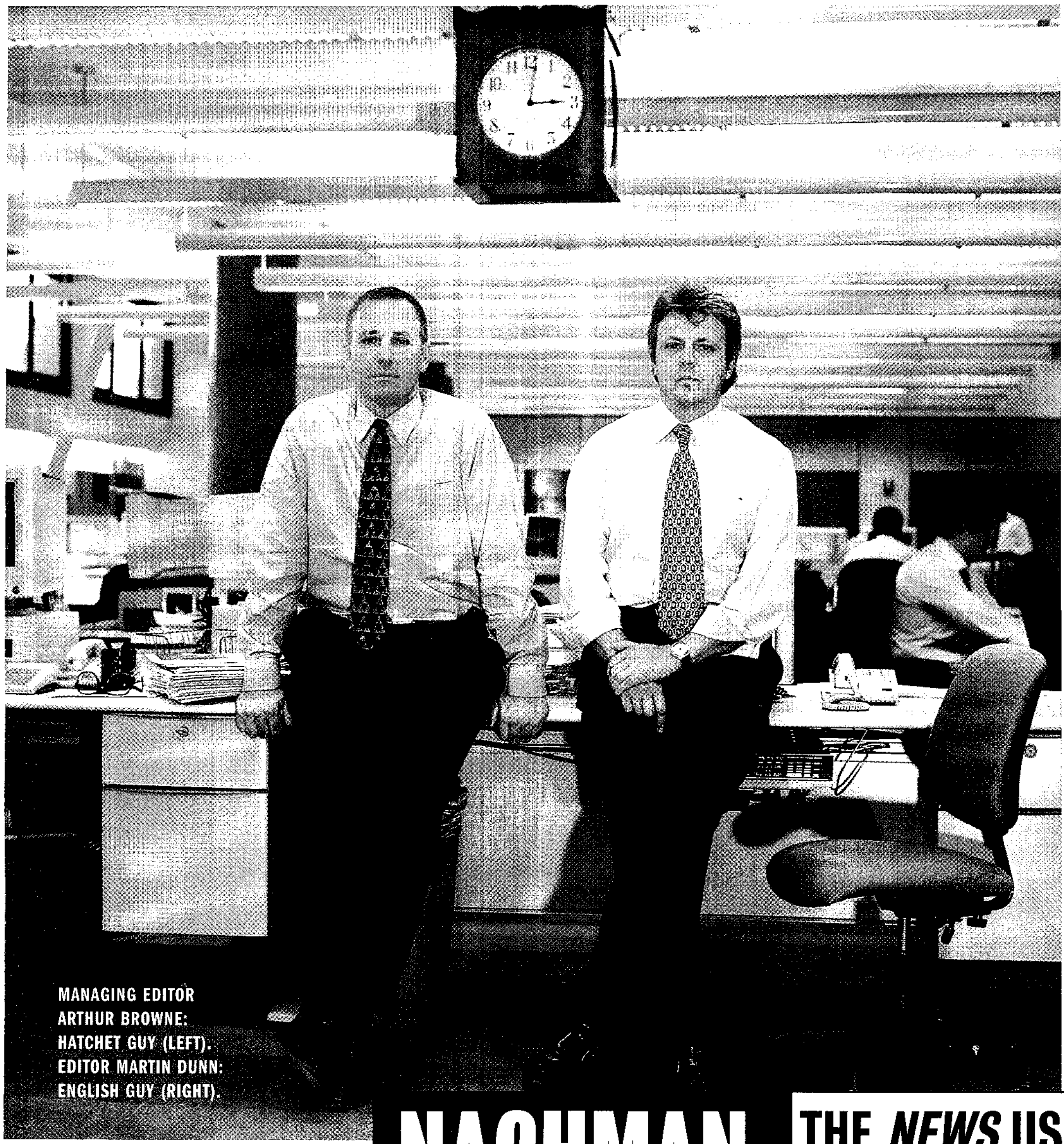

MANAGING EDITOR ARTHUR BROWNE: HATCHET GUY (LEFT). EDITOR MARTIN DUNN: ENGLISH GUY (RIGHT).

NACHMAN **THE *NEWS* USED TO BE ABOUT “S**
THINGS HAPPENING TO IMPORTA

cious expletives and a slammed-down phone. Something about a gossip item the *News* had run sometime before.

Zuckerman doesn't like this part of his job. It still shakes him up. What he does love about owning a great newspaper is trafficking in the issues of the day. On many nights during the eighties he could be seen hovering near the newsstand at 59th and Third after ten, waiting for the truck to come to deliver the next day's *Times*. Nerdily, charmingly, he'd been subscribing to the *Times* since the age of 12, growing up in Montreal.

Zuckerman wasn't present, then, when a vastly different news-junkie ritual took place down the Harbor from Manhattan. “When I was growing up in Red Hook, my mother and her friends would line up every night for the Night Owl edition of the *News* and the *Mirror,* all these ladies waiting there in housedresses and curlers,” says Jerry Nachman, the former New York *Post* editor and current WCBS-TV news director best known as a raconteur and quotemeister. “And at first I never understood why they were grabbing the paper and reading it from the back. But it turned out they were getting the number.” The next day's number was hidden in the track handle for Aqueduct, and there were variations like the comic strip “Ching Chow,” from which readers would divine horse-racing tips by counting clouds, buttons, and folds in the sleeves.

A lot of the tabloid's audience was Irish and Italian immigrants, factory workers and longshoremen and shopkeepers. It expressed a kind of consensus about the city, a set of shared values that included not only the number and the ponies but Frank Sinatra and Mickey Mantle, heroic cops and firefighters, disreputable politicians. It was, Nachman continues, turning over phrases like playing cards, “slow horses and fast women, something jagged and shiny, bad things happen to important people.” Nachman, like most other aficionados of spaldeens, egg creams, and the old *Daily News,* is talking about a paper and a world that never really existed. If one removes the nostalgic wrapping, one sees that the paper could be racist and jingoistic, was not averse to comparing black assailants to primates, and referred for years to “the late, great Joe McCarthy.”

But the fact remains that in 1947, more than 4 million people bought the paper on a given Sunday, more people than have ever bought any other paper in America before or since. Was the paper great, even a great tabloid? No. But it did serve to usher generations of New Yorkers, as they grew up with the city, into the middle-class and the mainstream.

Indeed, it was in the *News*'s interest from its inception in 1919 to champion this immigrant striving and to convince advertisers of the aspirations of the common-man reader, whom the paper called Sweeney. “Tell it to Sweeney! The Stuyvesants will understand” was the advertising slogan. An ad pitch from the twenties, quoted in John Chapman's book *Tell It to Sweeney,* fills in the picture. “Sweeney and Mrs. Sweeney are ambitious and expectant of Life. They believe in God, the United States, and life insurance. They respect education and want the kids to have plenty of it. They look forward to grapefruit for breakfast, their own homes, a little car, money in the bank, and a better future for the Sweeney juniors. Today, some of the Sweeneys are buying Pierce-Arrows and Long Island estates; more of them will tomorrow. The Sweeneys know what they want—and get it.”

Inevitably, of course, Sweeney got it. He made a little money and moved to the suburbs. His habits changed. He started reading the *Times* or Long Island *Newsday,* the Gannett-Westchester papers or the Bergen *Record* or the Newark *Star-Ledger.* Or he settled into the easy chair, turned on the TV, and stopped reading newspapers altogether.

The *Daily News* didn't exactly give Sweeney reason to hang on. Along with the other New York papers, it more or less turned its back on the suburbs. It lost its editorial focus. At the same time, in the eighties, Rupert Murdoch's *Post* was doing straight-ahead tabloid journalism and stealing part of the franchise. The *News* even flailed away at the yuppie market in the early eighties. The *News*'s parent Tribune Company ignored the paper; it went on strike; it was looted by Robert Maxwell; it went bankrupt.

Then came Zuckerman. Zuckerman wasn't exactly viewed as a white knight when he rode in to buy the paper: People were in too foul a humor. The Newspaper Guild was rooting for another Canadian publisher, Conrad Black, and Zuckerman was perceived as a dilettante, the mogul who dated Gloria Steinem and a procession of other famous (and smart) women. With his Fifth Avenue triplex; his homes in Aspen, East Hampton, and Georgetown; his controversial real-estate deals; and his thirty-seventh-floor office in his building at 53rd and Lex, he didn't meet the test of being "street." This was perhaps unfair: "Mort's a lightning rod because he came in sideways," complains Fred Drasner, his co-publisher. "He didn't grow up in the business. Would we have rather inherited the New York *Times* than bought the *News*? Of course."

But Zuckerman is a man who enjoys his place in the world, a world far from the *News*. As publisher of *U.S. News and World Report* and *The Atlantic Monthly,* he enjoys access. With an MBA and a Harvard law degree, he's a dyed-in-the-wool policy wonk. Still, he's smart enough to say all the right things about what the *Daily News* is. It's not the New York *Times;* "it's New York's hometown paper."

At *U.S. News,* he has the title editor-in-chief, and he's always flying off to meet with Fidel Castro, appearing on *Crossfire,* jetting to China to dine with world leaders. He was in Beijing last week, on the phone at 3 A.M., unable to sleep, saying, "The *Daily News* gives me the opportunity to participate in the life of the city of New York . . . to be involved in the direction of New York, a dialogue about its future. I'd never been involved in an analysis of the Police Department, the Board of Education, city politics. I'm very interested in those things."

HORSES AND FAST WOMEN, SOMETHING JAGGED AND SHINY, BAD
EOPLE." BUT OTHER PEOPLE SAY IT WAS OFTEN RACIST AND JINGOISTIC.

He often writes articles about weighty issues, and he likes to hang around with journalists. "Do you know Bud Trillin?" he asks (that's writer Calvin, for the uninitiated). He plays in the media-intensive Harbor softball game and talks on the phone with writer-friendly lawyers like Ed Hayes and Richard Emery.

Lately, though, Zuckerman has talked ruefully about his "dwindling" circle of acquaintances. "One thing I must say I never fully appreciated was the impact the paper has on individuals who used to be my friends," he says. "But it goes with the territory. I don't like it, but there it is."

Nachman has said, "Mort's got to realize he's more important than the mayor," and the comment has resonance. Perhaps unlike his rival and counterpart Rupert Murdoch, he appears to care very deeply what people think of him—certain people, anyway. And that's the irony. The refrain about the *Daily News,* recounted again and again by people close to him, is "Mort's friends don't read the paper."

Zuckerman also wants to prove he can turn the *News* around, and he has, in fact, rescued the paper, just as he improved both the *Atlantic* and *U.S. News.* When he and Drasner took over the *News* in January 1993, paying $36.3 million, they were making a big bet—that one of the other tabloids would fold. Zuckerman was sure it would be the *Post*—so sure, he turned down a chance to buy it for a paltry $10 million and shut it down—but never mind. Last summer, he got his wish when New York *Newsday* folded. Zuckerman called *Newsday's* editor Don Forst and told him he'd gotten over his grieving quickly. He also began hinting around, in vintage Zuckerman style, about a job.

Although New York *Newsday's* circulation was a tiny 231,000—more than a third of which is still reading *Newsday's* extant Queens edition—its absence still gives the *News* an enormous psychological boost. Though New York City still has three newspapers, the *Times* is the *Times,* and it's clearly not for everybody. Two thirds of its 1.4 million circulation is outside the five boroughs. "It covers New York like another bureau. They cover Beirut; they cover New York," says Drasner. And the *Post,* meanwhile, is the *Post,* existing on the eccentric margins, ranting about Vincent Foster, mostly a guilty-pleasure second read for people who peruse the *Wall Street Journal* in the morning, think the *Times* is too liberal, crave a daily gossip hit, and still believe the *Post* comes out in the afternoon.

What's left over is everybody else, millions of very regular New Yorkers. "Sweeney is still here," says Drasner. "He's just a different guy." He's part of a polyglot patchwork of ethnic groups, some of which speak little English but many of which come from countries where newspapers are widely read. And why—not to be too ink-stained and uncynical about it—would they not want to read about the Yankees, about schools, health care, crime, and rotten pols? These are probably not people who are going online anytime soon, after all, and they still take the subway. The *News* could be—should be—their paper. The *News* already has a huge black readership—as much as 30 percent, some say—"and they've done it not by trying to attract black readers," says *News* columnist Jim Sleeper, "but by reflecting middle-class aspirations and not going for that multi-culti focus-group marketing-strategy approach practiced by *Newsday* and the *Times.*"

If the current wisdom is true that New York is once again becoming a middle-class city rather than a skewed planet for the wealthy and the underclass, this should work in the *News's* favor. Drasner gushes about how Fifth Avenue is now anchored by mass-culture stores like the Warner Bros. Studio Store and, soon, Nike—the latter in the space vacated by Galeries Lafayette, he says with disdainful relish. "These are my guys," he says. "The high end is vaporizing."

There may be no way advertisers will buy the broad-based *News* when they can target a high-end audience in the *Times* and pick off tight geographical areas in the suburban papers, but if the numbers are large enough, it won't matter.

SO THE NEW SWEENEY IS WAITing for his paper. Mort Zuckerman knows Sweeney's waiting for his paper. And, being a news junkie and self-styled global opinion-maker, he even has ideas, some of them pretty good, about giving Sweeney his paper.

Everything seems in place, and yet Zuckerman, against all odds, appears to be blowing it. He seems constitutionally incapable of settling on an editorial focus—a vision for a new tabloid newspaper that reflects the new city it covers. "The paper," admits one editor, "has been like Sybil."

The news about the *News* is not all bad. It's a real business, for one thing. Zuckerman's finances are closely held, and some industry people actually believe him when he says he's making a profit. More than that, as with a good real-estate property, the value of his asset has appreciated. He's buffed it up, which is why many believe he will sell the *Daily News,* perhaps to Rupert Murdoch (Zuckerman denies it). *News* executives say the paper's daily circulation lately is more than 800,000 and on Sundays is closing in on 1.1 million, aided by a fancy new TV magazine, which *News* people tout endlessly. New, high-tech electronic production systems have been introduced—supplied, incidentally, by a company owned by Zuckerman and Drasner.

News executives say ad revenue has increased by $40 million over three years, total annual revenue is more than $250 million (still down from north of $400 million in the late eighties), and the paper is making a slight profit despite rising newsprint prices and $150 million in debt for a new printing plant in New Jersey. Zuckerman cut a favorable deal for an old Clorox plant in Jersey City (he's getting it for $100,000 a year), and will cut production jobs and use new presses to make the paper look crisp and clean when the plant starts up sometime next year, in contrast with the muddy sludge of the current circa-1945 models. Advertisers will like the color, although editors are leery of using too much of it in the news section. "There's nothing more powerful in the media," says one, "than a black-and-white headline." The *News* also will be able to implement more efficient distribution systems to increase home delivery, on the theory that street sales are too capricious; the paper lost 30,000 readers almost overnight last summer when baseball went on strike.

But the *News* apparently has gained few of *Newsday*'s readers. Its Spanish-language edition hasn't come close to meeting expectations. Then there's the *Post*, which is thought to be losing as much as $10 million to $20 million a year, though Murdoch doesn't seem to care. The *Post* holds a gun to Zuckerman's head in the form of a possible citywide price war—a tactic Murdoch recently used in London—or launching a Sunday edition. And fairly or not, the *News* is perceived as coddling Mayor Giuliani and, worse, squandering its populist appeal. Instead of torpedoing politicians and big companies, it goes after welfare cheats. "They're not telling it to Sweeney—they're sticking it to him," says one. Moreover, Zuckerman and Drasner are frequent adversaries over the direction of the paper.

ZUCKERMAN **"ONE THING I MUST SAY I NEV**
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MOST OF ALL, THE *News* IS STILL REELING FROM editorial instability, a problem that can be laid squarely at Zuckerman's door. In the 34 months since he took over, Zuckerman first put a *Newsday* person in charge of the paper, then three *Post* people, then a Fleet Street person, then a *Times–Village Voice* person as managing editor. For the past few months, ironically, the old *Daily News* crew, which had grimly hung on as the interlopers ran the show, has been back on top. "It's like integrating William Shatner back into the *Enterprise*," says a *News* person. But most observers concede that at least things are stable for the moment. Many believe Drasner would simply have stuck with the original team from the beginning.

This turmoil doesn't go over well in an institution that for some years has been about as treachery-free as the court of Louis XVI. The newsroom is a collection of armed camps within armed camps. There are still people who don't talk to each other in the elevator because somebody crossed a picket line. Reporters led a petition drive protesting Zuckerman's support for columnist Mike McAlary in the imbroglio about the alleged Prospect Park rape. At news meetings, people would burst into tears and run from the room. "I can't tell you," says an editor, "how many people I've stopped from leaping out of windows."

Zuckerman, meanwhile, has kept tinkering, destroying morale and paying mountains of severance along the way. "It's called a very expensive lesson," he concedes, insisting, however, that he will still actively supervise the "architecture" of the paper, if not the "interior design." Being the architect, he says, means continuing to oversee personnel matters. Reporters and editors are afraid of being second-guessed, and the kamikaze instincts that should be unleashed on stories at a tabloid get blunted. Now Zuckerman has brought in a raft of *Newsday* reporters and is considering bringing in *Newsday*'s Forst, although he is said to be dangling a post below that of editor-in-chief—perhaps metro editor. (Forst has denied they're in discussions.) Managing editor Arthur Browne, who was the point man in firing the reporters among the 170 Newspaper Guild members who were terminated right after Zuckerman bought the paper, is currently "reviewing" reporters, a process that some see as a prelude to about a dozen new firings (and, incidentally, some long-awaited raises in salary). Editor-in-chief Martin Dunn's contract expires next summer, and though Dunn, who is widely respected, runs the meetings and writes the "wood" (front-page headlines), longtime *Daily News* hand Arthur Browne is a particularly dominant force behind the direction of the paper. Ironically, Browne himself was ousted shortly after Zuckerman bought the *News*. But in Zuckerman's mercurial world, these things often don't stick.

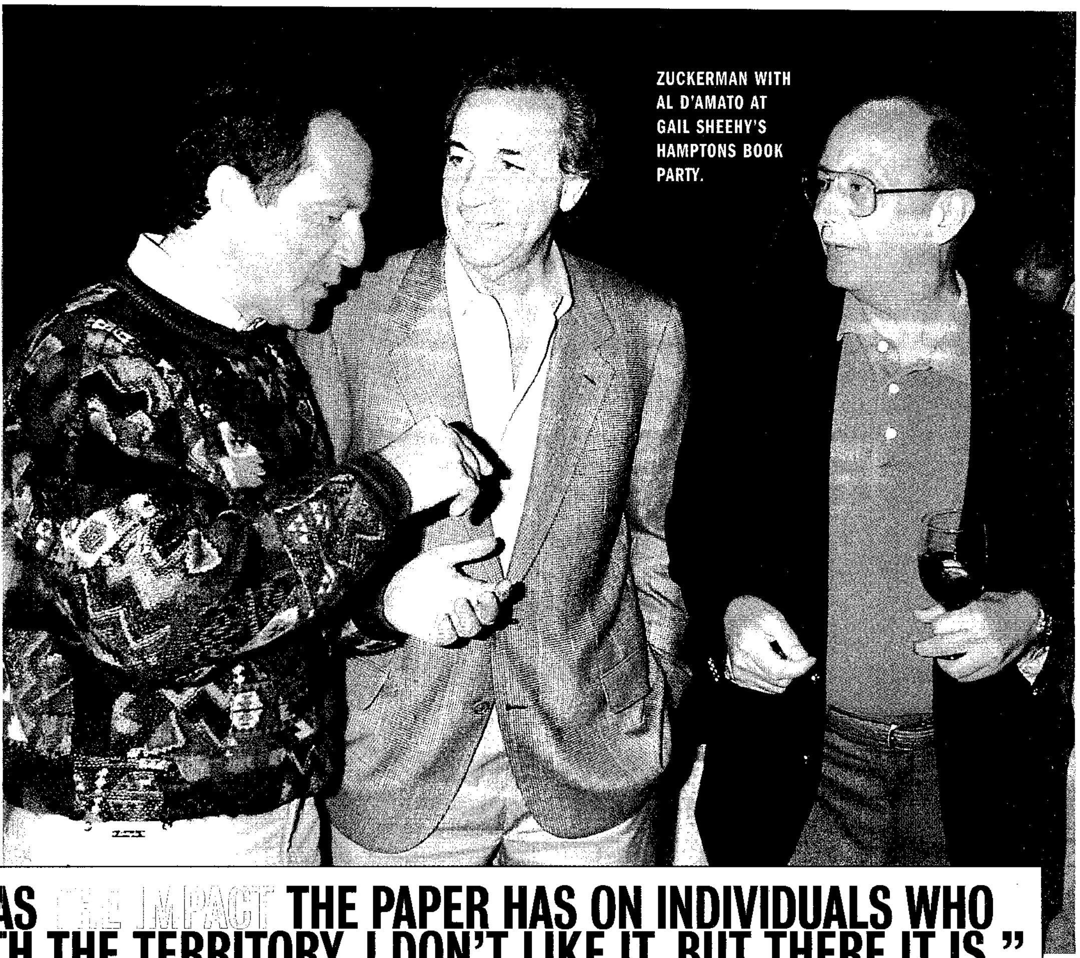
WHEN ZUCKERMAN TOOK over the paper in January of 1993, he was full of high ideals: Many of them revolved around acquiring trophy reporters and editors. He believed the old *Daily News* was shabby, and a lot of the rank and file were quickly fired. Consultants roamed the corridors. Zuckerman was all over the newsroom, inexhaustible. "I've never worked so hard in my life," he says. He raved about the virtues of the quintessentially middle-class London *Daily Mail*. He faxed pages from the *Boston Herald*. He hated most crime stories. Editors recall he'd be on the phone practically every night at midnight—hire this person, hire that person. He seemed bent on grafting body part upon body part onto this Frankenstein's monster. He had a list, and colleagues got the distinct impression he'd been talking to his media-elite pals and getting their favorites. He wanted Juan Williams of the Washington *Post*, and star reporters from Philadelphia and Detroit. "He pretty much wanted to hire everybody short of Bob Woodward," remembers one *News*-ite. The hiring of McAlary came out of an entreaty to Zuckerman from former *Times* editor A. M. Rosenthal. The process reached its absurd zenith when Zuckerman told editors that Jann Wenner had suggested they hire a top editor at *Town and Country* magazine.

They wooed and wooed, but often, even garden-variety reporters refused Zuckerman's entreaties, a situation that still persists despite the nineties plethora of unemployed journalists. Zuckerman had a reputation for falling out of love with new hires—he'd gone through four editors at *U.S. News* in five years—and the *Daily News* reporters that hadn't been fired were working without union protection.

The *News* was forced to hire a lot of greenish youngsters from out-of-town papers. "We needed cannon fodder," recalls one editor. "Bodies to throw at stories." But at a tabloid, where integrating newcomers into the culture is so important, these reporters never had a stable management to give them a clear message.

Zuckerman's first major editorial hire was Richard Esposito, a young and ambitious former police reporter from *Newsday*, whom he brought into the void as metro editor. Brash and cocky, Esposito was seen by some reporters to be dictatorial, but Drasner liked him. Espo was a street kid from East Harlem, and they were cut from the same cloth. They went to Golden Gloves fights together. But Esposito also had certain uptown tendencies: He devised "Most Annoying New Yorkers" and "Most Important New Yorkers" lists (which gave Zuckerman fits). The hiring of Esposito also enraged Forst at *Newsday*. But Esposito's impact on the daily paper was to be short-lived because he was hired by Zuckerman, and not as the top editor. It wasn't the last time Zuckerman would hire from the bottom up, and it was a prescription for disaster. "*Everybody* has a direct line to Mort," says one editor victimized by this. "It totally undermines your authority." Once, Martin Dunn got a message from an editorial cartoonist from upstate announcing, "Hi, I'm your new cartoonist." The handsomely paid artist, hired by Zuckerman, didn't last. Same thing with a high-profile business writer. Pete Hamill, too, was installed by Zuckerman with a nice office amid staff resentment—he wrote one column, on Frank Sinatra. People say Zuckerman was urged to hire Hamill as editor by many on the party circuit, but Zuckerman has typically preferred editors with lower profiles.

So it was unsurprising that when new editors were brought in above him, Esposito would have to move on. He did, in October of 1993, becoming Sunday editor, where he lasted for a year and a half, before leaving the paper and journalism altogether last March.



ZUCKERMAN WITH AL D'AMATO AT GAIL SHEEHY'S HAMPTONS BOOK PARTY.

Meanwhile, Zuckerman had hatched his latest Big Idea. He had become fascinated with British tabloids. He told people that Americans didn't understand tabloid. If he was to remake the genre, he needed to go to England. He had his eye on Martin Dunn, the affable son of a Birmingham firefighter. Dunn was a rising star in the Murdoch empire, the editor of *Today*, Britain's modern, color tabloid. Zuckerman flew to London and offered him a job, and Dunn gave notice. Big mistake: When Zuckerman returned from England to tell his friends about his exciting new hire, many said, "You hired a British guy? *To run the* Daily News?" People, including Pete Hamill, said things like, "Has he ever heard of Pee Wee Reese?" Zuckerman rescinded the offer. Embarrassed, Dunn went back to Murdoch, who shipped him off to run the Boston *Herald*.

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So, foiled on Fleet Street, Zuckerman decided to hire from the New York *Post*. Part of this was an ill-conceived desire to kill the paper by stealing its top three editors, plus columnists like McAlary and Amy Pagnozzi. At that time, the *Post* was embroiled in its most bizarre interregnum after owner Peter Kalikow ran out of money and before Murdoch bought it for the second time: Two comically inappropriate characters named Hoffenberg and Hirschfeld were overseeing it. The editors—Lou Colasuonno, Jim Lynch, and Richard Gooding—couldn't wait to get out, especially with the money Zuckerman was handing out.

Zuckerman was so sure the *Post* would fold and his own paper would thus appreciate in value, it's said, he persuaded a newsprint supplier to give him a sweetheart deal premised on the idea that when the *Post* folded, the *News* would issue stock to the public and they'd all be rewarded. The supplier has financed the *News*'s newsprint for the past two years as prices have gone from $350 a ton to close to $800, the paper reportedly paying only interest on the note. Whatever the details, industry sources say that this year, as the deal expires, the *News* is faced with a huge, sudden hit on newsprint—perhaps as much as one third of revenue, dangerously high for the industry. Drasner and Zuckerman wouldn't comment on the deal, but the newsprint jolt may make them have to raise the newsstand price on the buck-a-copy Sunday edition just when it is making circulation gains.

Kalikow says he talked to Zuckerman on the phone just before he lost the paper about Zuckerman buying the *Post*. "Okay," said Kalikow. "I'm a seller—for $10 million. Give me a million today and $9 million on Friday and it's yours. You can shut it down." Zuckerman replied "Why should I pay you $10 million? You're going to shut it down anyway." Zuckerman denies this account.

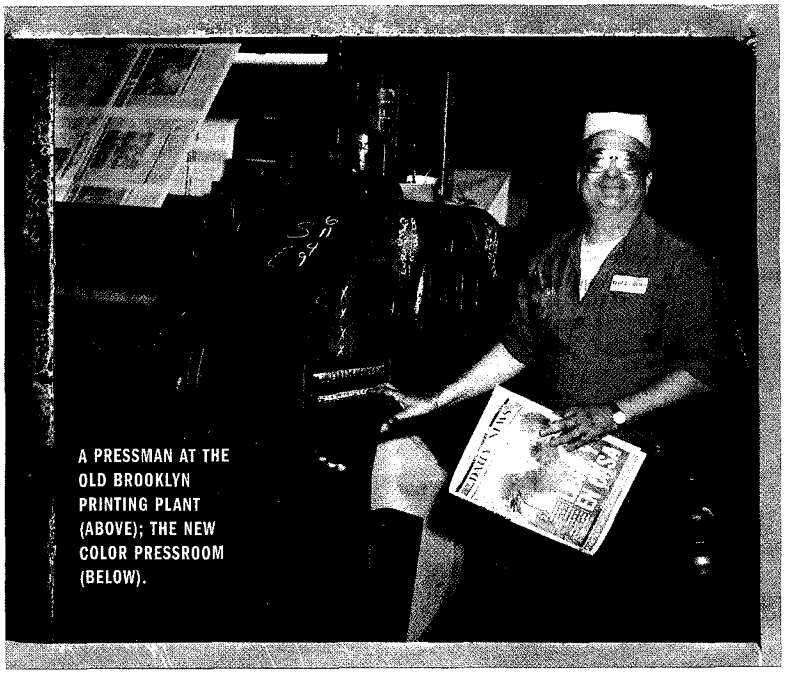
The *News* staff hated to admit it, but there were editorial reasons to hire these *Post* people. Outsiders treat the *Post* as a comic book, a "toilet read," one editor says—even as they devour it—and its tiny budgets will never allow it to be a comprehensive newspaper. Of course, there's a slight problem in that some of its major stories aren't true, or at least aren't provable (the recently bannered JFK Jr. marriage proposal comes to mind). But its headlines, its packaging, its ability to ride a story for a few days are widely admired; countless times the *Post* takes a story broken by the *News* and begins clobbering them with it.

One of the first things Colasuonno wanted to do was remove managing editor Arthur Browne, whom he regarded as a destabilizing influence—partly because Browne had been the hatchet man during the firings and was unpopular with many in the newsroom. He got Zuckerman's permission and went ahead, busting Browne back down to a reporter with a steep pay cut. But Browne shrewdly went to the owner's office and eventually emerged rehired as editorial-page editor. He would spend two years in constant contact with Zuckerman, helping him articulate his views, cementing a relationship that would pay off in Browne's current power at the paper.

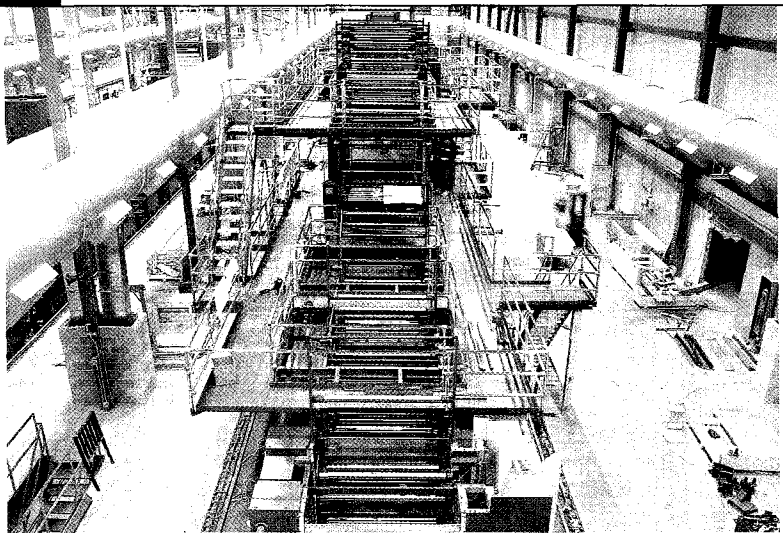
As Drasner had warned, culture clashes broke out almost immediately between the "*Post*ies" and their new workmates, as when one *Post* editor wanted to "flop" a picture, reversing the image so it looked better (in most instances a fairly benign trick, but one not viewed favorably by the *Columbia Journalism Review*). The *News* editors were shocked, just as they were shocked at the seat-of-the-pants style of the *Post* people, who seemed not to believe in concepts like meetings. The *Post*ies thought the *News* people were snobs. "They secretly want to work for the New York *Times*" was their attitude.

Colasuonno chafed at Zuckerman's ubiquitous presence in the newsroom, and Zuckerman began hunting for a new editor almost right away. Dunn, who like many British editors was unperturbed about car-

Photograph by David Allen/LGI.



A PRESSMAN AT THE OLD BROOKLYN PRINTING PLANT (ABOVE); THE NEW COLOR PRESSROOM (BELOW).



DRASNER **"MORT'S A LIGHTNING ROD BECAUSE HE CAME IN SIDI**
BUSINESS. WOULD WE HAVE RATHER INHERITED THE

rying water for the "proprietor" and became expert at absorbing the boss's frequent editorial browbeating, was soon rehired. But he also was a Murdoch person through and through, from a culture where street sales are hugely important and a gut-grabbing front-page story that makes an emotional connection to the reader is the daily goal. It was Dunn who parked a car on a New York street to see how long it took for it to be stripped. He likes headlines like OUTRAGE, about a sleazy abortion doctor. He chortled when the *Post*, which he admires, committed itself to a weeklong series on HMOs just when the Central Park–jogger story broke and the *News* could go to town with the murder. "Dunn liked the Ken Gribetz story," says one *News*-ite about the travails of the former Rockland County district attorney, "but he liked the gold-lamé-skirt part of it."

Zuckerman felt less at home with this lock-and-load sensibility than did Drasner. With the Dunn-Colasuonno team running the paper, Zuckerman soon got another idea. One of his endless flirtations had been with Martin Gottlieb, a former editor of *The Village Voice* who had been a star *Daily News* reporter in the seventies with Browne and was special-projects editor at the *Times*. Gottlieb was a liberal, and highly regarded in New York political circles, a trophy hire. Zuckerman finally convinced him to become managing editor in the fall of 1993.

Gottlieb immediately got into a war with the *Post* people. He didn't like the reporters they'd helped hire, and they, in turn, thought he wasn't "tabloid." He lasted a year and a half. The metro and city editors were fired a few months ago, and still haven't been permanently replaced. Gottlieb is back at the *Times*.

Zuckerman is talking a lot lately about "enterprise" journalism, and his push to hire the *Newsday* people is part of this. And although reporters have complained about a lack of investigative opportunities, *News* people in the trenches have little patience for some aspects of this latest Zuckerman infatuation. Although *Newsday* covered the city better than any other newspaper, the paper as a whole was self-indulgent, they correctly say. Zuckerman had wooed many of the prizewinning reporters for years (usually without success, except for the reporters, who leveraged the offers into raises). Some editors think that *Newsday* reporters who grew with the paper all reached the point where they wanted to write seventeen-part series. The paper was too dense and long-winded to be a brash subway read, and it sometimes patronized its readership with the same annoying liberal benevolence practiced by its sister paper, the Los Angeles *Times*. When the *News* had a contest to name the baby gorillas at the zoo, *Newsday* did one with *snow leopards*.

And besides, if *Newsday* was so smart, why did it die? Some editors believe that emulating *Newsday*'s upmarket strategy is a mistake for the simple reason that *Newsday* itself didn't work. "I mean, we won the war and we go back to the homestead and they're sitting on the doorstep," said one *News* person. And it's no secret in the newsroom that many of the *Newsday* reporters are making more money than the people at the next desk. But with the newsroom more stable the past few months than it's been at any other point in the Zuckerman era, the *Newsday* influx so far is occurring with few labor pains.

One who is perennially skeptical of the *Newsday* approach is Fred Drasner, who now dallies in the fox-and-hound country of Dutchess County but prides himself on being a street guy. In *Daily News* commercials, he was featured playing stickball. "If it wasn't for a few bounces, I'd be driving a truck for the *Daily News*," he likes to say. He may own 20 percent of the company, but he loves to rub shoulders with the pressmen. When Zuckerman bought his magazines, Drasner operated them without much friction with Zuckerman. But New York and the *News* are Drasner's turf, and he and Zuckerman frequently disagree on the direction of the paper. Drasner is no-nonsense and straight-ahead, comfortable with a traditional, blue-collar *Daily News*. To Drasner partisans, Zuckerman comes off as a gadfly.

Drasner freely makes editorial suggestions. Recently, he second-guessed the prominent play of a story about a new dinosaur discovery over another about how New York schoolkids were getting R-rated

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YORK *TIMES* THAN BOUGHT THE *NEWS*? OF COURSE.”

videotapes from libraries. “Fred wants a paper that tells people about what’s going on in the city,” says one editor who works closely with both Drasner and Zuckerman. “Mort wants to shape policy in the city.” Every time Zuckerman broaches the name of a big-time journalist, Drasner rolls his eyes, associates say. Drasner’s favorite line, when the latest Zuckerman infatuation is passed on to him, is “Who’d Mort have lunch with today?” Drasner won’t comment on the relationship. With the addition of Jim Dwyer from *Newsday,* the *News* is currently so top-heavy with columnists that a standard newsroom joke is, Are there any middle-aged Irish Catholic men in New York who aren’t writing columns for the *Daily News*? Drasner has told people that he believes there isn’t a columnist in New York who sells a single newspaper, even Mike Lupica. And indeed, if Peter Kalikow’s definition is correct and a successful columnist is one who makes two guys in a bar go outside and have a fistfight, where are they? In any case, the co-publishers disagree on this. “Dunn has the hardest job in America,” says a friend. “Caught between those two guys.”

BY ALL REPORTS, ZUCKERMAN has had a difficult time dealing with the repercussions of running a feisty tabloid that inevitably offends his rich and powerful and celebrated friends. When Kalikow, another real-estate tycoon, owned the *Post,* he knew how to handle those early-morning phone calls. Nachman, who was his editor for a time, says that when the papers were messengered to editors at home at 10 P.M. every night, Kalikow said he didn’t want to get it. “He said he was only human, and he didn’t want to be tempted,” Nachman says. “He’d tell these people, ‘Yeah, that reporter is a jerk. He’s a Communist. But if I fire him, they’ll just bring in another one.’ ” Kalikow would also sometimes put Nachman on the phone, and Nachman would say, “We have a little deal. I don’t tell him what to pay for newsprint, and he doesn’t tell me what to put in the paper.” Kalikow says he’d tell his friends, “If I could ever figure out a way to sell the paper without ‘Page Six’ . . .” He also says, “I never held myself out as a journalist.”

Zuckerman finds these things more difficult. He was bothered, for example, when the *News* broke the Kimba Wood scandal, Wood’s husband being poker-playing buddy Michael Kramer and Wood herself being a longtime friend.

All in all, owning the *News* has been entirely more problematic than owning the magazines. It’s not that Zuckerman isn’t smart, or decisive in some areas. Editors say he’ll be talking mushily about editorial ideas, then a real-estate phone call comes in and he’s instantly General Patton, totally in command. At first, he weighed in on stories before publication, and he has asked reporters for documentation. He was widely perceived as tipping coverage toward Giuliani when his interests were at stake during the struggle over the Coliseum site in Columbus Circle. Now he says he doesn’t read the paper until he wakes up in the morning, and he tells people so: “I read it when you do,” he says. Lately, he’s in the *News* building every couple of weeks, if that.

Some believe he’ll reappear the next time the mayor really needs it. But trying to establish whether the *Daily News* is bending coverage to promote Giuliani is a black hole of inquiry. For one thing, thinking Giuliani is a good mayor is not unreasonable. And negative stories about the mayor do appear in the paper. Other stories have been killed, but reporters say they have no way of knowing why. Editors tell them they’re being paranoid to suspect owner interference; they say the stories simply were weak. And the whole thing is exacerbated by the arrogance of the mayor’s office. The mayor reportedly boasted that he got the *News* to kill a headline, WE HAVE NO PLAN, which ran after the Tokyo subway nerve-gas attack in reference to New York, for later editions. The mayor’s office indeed complained about the headline, and the headline was indeed killed, but it probably was unfair, anyway. Indeed, *News* editors say the mayor’s office has taken credit for influencing stories it had nothing to do with. Zuckerman denies slanting stories.

Whatever course the *Daily News* winds up pursuing, one thing is sure. Zuckerman should install a team of editors and let them run the paper and do the hiring. Leave them alone. Dunn and Browne and executive editor Debby Krenek appear to work well together even though they have different visions: Dunn seizes good tabloid stories and grabs for the throat. He’s a low-key manager and didn’t surround himself with his mates. The main one he brought in to the paper is the promotion man who developed the *News’s* new “Scratch ’n’ Match” contest (which is highly successful, though many mistrust these British-style circulation builders as artificial and temporary).

Browne is surrounded by his old *Daily News* cohorts, and he plays the tough guy. Editorially, he’s more sober-minded: He’s a traditional newshound, more cautious, who likes meat-and-potatoes stories about schools, health care, law and order, politics. His idea of an ideal story is citizens of an outer-borough neighborhood getting together to put a stop sign on the corner. Many think they’re evolving into a good team. Zuckerman calls the mix of editors a “work in progress.” He says it took him years to find a good management team at *U.S. News.* “When I find people who are the proper people, you’ll see stable management,” he says. “We’ve made a lot of progress.”

So no one knows when Zuckerman will rearrange the furniture again, perhaps by hiring Forst. The *News* still feels unfocused, and it’s still an unhappy place. The fact that it isn’t a merry band of brothers and sisters should come as no news flash—neither is the New York *Times,* the Washington *Post,* the *Wall Street Journal,* or the Los Angeles *Times.* Each is a political snakepit, with unhappy reporters vying for stories in a business that has the smell of death about it. Downsizing comes in depressing waves. And journalists are chronic complainers. But at those other places, the reporters have decent benefits, an occasional sense of job security, and a dollop of prestige. Prize committees take them seriously, and they get book offers.

One gets the sense that absent such perks, they need to start having more fun at the *News.* Few reporters have had a raise since Zuckerman took over. The *News* needs to be more like the *Post,* where a gleeful squad of reporters goes to battle with few resources and every tiny victory is a major triumph. Who better to compete with than the stuffy *Times*? After all they’ve been through, *News* reporters have ample reason to feel like underdogs; indeed, the paper *needs* an underdog feel to connect with its readers.

If Zuckerman doesn’t understand this, there will be a huge section of New York’s citizenry that won’t have a newspaper. Last year, Drasner took Zuckerman to the Golden Gloves, the annual amateur-boxing event that the *News* has sponsored since the twenties. Drasner loves this stuff, and as he led Zuckerman into the bowels of the Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden to watch the bouts, the scene was not exactly Snowmass at Aspen. A typical card has an Ecuadoran fighting a Colombian, and while Drasner was coming alive in this dusky netherworld, Zuckerman was in a suit and tie, looking uncomfortable.

“Who are these people?” said Zuckerman.

“Mort,” said Drasner, “these are your readers.” ■

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Lost at the Fair

ANYTHING
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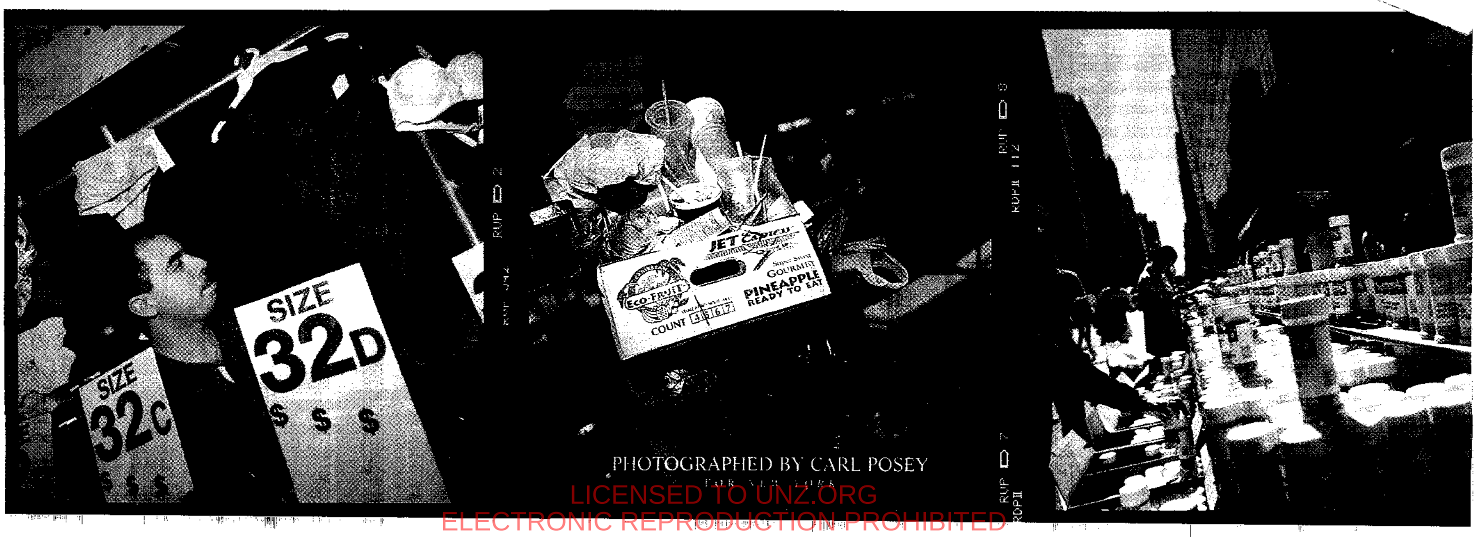
Our city's street fairs used to be modest neighborhood celebrations. Now they're a sprawling, underregulated industry—and often a public nuisance. By **Linda Hall**


SIZE 32C
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ECO-FRUIT
JET
GOURMET PINEAPPLE READY TO EAT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL POSEY FOR NEW YORK

AT A FAIR ON 55TH STREET BETWEEN FIRST AND Second Avenues on the first Sunday of October, I could have bought *WWII: The Music Video,* another videocassette, called *Dancin' Grannies,* or "the complete 90-minute special event" that was Laura Ingalls's wedding on *Little House on the Prairie* in 1980. I also could have purchased ingrown-hair "nippers" ($10) or dental tools not normally required in home oral hygiene (an explorer for $3.90, an excavator for $4). Two scarves imprinted with HERMÈS could have been mine for $10. IF YOU HAVE A NAME, WE CAN PRINT IT, the sign at one booth promised.

I could also have participated along with a few dozen other people in a game run by a man in a Newport-cigarettes sweatshirt. "You must be 21 to play," he repeated. When he subsequently asked to see a driver's license, however, it turned out to be not a prerequisite to the game but the game itself. To produce, on cue, a license with a New York City or out-of-state address was to be awarded a Newport cap. ("What about Nassau County?" a woman demanded. "Where's Nassau County?" the Newport man asked.) There were variations on the game—show a bodily scar and get a cap—and then he declared his voice too strained to continue. For more freebies we'd have to come see him next week. "Where?" several people shouted, and the man seemed surprised and pleased to have to pull out his schedule. "Washington Square Festival. Don't ask me exactly where. I have no idea."

Street fairs were once winningly amateurish and charmingly indigenous big block parties thrown by and for residents. A Morningside Heights fair and a Mulberry Street fair were mirrors of their respective neighborhoods, not of each other. But they've swollen into shoddy street malls that exercise a near-tyrannical control over our ability to enjoy the city. Mildred Duran of the mayor's office identifies the area of street-fair oversaturation as "14th to 110th Streets, river to river." Established merchants complain that their business can be cut in half on fair days, and that organizers and vendors pay only permit fees in lieu of steep taxes and rent. Citizens complain about traffic, litter, and noise.

"Traffic" does not quite cover it, of course, and neither does "noise." I have stood on upper Second Avenue—a stretch of street that is on the best days a reason to move out of the city—and looked north at maybe ten blocks of a fair topped by twenty blocks of cars at a standstill. I have abandoned a cab on a Saturday in Union Square because *something*—an accident? A fire? A murder?—had induced interminable gridlock. Then, walking down Broadway to the Strand, I discovered in front of it clothes racks displaying vests and the kind of fussy beaded necklace that is useful mainly for occupying a baby. The people who were working at the Strand had suffered much more than I: Gridlock, obviously, means horns and competing car stereos.

It's difficult to pinpoint the moment when the street-fair industry became a front-burner issue. It may have been last year, when Abe Lebewohl, owner of the 2nd Avenue Deli, was arrested for trying to operate his catering van on the street where a fair was scheduled for later in the day. Or perhaps it was last month, when the San Gennaro festival was threatened with cancellation. In any case, a consensus has rather suddenly emerged: Street fairs are theoretically good but require reform. At least one community board has adopted specific guidelines to promote this.

The dismal news is that the 55th Street event probably *is* the fair of the future. It spanned only one block. It was on a thoroughfare of neither bustling commerce nor heavy traffic, and the street had not had any other fairs this year. Finally, it was on a Sunday. Reformers claim they are as interested in improving the quality of street fairs as they are in reducing their quantity. But it's unlikely to happen. For an understanding of how insidious the industry is, and how difficult it will be to reinvent it, ignore the street-fair opponents and pay close attention to the defenders.

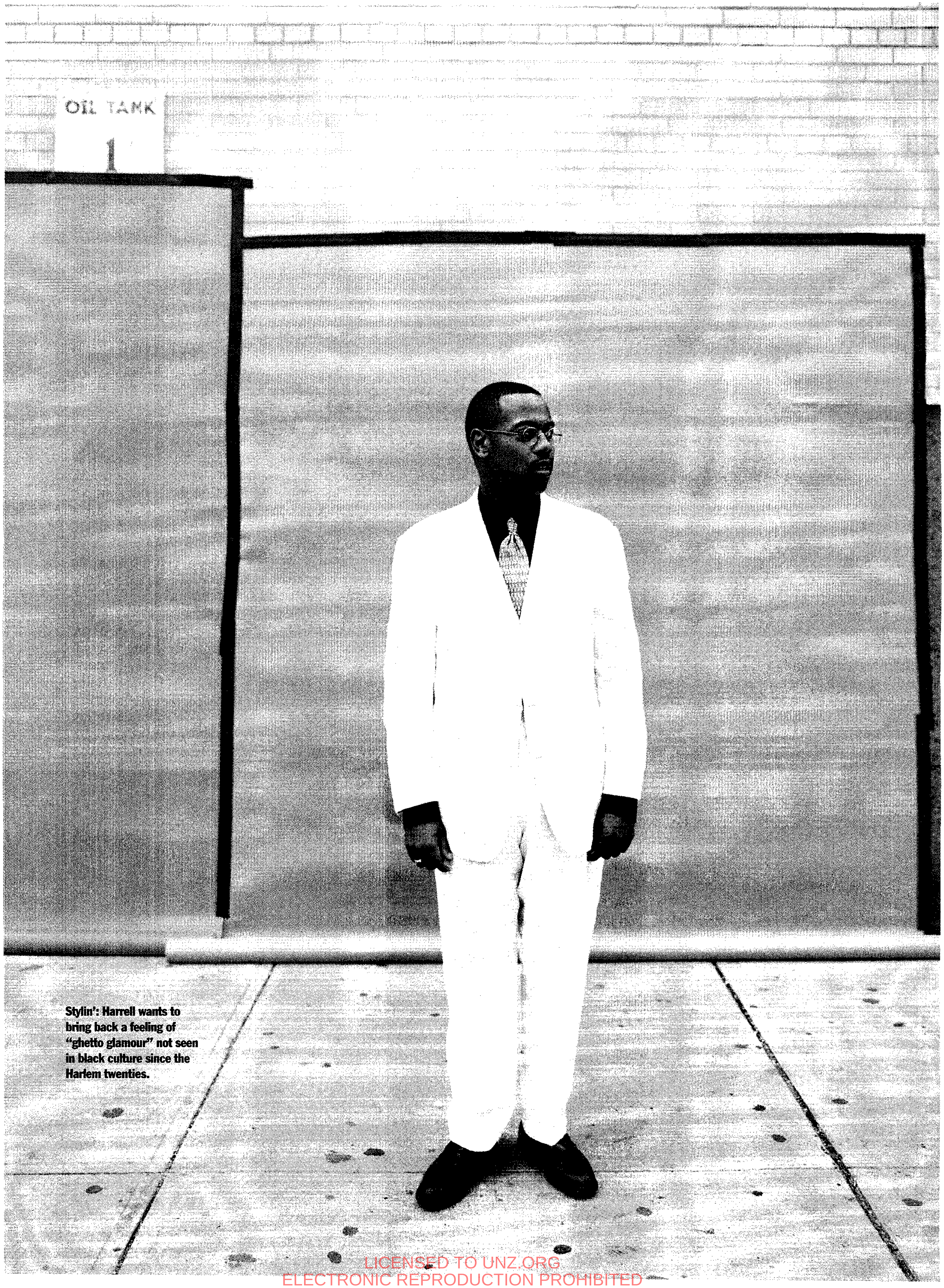
Consider the testimony of Mort Berkowitz, of Mort & Ray Productions (one of the city's six major street-fair promotional entities). Uninspiring merchandise and extreme vulnerability to chicanery are, to his mind, just occupational hazards. "Many of the street fairs look alike, that's true. And that's unfortunate," he says. "We take a very active interest in soliciting crafts and antiques. Should we do more? Sure we should." Furthermore, he appears to take inordinate pride in the fact that at one of *his* fairs, "you'll never find more than four sausage vendors."

Before I started the reporting for this story, I thought the only defense of what the industry has become was that street fairs employ people (that a small cut of the proceeds goes to nonprofit sponsors didn't redeem the chaos for me). Marty Algaze, press secretary to Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter, praises street-fair vending as a fine "entry-level job." There did seem to be a profusion of immigrants working at the street fairs I visited. But how much incentive is there to move up and out when adjacent to them is Danny, a Brooklyn accountant who during street-fair season (spring to fall) stops being an accountant and instead sells socks at street fairs? I asked whether it was an easier way to make a living. "Easier? Nah," he said. "You lose your weekends." But it is, apparently, more lucrative. "Most wives have to work, right? Mine doesn't." Danny has been working street fairs for twelve years.

Many fair supporters talk about the events as whimsical, evanescent carnivals that "return the street" to the public. But last year, Andrew Albert, executive director of the West Side Chamber of Commerce, gave *Newsday* an argument *for* fairs that makes alarmingly clear how little they have to do with old-fashioned block parties. Street fairs, he said, "allow more entrepreneurs an opportunity to participate in the marketplace. . . . And somebody who's on a fixed income or collecting unemployment can afford to buy the products at a street festival—such as a nice dress that would cost them about a third less than if they went to one of the big department stores. Of course, merchants are going to complain about business being taken away. But they have to understand that in this economy everyone is going to have to share the wealth and get the cash flow going throughout the community."

This is street fair not as local celebration but as general subsidy. Disabling large portions of an already overburdened city to provide a place to buy and sell products that may or may not have been acquired legally, may or may not be what they claim, and may or may not carry a sales tax is perverse economics. Many a man began with a pushcart, I know, but I cannot help but think of that period in American history when many a man ended up with one—the Depression. The difference then was that the city did not shut down its streets hundreds of times a year, and no one gave up work as an accountant to be a street-fair vendor.

A makeshift marketplace in the middle of the street on fair-weather weekends is not capitalism's invisible hand doing its thing. It is politics run amok. The city insists that because so many citizens *like* street fairs—and because people make money off them—reform is preferable to radical change. But people "like" plenty of things the government strictly regulates with the greater good in mind. The mayor's office received more than 4,000 applications for street-fair permits from January 1 to October 6. It rejected around 40. This does not really earn the term *regulation.* In encouraging the industry's general bloat, though, the city does lend street fairs that ambiguous distinction: *very New York.* ▬



Stylin': Harrell wants to bring back a feeling of "ghetto glamour" not seen in black culture since the Harlem twenties.

POP GOES THE GHETTO

NEWLY APPOINTED MOTOWN CHIEF ANDRE HARRELL WANTS THREE THINGS: TO RETURN R&B TO ITS FORMER GLORY, TO REVIVE A LONG-SINCE-DISCARDED IDEAL OF "HIGH NEGRO STYLE," AND TO MAKE HIMSELF THE BIGGEST WILLY IN BLACK MUSIC.

BY KIKI MASON

On a balmy September morning, a month before his appointment as president and CEO of Motown Records, Andre Harrell sits cross-legged in the living room of his Upper West Side apartment and quietly works the phones. The place, which he's renting while he looks for something grander, is spare and modest, decorated in what Harrell jokingly dubs "high Negro

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFFROY DE BOISMENU
FOR *NEW YORK*

style." A huge African tapestry hangs across one wall, which is papered in wide stripes of dark gold and light brown. Casually dressed in tan slacks and a chocolate pullover, the 35-year-old Harrell greets me at the door before getting back on the phone with *Über*–entertainment lawyer Allen Grubman. Harrell is oddly unprepossessing for a man who is one of the top moguls in the music business. His face is round and earnest, an impression enhanced by a pair of small circular spectacles. As I wait, he discusses a TV deal he wants to produce for Diana Ross with CBS, which may seem a bit presumptuous given the fact that he is not yet Diana Ross's boss. But Harrell is impatient to begin. "She needs to launch her next album with an *e*-vent," he purrs into the phone, "and yeah, it'll be a nightmare, and the production costs'll make them gag. Yeah, I'll have to kiss a lot of butt to get this thing done, but you know, the higher up you go, the more butts you gotta kiss, and you have to kiss them harder."

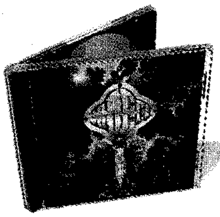
"MOST OF THE GUYS WHO MAKE RAP MUSIC ARE FROM THE SUBURBS, MIDDLE-CLASS OR LOWER-MIDDLE-CLASS BACKGROUNDS," SAYS HARRELL. "I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO'S ACTUALLY *FROM* THE GHETTO."

WHEN HE SPEAKS OF TACTICAL DEFERENCE, Andre Harrell speaks from experience. He started off twelve years ago working as a $200-a-week assistant to rap impresario Russell Simmons. Today, his influence has begun to surpass that of Simmons himself. And though it hasn't achieved the notoriety of the more hard-core Def Jam or Death Row, Harrell's Uptown Records, through such resolutely melody-driven artists like Jodeci, Guy, and Mary J. Blige, has done something at least as culturally significant: He has taken street culture and made it as accessible in Westchester as it is in the South Bronx.

In 1992, MCA signed Harrell and Uptown to an unprecedented $50 million film, music, and television deal. The alliance is widely viewed as something of a dud, and Harrell is now criticized in certain quarters as little more than a deft self-promoter—critics say his success is due as much to MCA as to his own efforts. But there is no denying that the slick R&B hybrid pioneered by Harrell—and often called hip-hop soul—now rivals traditional rap in popularity.

Despite his success, however, Harrell has remained largely invisible. "When we go to a big event together," says the model Veronica Webb, who with Harrell and Simmons forms *the* black entertainment-industry power troika, "the paparazzi will scream for me, and they'll scream for Russell, but when they see Andre, they're like, 'Who is that?' "

JODECI
OLD-STYLE HARMONIZING MIXED WITH NEW-SCHOOL HIP-HOP, THE GROUP NOW SELLS MILLIONS OF ALBUMS



This will all change at Motown. The move is a big and very public risk: He is leaving a comfortable boutique operation and gambling his carefully nurtured reputation on a legendary but increasingly moribund institution. Except for a few aging stars like Diana Ross, and a couple of acts like the wholesome, virtuous, hugely popular Boyz II Men and the virtuous but somewhat less hugely popular Queen Latifah, Motown has few moneymakers. By 1988, when Motown founder Berry Gordy sold the company, the label was considered to be little more than an exercise in corporate nostalgia, the *Life* magazine of the recording industry.

But to Harrell the Motown legend is a powerful inducement. And unlike at MCA, where he was one executive among many, Harrell is getting fairly free rein from PolyGram, Motown's current owner, to revitalize the old franchise. He's even been given the go-ahead to move Motown from Los Angeles to New York. In many ways Harrell's an inspired choice—as the success of Mary J. Blige has shown, he has an almost Berry Gordy–like ability to bridge cultures, to marry the kind of R&B beloved by baby-boomers with the raw hip-hop favored by their backwards-gimme-cap-wearing offspring.

WHEN HE STARTED UPTOWN RECORDS IN 1986, small labels like Def Jam, Tommy Boy, and Jive were making millions selling rap to both suburban white kids and inner-city blacks. But Harrell had a different idea. "I wanted to bring back the style of Harlem in the twenties, which is why I named the company Uptown, to evoke that sleek style. Most of the guys who make rap music are from the suburbs, middle-class or lower-middle-class backgrounds. I'm the only one who's actually *from* the ghetto. I've seen hard, I've lived hard, and I didn't want to see that shit. When you're from the projects, you want to see the good life . . . you want style and glamour. You want to see mansions, champagne and caviar, fancy cars, beautiful women." Uptown concentrated on the black market, especially the black working and middle classes. "I wanted hit records that make you feel a certain sexy kinda way," he says, "records that would get a pretty girl to dance with you at 2 A.M. even if you weren't great-looking. Girl-meets-boy, boy-meets-girl records."

Another September day finds Harrell in the middle of Times Square for a press conference to promote UrbanAID 4 LIFEbeat, a mammoth Madison Square Garden concert that will bring the hip-hop superstars together for the first time around the issue of AIDS (it took place October 5). Dressed in a black suit, black shirt, black-and-white-striped tie, and his ever-present sunglasses, he addresses the crowd shyly, like a turtle caught outside its shell. After a few words, Harrell, trailed by Veronica Webb, returns unobtrusively to his black custom-made Mercedes sedan. "I could have been a star," Harrell tells me later, alluding to his career as a rapper, which he abandoned early on, "but once that happens, you're trapped in the spotlight. I like being able to slip in and out of a place without everyone knowing who I am."

Later, at his utilitarian Times Square office, a nervous young man is pitching him on a concept for a new magazine—a young, urban version of *Playboy*. His guest has brought along a variety of magazines and the two are playing around with the concept. "I'd like to see something in between *Details* and *GQ*," says the would-be editor, "with tasteful nudity and stars like Rosie Perez." Harrell ponders the idea for a moment. "It needs to be Churban," he finally says, "black, white, Hispanic, urban, with that rock-and-roll rebellious-youth-culture edge to it. This music is about Gen X; it is the rock and roll of today. Jodeci are the bad boys of rock and roll. Snoop Doggy? The mo'-fo' is indicted on a *murder* charge and still sells 8 million records—that's rebellion! But it needs to be smooth at the same time. The reader needs to feel like he's the Big Willy." *Big Willy* is street-slang for a man who is, Harrell says, "large and in charge." When *Vibe* magazine sponsored a hip-hop

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

conference this past summer, Harrell chaired a symposium devoted to Big Willy–ness: power, how to gain and maintain the illusion of it. "*That* was a fascinating glimpse into Andre's mind," notes a fellow record-company president, acidly. "Sometimes I think that with these guys the *appearance* of power is more important than the reality. I call it 'floss over boss.' "

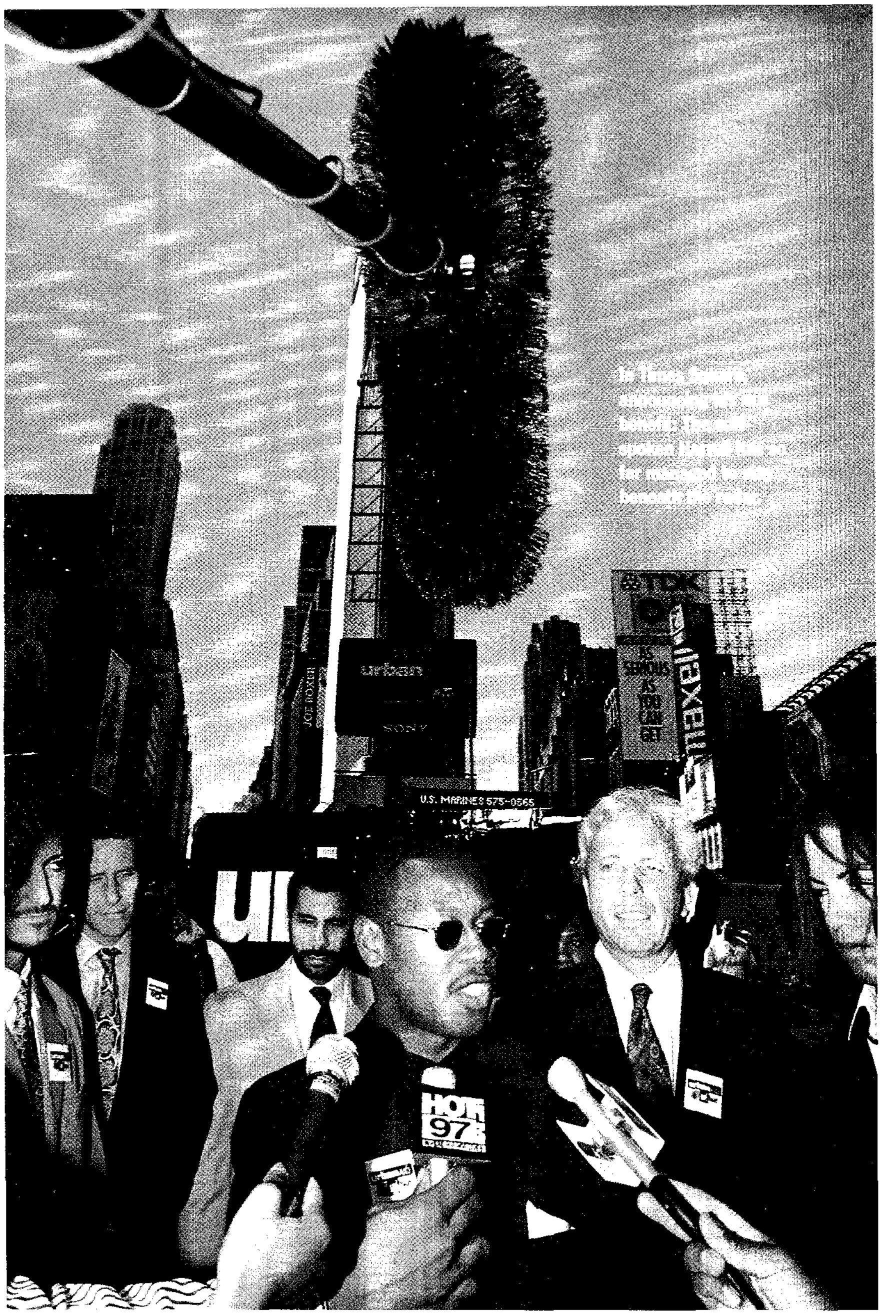
It's a long way from the Bronxdale projects in the southeast Bronx to the restaurant "44" at the Royalton, where Harrell lunches almost every day. He lands his usual well-placed table without a reservation, and launches into a sentimental account of the old days. "The projects had no style," he says, between bites of his endive-and-arugula salad, "three sections, twelve buildings, all alike. But when you grow up in the ghetto, you don't even realize that you're doing bad—back then nobody was trying to kill each other. I was an affirmative-action 1960 baby, and I benefited from everything that Martin and Malcolm did for us. Now all of that is gone. Later on, when my world widened, I met different kinds of kids, kids who lived in private homes. I'd say to them, 'You *liked* living here?' I mean, I could walk into the hallway and have a million kids to play with." Harrell came of age after many of the old-style South Bronx gangs had broken up—and many of their leaders had gone on to a new thing: being D.J.'s. In the lunchroom of Charles Evans Hughes High School he met Alonzo Brown, who remains one of his best friends and currently runs the film-and-television division of Uptown. "We'd cut class and play spades," remembers Brown. "It's like a black thing, playing spades." The former-gang-leader D.J.'s were spinning in high-school gyms all over town, and Harrell and Brown modeled themselves on an early rapper named Busy Bee Starski. "There were three ways you could make it," says Harrell. "You could have fly clothes, which probably meant you were selling something illegal; or you could be extra tough, which I definitely wasn't; or you could dance."

So Harrell learned to dance, entering contests all over town. He talked Alonzo Brown into forming a rap duo with him—they called themselves Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. With the name went an image that was unusual at the time, namely suits, and rhymes about the good life. "We didn't rap about pain or the ghettos," says Brown, who was Mr. Hyde. "We talked about making it: Rolex watches, platinum cards, Lear jets." Even then, Harrell was well into his retro-Harlem obsession. "Harlem taught me style," he says. "It's about attitude over violence; I mean, when people fight in Harlem, it's over serious stuff like money, never over shit like 'You stole my girl,' 'cause who knows *what* she was thinking anyway?"

In 1979, Harrell went to Lehman College in the Bronx, where he earned extra money by throwing parties. He dropped out before his senior year to take a job at a small gospel radio station, then jumped to all-news WINS, where he sold advertising. "My real education," he says now, "took place at a club called Bentley's. I learned all I ever needed to know about the music business, and about politics, there." Bentley's, now a bedraggled nightspot in the East Forties, was then the most *haute* bourgeois black club in town. Typically, it took Harrell two years to get through the door but once he did, he took over. "You had to be 23 to get in," he remembers, laughing, "and I got my BEOG [Basic Educational Opportunity Grant] check. Six hundred bucks! And I blew it all on clothes. Walked up to the door, looking *fly*. And the doorman said, 'How old are you?' I said, '21,' and he said back, real loud, 'You have to be 23!' "

The downstairs bar at Bentley's was the place to be—packed with celebrities, champagne girls, and hip-hop hustlers. Harrell, having talked his way in, started upstairs, where it was darker and the girls a bit less choosy. He befriended the owner and the D.J., who was soon announcing his name over the mike. In time, he became a Big Willy at Bentleys. "I remember one New Year's Eve," he says. "This was sick. There were six people on the guest list, including Eddie Murphy, Patrick Ewing, Michael Jordan—and me." While he was increasingly successful at WINS, Harrell felt stifled by the rigid corporate culture. "They used to tell me not to fraternize with the support staff because I was an executive," he says, "but I was the only black account executive, and the secretaries were all ethnic, if you know what I mean."

Then, in 1983, he met Simmons, who was already a Big Willy in rap. Though neither Simmons nor Harrell can remember exactly how they met, the two quickly began spending all their time together. Simmons offered Harrell a job at his management company, Rush, and a month later the two became roommates, moving into a small studio apartment in LeFrak City. And Harrell quickly began modeling himself on his ultra-smooth mentor. The irony, says an observer who knows both men well, is that "Andre started out wanting to be like Russell. Now he *is* Russell."



In Times Square, [illegible]

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

IN 1985, HARRELL WAS IDLING ALONG AT RUSH WHEN A MAN WHO called himself Heavy D., a then-unknown Mount Vernon rapper, literally walked in the door. Heavy D. had driven down to Rush Management without an appointment one morning in hopes of wooing Simmons. Simmons wasn't interested, but Harrell was. "Andre believed in us from the start," recalls Heavy D., "and he spent months trying to convince Russell that we could be a hit, and Russell was like, 'But he's *fat,*' and Andre would say, 'Yeah, but girls will love him.' " Heavy D. & the Boyz, who favor a PG-13 brand of pop hip-hop, went platinum on their first effort. Harrell micromanaged everything from their look to their stage patter. "He'd talk to us after every show," says Heavy D. "It was part pep talk and part critique. He wanted us to go as far as possible. One time we opened for the Fat Boys, who were the stars of the show. Andre came up to us afterwards. 'The Fat Boys was watching you,' he said. 'They were clocking *your* shit.' "

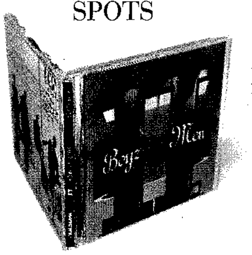
Heavy D. introduced Harrell to another prospect, a handsome 20-year-old singer-songwriter-producer named Al B. Sure. "Al had this curly, sexy hair," says Harrell, "and he was a crooner. There was nothing like him out there." Sure was wearing Le Tigre shirts and Lee jeans with suede Puma sneakers. "But Andre taught me about style," Sure says. "How to be a sex symbol. He put me in suits and coached me like a director, dress this way, smile that way, look at the camera from a certain angle." An instant hit, Sure began producing other artists as well; by the late eighties he had become one of the hottest properties in R&B. "We merged hip-hop culture and rap lyrics with a seventies kind of soul, which the kids had never really been into," Sure says. "There was a lot of style underneath, and it was very exciting." Sure was also learning about the business side from observing Harrell. "Andre really understands imagery—our videos were like movies," says Sure. "I mean, Andre could make a movie out of a dress, and he had all of these new ideas about marketing, like 900 numbers and merchandising packages." But while Al B. Sure was hot, Harrell remained largely in the shadows. "I had to beg guys like Quincy Jones and Benny Medina to let him in the office," Sure says. "I knew that Andre was the only guy who could explain what we were trying to do. Andre swallowed hard a lot in those days, but he always walked out of the roughest meetings smiling."

"ANDRE TAUGHT ME ABOUT STYLE," SAYS AL B. SURE. "HOW TO BE A SEX SYMBOL. HE PUT ME IN SUITS AND COACHED ME LIKE A DIRECTOR: DRESS THIS WAY, SMILE THAT WAY, LOOK AT THE CAMERA FROM A CERTAIN ANGLE."

IT IS NEARLY 8 P.M. WHEN HARRELL ROLLS up in his Mercedes to the Phipps Estate in Old Westbury for a Jodeci video shoot. He was supposed to be in the video, giving away the bride in a wedding montage, but he's four hours late, and the sun has set. The director, 25-year-old Brett Ratner, spots Harrell and starts jumping up and down. "Andre, hey, Andre, where ya' been? You were supposed to be in this thing." Harrell makes the rounds of the artists, ending up at a picnic bench where Mary J. Blige, his greatest discovery so far and a Jodeci pal, is sitting with her sister. In contrast with her tough street-savvy image, the queen of hip-hop soul seems small and shy in person. "Yo, Andre," she says, looking up at him, "what's this you leaving us? What am I gonna do when you're gone?" He sits down, puts his arms around her, smoothes things over. "Don't worry," he says, "we'll have a meeting and talk about everything. I tried to meet with you on Friday, but you were at the damn hairdresser's forever." (Blige, it turns out, will remain at Uptown without Harrell.) She laughs and goes off to find a bathroom. Ratner takes her place, a bundle of nervous twitching, scratching energy. He touches his crotch every ten seconds or so. "You gotta help me out," he says. "This thing was supposed to cost 250 grand and it's running way over, I mean it's gonna be more like 400. One of the guys didn't get here until two, and then they couldn't get them out of their trailer. I had to, like, go bang on the door myself. You gotta sign these overages, or I'll be fucked with MCA. I mean you could be gone in two weeks, and I'll be fucked." Harrell mulls it over, asks the relevant questions, and finally signs the papers. "Did you see our video for 'Natural Woman'?" asks Ratner, hitting him. "Did you see Mary's white dress and the flower in her hair in the rose garden? I mean you can actually *see* her. Of course she *hates* it. She wants to use the closing shot, where she's all covered up in black and it's at night. You gotta talk to her." Mary comes back and glares at Ratner. "Brett," she says bristling, "you in my seat."

BOYZ II MEN

SUPER-PREPPY AND SUPER-POPULAR, THEY'RE ONE OF MOTOWN'S FEW BRIGHT SPOTS



The final shot of the Jodeci video is of the bride and groom getting into a cream-colored Rolls-Royce convertible driven by the members of Jodeci as the guests shower them with rose petals. T-Boz from TLC plays the bride, wearing a see-through hoop skirt with a train, a stupendous veil, and white platform shoes. It's the essence of Harrell's "high Negro style": a mansion, a Rolls, true love, but streetwise. "Ghetto glamour," he says, smiling broadly. "You got it."

IT'S A GO-GO NIGHT AT THE BOWERY BAR, where Andre Harrell is as familiar a presence as the furniture. The very white songwriter Bruce Roberts is hosting a party in the back room with David Geffen, Barry Diller, and the rest of the A-list crowd. Karl Lagerfeld is fanning himself at a long table; hair guru Paul DeJoria—a.k.a. Paul Mitchell—holds court in a corner. *Vogue* publisher Ron Galotti is in the house, along with Stephen Sprouse and Miss Guy. If not for the tables of young black men and women scattered around the room it could be an eighties revival. Hip-hop royalty have given the Bowery Bar its current edge. Veronica Webb sidles over, wraps her arms around Harrell, and kisses the top of his head. "I would give up my house for Andre. Don't laugh, because you never know when you could be down. You know, we're Negroes, living in America, and right now we're the flavor, but that could all change at any minute." She sits down and begins picking at Harrell's fries. "I wish that you could see how we really live in the Hamptons," she says. "It looks like busing when we arrive."

When Andre Harrell signed his $50 million deal with MCA three years ago, everybody believed he would become the Berry Gordy of the nineties. He would have a record company, and production deals for film and television projects. But the honeymoon ended quickly. "MCA never gave him any power," says Al B. Sure, who may become head of A&R at Harrell's Motown. "He had to say 'Mother may I' for everything. They never understood his vision." Russell Simmons puts it more succinctly. "This was a tragedy," he says. "Mary and Jodeci sold over 2 mil-

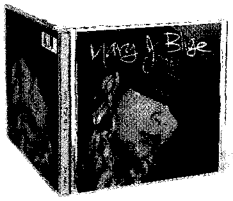
Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Hashing over the ramifications of rap with Russell Simmons and Jesse Jackson, as Al Sharpton looks on.

lion each time out, but they should have been *huge*. MCA never put its whole system behind them. I mean, just look at what [Arista Records President] Clive Davis has done with his boutique label LaFace. Toni Braxton sold 7 billion records because Arista put all its muscle behind her." While Harrell had the power to sign and produce artists on his label, MCA kept a tight grip on promotion. "They forced him to make mistakes," says a former executive,"and Andre fought them every step of the way."

And then there was a little problem by the name of Puff Daddy. At 24, Sean "Puffy" Combs is already infamous, a former Catholic-school boy who has become one of the top producers in the music business. He was introduced to Uptown by Heavy D. in the early nineties. "I started working for Andre," Combs says, "when I was going to Howard University. I would get on the train Wednesday night, work at Uptown Thursday and Friday, and then get back on the train." Although his attire now leans heavily toward gold and diamond accessories over silk football jerseys, Combs began at Uptown wearing white shirts and ties. "I did everything," he recalls. "I drove Andre's car; if they needed something delivered, I would take a cab instead of the subway and pay for it out of my own pocket. I knew it was the place to be." He eventually landed an internship with Kurt Woodley, who was then the head of A&R at the company. One day Combs asked Harrell out to lunch and lobbied for a full-time job. "I am your demographic," he said. Taken by his pitch, Harrell not only gave him a job but became a surrogate father as well. What followed wasn't pretty.

MARY J. BLIGE
A STREETIER, EDGIER, MOODIER VERSION OF ARETHA; AND, IN THE INNER CITY, JUST AS POPULAR



No one would deny that Combs has a talent for producing records with the right sound. Early in 1991 an unknown producer named DeVante who had been making gospel records in North Carolina drove to New York with his group Jodeci. "We didn't have an appointment," he recalls, "and I didn't even know who Andre Harrell was, but I knew what Uptown was, and I wanted us to be there." Woodley, the A&R man, met the group in the elevator, listened to their demo tape, and quickly called in Harrell. Though everyone saw the potential in a group that melded smooth harmonies with rap, many industry insiders say it was Puffy, not Harrell, who really deserves credit for their success.

Ensconced in his ultra-hip-hop high-tech recording studio on the West Side, Puffy—now partnered with Clive Davis and Arista in his own company, Bad Boy Entertainment—seems filled with equal parts affection and scorn for his mentor. "My mom was driving me crazy; Andre let me live at his house [in Cloister, New Jersey]. Right before he moved out, I put a hole in the wall, which cost 30 grand to fix. Then he let me live at his house in Alpine. I mean I was 20 years old, living in a mansion with a bad-ass pool. But then he got back with his girl and I was out in the street. I came home one day and found all of my stuff in garbage bags by the curb. Dre [Harrell] can be like that, real cold. He doesn't cry at anybody's funeral, but I told him he's gonna cry at *mine*." Puffy's status as the favorite spoiled son started to tear the company apart. Harrell had imported Mark Siegel, a former ICM agent, to manage the company, but Siegel and Puffy battled constantly. "Dre created a monster," admits Puffy. "The whole company hated me—I was aggressive; I would trash the office. I'd call Andre a wimp and a house nigger." Siegel characterizes Combs as "out of control. . . . He had no sense of how to function in a corporation, and he treated Andre like shit. I'll bet he doesn't pull that stuff on Clive Davis."

In December 1991, a concert Combs had organized at City College ended before it began, with a stampede that left nine people dead. Once again, Harrell came through. He flew in from Barbados, hired William Kunstler, brought in a publicist to do damage control, and organized a press conference where he took most of the heat. But despite intense pressure from MCA, he refused to fire Combs. "It was a horrible, horrible time," says Harrell, "but my feeling was that the police could have stepped in when things started to get out of hand." But legal assistance was the least of what Harrell provided his young protege. "Puffy has never appreciated what Andre did for him," says Al B. Sure. "I mean, he had a bottle of pills by his bed, ready to kill himself, and Andre saved his life."

Finally, Harrell had enough. In mid-1993 he walked into Combs office and quietly fired him. Despite the warning signs, Combs was stunned: "He asked me to leave the same day. It was like leaving home. I ended up on the stoop of his brownstone that night, crying my eyes out. I wish that I'd never left." The next day, Combs called Harrell and asked for advice. "Andre told me to call Clive Davis," says Puffy, "and now he's flipping 'cause I got a better deal than he did. It's a fact: Uptown sales went down when I left. Dre doesn't understand the street anymore. He's too busy hanging out with white people, smoking cigars, being a mogul. And they don't even want to *see* my ass in the Hamptons. I embarrass them."

The next day, Harrell asks what his former protégé had to say about him. When I tell him, he laughs and then turns thoughtful. "Puffy wanted me to fight every second of the day," he says, somberly. "But what he didn't realize is that you have to pick your battles. I mean, I'm a warrior, but I also know when I can't win." (Obviously, Harrell and Combs's relationship is a complex one. Weeks later, at a private party following the annual T. J. Martell dinner—*the* music-biz event—Harrell and Puffy immediately head for a corner and hang out all night. "I've known these guys forever," says hip-

Photographs: top, Philip Greenberg; bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

hop fixture Jessica Rosenblum, observing the lovefest. “It’s so sick. It’s like a never-ending drama.”)

For Uptown, winning in Hollywood hasn’t proved too easy either. Inspired by the success of young black filmmakers like Spike Lee, Harrell has spent much of his time pushing TV and movie projects. Among his first was a 1991 movie, *Strictly Business,* starring Halle Berry, but both Harrell and Alonzo Brown, Uptown’s movie chief, were disappointed with it. “It was just too watered down,” says Brown. Several other TV projects stalled as well, including a sitcom starring Heavy D. that was later rescued by Fox. “The movie and record businesses have niche marketing,” complains Harrell, “but television is a mass medium and there are no black executives in positions to green-light projects.” After their first few failures, Harrell and Brown say they approached a top producer, Dick Wolf (*Miami Vice, Law & Order*), with a concept for a hip-hop cop show that would appeal to a “Churban” audience. “We wanted it to be like *New Jack City* on TV,” says Brown. “We explained to the Fox executives why this show would appeal to white kids in Cincinnati who were wearing their hats on backward.”

But while the show pulls respectable ratings, Brown and Harrell have felt increasingly pushed out. “Dick Wolf is a racist,” says Brown bluntly, “and while that may sound harsh, I say it because when the show became successful, he got rid of the original black writers and replaced them with white writers. And we always had to work harder for everything. I mean there were people on that lot who hadn’t done anything decent in years, and they got more respect than we did.” Wolf calls this contention “crap.” “Andre Harrell has an undeniable genius for self-promotion,” he says. “Unfortunately, that genius does not extend to the projects he’s being paid for.” Wolf says Harrell attended only two read-throughs of *New York Undercover.* “He slept through one and talked on his cell phone during the other. To say he created the show is laughable.” As for Brown’s claim that he has replaced all of the show’s black writers, Wolf says: “*New York Undercover* employs a higher number of black writers than any other drama on television.”

HARRELL “DOESN’T UNDERSTAND THE STREET ANYMORE,” SAYS COMBS. “HE’S TOO BUSY HANGING OUT WITH WHITE PEOPLE, SMOKING CIGARS, BEING A MOGUL. AND THEY DON’T EVEN WANT TO *SEE* MY ASS IN THE HAMPTONS.”

Currently, Harrell and Brown have two movies stuck in development, a Whitney Houston vehicle called *Woman* and a comedy, *Harlem Vacation.* Brown is also accompanying Harrell to Motown, and both men see their future in small, independently produced films, which they can control themselves. “We need to go back to financing our own movies,” says Brown, “because that’s where the creative power is.”

Harrell admits that TV and movies have been expensive diversions. “I got so involved in [*Undercover*] that I let the record business slide, and that was a big mistake. My ambition first and foremost is to be a great record man, like Ahmet Ertegun, Clive Davis, or Berry Gordy.” While he was distracted, though, Uptown ran up huge production costs, much to the distress of MCA. Mary J. Blige and Jodeci were said to be unhappy, and Suge Knight, the notorious head of Death Row and a major player in gangsta rap, swooped in to claim them. According to one widely reported rumor, Knight once crashed Uptown’s offices, tore them apart, and physically assaulted Harrell. “That’s all hype,” insists Harrell. “What happened was that Suge had his bodyguard, and I had Mark Siegel in the room and Suge wanted to talk in private, so we went in my bathroom. He was saying that he could get everyone a better deal, including me.” Knight dismisses the story, but he is now involved with the management of Mary J. Blige and Jodeci (his exact role is murky). There have been numerous other stories of artists and producers trashing Harrell’s offices. Whether they’re true or not, Uptown now has Fruit of Islam security posted at its reception desk.

QUEEN LATIFAH
MORE RESPECTED THAN POPULAR, THE MOTOWN RAPPER FIGHTS BACK AGAINST THE WOMAN-HATERS

Q
Queen Latifah
Black Reign

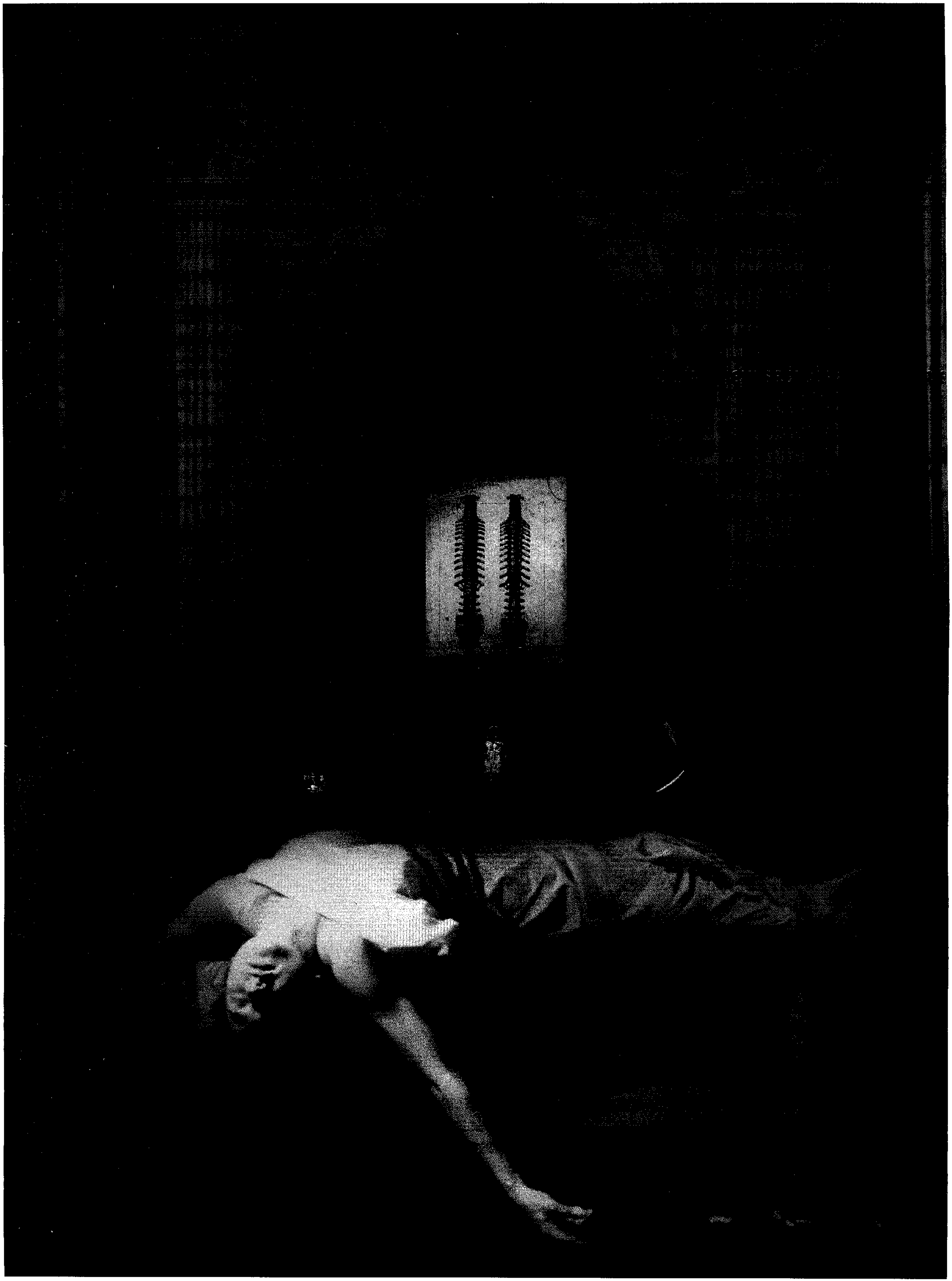
RUSSELL SIMMONS HAS CONVENED A MEETING between Jesse Jackson and the heads of the major companies that produce rap music at, where else, the Bowery Bar. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss forming a political network of the young artists. Jackson shows up, as is his wont in New York, with Al Sharpton in tow. As usual, Harrell shows up an hour and a half late, smoothly sliding into his seat. He has been in financial negotiations with Motown all day—his five-year deal reportedly will be worth some $20 million—but if he’s tired it doesn’t show. Jackson talks about the drug business being the biggest growth industry in America today, and how he wants to educate rappers, to influence their lyrics. The sticky issue of censorship comes up, and tempers briefly flare before Simmons deftly moves the conversation along. A consummate politician, Jackson also asks the group for help with his son’s campaign for Congress in Chicago. Harrell gets up to go to a big Public Theater bash hosted by Tina Brown and MTV Networks chairman Tom Freston. “I’m sitting at Ingrid Sushi’s table,” he says, referring to *Interview* editor Ingrid Sischy, “and that, what’s her name, Lipsomething. Lypsinka? She’ll be there. I like her.”

Andre Harrell may finally get the power that he’s always wanted, but he will have a tough job ahead of him. While Motown has an extraordinary history, it hasn’t been relevant to younger people, white or black, for a long while. And now, without Jodeci or Mary J. Blige, Harrell will have to cultivate a whole new generation of artists and producers. “I’m gonna bring back *real* soul music,” he says dreamily. “I want young people with old voices that reek of life experience, of pain. Spirituality and passion. Love gone wrong. Love come back. Romance and players. I’ve created stars and celebrities. Now I want to make superstars.”

Simmons—who not coincidentally, is also parked at Motown-parent PolyGram—thinks that his friend can do it. “We talked about this years ago,” he says, “and Andre said Motown could be the black version of Disney, and I think he’ll make it that.” (In fact, Motown is already producing children’s programming.)

Two years ago Harrell actually got to meet his idol, Berry Gordy, when Harrell chaired the Black Radio Exclusive convention in 1993. “We did the dinner in Washington,” recalls Alonzo Brown, “and he said, ‘You know what would be dope? If we got Berry Gordy.’ ” Gordy responded by showering him with praise from the podium and later mentioning him in a *Billboard* article as the most visionary black executive around. Two years later, Harrell has a shot at much more than *getting* Berry Gordy. He has a chance to *be* Berry Gordy. ■

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BLACKFORD
FOR NEW YORK

IN THE CUT

she wondered: How had he learned them? An excerpt from a new novel by Susanna Moore

"Can I come in a minute?" the detective asked in a low, pleasant voice. "It's better than talking in the hall." He looked over his shoulder as if someone were standing there, listening. He held his jacket by the back of the neck. His shirtsleeves were rolled to the elbows, and there were wet half-moons under his arms.

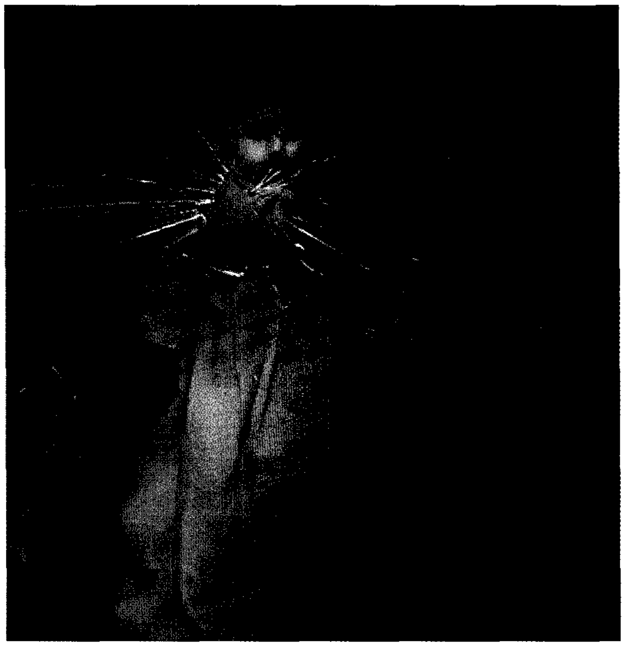
I was working on my monograph on Portuguese words in Rhode Island slang, but I felt that I couldn't use that as an excuse. I decided that if he noticed my notebooks, I'd say that I was writing in my diary. A safe girl thing to be doing. Not that I had anything to hide from Detective Malloy. I just know from experience that trying to explain what it is that I write, what it is that interests me, makes me sound a little foolish, a little ineffective.

He held out the card until I took it, the card perhaps a way of letting me know that he really was a policeman, not a stockbroker in a paisley tie who spent his lunch hour bothering women. It occurred to me for a moment, being a resident of New York City, to ask to see his badge, but that would have embarrassed me.

I invited him inside.

"Nice place," he said, looking around quickly. "Been here long?"

"Not so long," I said. He was big. Tall. I could smell his cologne. It was strong and sweet, a little musk in it, a little drugstore, which usually gives me a headache. "Six months," I said. "I used to live on 71st Street. Do you know that people once said they lived in a street, not on it? I lived in 71st Street."



He smiled at me, and I realized something that he already knew. I was nervous.

He laid his jacket over the back of the sofa and sat in one of the steel garden chairs. The chair swings low to the ground when there is weight on it, and he looked startled when it dipped close to the floor for a moment. He reminded me of a ballplayer past his prime, the old muscles still twitching, just not so fast anymore. I couldn't imagine him chasing anyone down the street. But then, detectives probably don't do that.

"I'm doing a canvass in your neighborhood," he said. "There was a woman murdered on the sixteenth. That would be Tuesday the sixteenth. Last Tuesday, sometime between midnight and two in the morning. Me and my partner are questioning people in the neighborhood. Her body—" He paused. "A part of her body, to be exact, was found across the street in the park here. I wanted to talk to you in case you saw or heard anything unusual. Saw anybody." He had a faint accent. He pronounced *saw* as if it had an *r* at the end of it. He lengthened his vowels, stretching the second vowel so that *exact* sounded like *exaaact.*

"There are hundreds of people in the street at night," I said. "All night long."

He picked up his jacket and took a pen and a small stenographer's pad from the inside pocket. He flipped the pad open with one hand. He saw me looking at the pen. It was a maroon Mont Blanc ballpoint. He held it out to me. His eyes were the kind of blue that would change with the light, or the color of his shirt. They were, at the moment, opaque. I realized that he was trying to work up the interest to flirt with me.

"Fake," he said. "It's a cop thing." He winked.

"No, I didn't see or hear anything unusual," I said. "I sleep with the windows open."

"Do you?" he asked, looking up from the pad. "All the way open?"

"Who was killed?" I asked. "Not my landlord, I know." I was surprised by my flippancy. I was still nervous. But now I knew why.

"An actress. Red hair. Twenty-six years old. She worked part-time in an after-hours gambling club. She was last seen in a bar around the corner. A cop bar, as a matter of fact."

"A cop bar?"

"Yeah," he said. "It's the 6th Precinct bar. A lot of detectives go there."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry that she was killed."

He nodded.

"How was she killed?"

"Her throat was cut." He paused. "And then she was disarticulated."

What a good word, I thought. Disarticulated.

He slid the notebook back into his pocket and took two cuff links from another pocket and turned down the sleeves of his shirt, and I remembered that it was masculine gestures that aroused me.

He looked at me as he pushed one of the cuff links through the hole. "You remind me of someone," he said.

I was disappointed in him. "I'm not surprised. I have that kind of face."

That kind of ass, I thought.

"You'll let me know if you remember anything? My office number is on the card. Call anytime."

He walked to the door. I opened it for him.

His trousers were a little tight. Thin black socks. Black shoes, lace-up. Needed a shine. A small tattoo inside his wrist. The three of spades.

It was the man I saw in the basement of the bar.

But there was no redhead between his legs.

I'VE BEGUN TO KEEP A DICTIONARY in preparation for a paper on New York street slang. It is a fluid list, as the words are sometimes in use for only a month or two, the meaning of the word varying in different parts of the city, signifying one thing in Brooklyn and something else in the Bronx. The words themselves, in their wit, exuberance, mistakenness, and violence, are thrilling to me:

virginia, n., vagina (as in "he penetrated her virginia with a hammer")
belows, n., bowels, intestines
wig hat, n., wig
freezerator, n., refrigerator
yams, n., legs
gangsta lean, n., the cool way to sit in the driver's seat of a car, leaning to the window side
snapper, n., vagina
gash-hound, n., someone who loves gash
brasole, n., vagina (from the Sicilian *bresaola,* "cured meat"?)
the cut, n., vagina; also, a safe place
to skeeve, v., to disgust, repel; also *a skeeve,* n., a disgusting person (from the Italian *schifoso,* "disgusting"?)
to pinch, v., to get or have (as in "to pinch some conversation")
tenderhooks, n., tenterhooks (misusage)
besides himself, exp., beside himself (misusage)

MALLOY CAME BACK A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER. I PRETENDED THAT I did not see him. He was on the sidewalk, bouncing keys in his open hand. I went up the stairs.

He called my name.

I turned around.

"I was hoping you were in," he said.

"I'm not in."

"You're not?"

He made me smile.

"I just wanted to check a few more things with you," he said.

"A few things?"

"That's right. A few things."

"Do you want to come in?" I asked, surprised at myself.

"No," he said.

I realized that I wanted him to come inside. Which surprised me even more. A decision, any decision, tends to bring flirtation to an end. Marriage, a quintessential decision, being a good example.

"It won't take a minute," he said. He turned and opened the car door near the curb.

> **"Multiple killers have a thing," Malloy said. "A way to kill effectively that they use over and over again. It's like anything. We all do it. We use what works, and usually it's the easy way. A killer learns on the job. He gets better at it. But he'll do it the same each time."**

I came slowly down the stairs, knowing that he was watching me, the deliberation of movement, the slow sway of hip, one hand in my pocket, the other holding the hair back from my face. I took off my glasses.

I got into the car.

He said, "Still getting into cars with strange men."

The radio was turned to an oldies station. He walked around the car and got inside, moving as if his body were sore. "I been in the fucking tunnel all day," he said.

"A fucking tunnel?" Sometimes I hear language in a way that causes me to appear to be more literal than I am.

He looked at me. "We got a call. There's a dead body in the tunnel that runs along the West Side Highway. Where I used to watch the circus trains when I was a kid. Now it's a place for homeless people. Hungarian Gypsies mostly. I didn't even know there was Gypsies left, did you?"

I shook my head.

"We find a mummified body. He's a mummy, and he's got numerous stab wounds all over him."

"Cornelius says there's been another murder near here."

"Who?"

"Cornelius Webb. My student."

"Now, why would he tell you that?"

"I don't know," I said, wondering myself.

"What did he tell you?" There was a change in his voice. He was alert. No longer dreamy, no longer anecdotal.

"That another woman was killed."

"When did he tell you this?"

"He said that you told his grandmother. He said that you said that you were going to another murder."

He looked at me. "Another funeral, maybe," he said. "Not another murder. There's been two women murdered in Manhattan South in the last seventeen days. What does that tell you?"

I didn't think that I should answer flippantly. About men and women, that is. I said nothing.

"I'll tell you what it tells you. One killer isn't doing all of them."

He was both veiled and exact. Selective, but not averse to giving a suggestive illustration. "Multiple killers have a thing, a way to kill effectively that they use over and over again. It's like anything. We all do it. We use what works, and usually it's the easy way. A killer learns on the job. He gets better at it. But he'll do it the same each time. These two homicides were different. Different styles."

I could smell his cologne or his aftershave, whatever it was that he was wearing, and I suddenly remembered that my father used to say, "Gentlemen don't wear scent." This wasn't scent. The air-conditioning was on, and it was cold inside the car. It made the smell stronger. I rolled down the window, and he leaned forward and turned off the air conditioner.

He reached beneath his suit jacket as if he had an itch and pulled out a small black beeper and tried to make out the number on it, leaning forward to catch the light from the street lamp. He sighed, and clicked off the beeper, hooking it with difficulty back onto his waistband. "It wasn't that kid you were walking with just now, was it?" he asked. "That black kid. Cornelius."

"You've been following me, too," I said.

"Following you?" He laughed.

He turned up the radio. "It's in His Kiss." Betty Everett. I looked at his hands. He wore a big gold ring on the third finger of his left hand, like a college ring. On the little finger of his right hand was a small gold ring, two hands holding a heart. Mick shit. I wondered if he had a shamrock on his ass.

"You know, if someone is killed by manual strangulation or blunt-force trauma to the stomach, it might not be visible the first time you look at it. I can examine the body at the scene and not know for sure. I can say this looks like a homicide, this smells like a homicide, this is a homicide, but that don't mean I know why it's a homicide. Nobody can enter a crime scene without changing it in some way—adding to or taking away. Usually adding to it. You know what I'm saying? But bodies talk to me. A dead body can tell me lots of things. All I need to know, sometimes." His voice was full of reverence.

He turned down the radio.

"Listen," he said. "I've been going back over that girl's homicide. The redhead. That's why I came by. There's something missing. A piece. Something I know that I don't know yet."

"Disarticulation," I said.

"How do you know that?" he asked, looking at me curiously.

"You told me. I looked it up."

"You confuse me," he said.

"Confuse you?"

"I thought I was going to buy you a beer."

HE STOOD AT THE BAR AND PULLED OUT A STOOL. I SAT DOWN AND he asked what I wanted and I said a beer, hoping he wouldn't ask what kind of beer and quickly adding, Whatever you're having. He ordered two Guinnesses and put a twenty-dollar bill on top of the bar. It was not something a woman would do, lay money on a bar like that. I am very interested in the ways that men are different from women.

"I was born in Washington Heights," he said. "You know, I never really got out. Not really. I tried, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I tried, but I didn't get too far. I have to cross the George Washington Bridge two times a day when I come in to work. I know I've been a New York City detective too long when I can feel my stomach start to turn the minute I get off the bridge in Manhattan. I actually get sick to my stomach now. My old partner used to say, Malloy, you got to get out when it's no fun. You'll know when it's over, the day it's no fun anymore. You know what I'm saying?"

"I do," I said.

He looked around the bar. He had chosen the far end, and he stood facing the front door. He was wearing, I noticed, what looked like a tie from Hermès, one of those ties that rich boys wear with a design of animals on it. Giraffes or anteaters. He saw me looking at it.

"A gift," he said. "A gift from an East Side DOA. You like it?" He lifted the end to look at it. He liked it.

"A gift?" I didn't understand.

"Look," he said with a smile, "I been two steps away from prison my whole life."

> **It has been my experience that when two people talk about sex, sex in the abstract, it is a way of screwing before you get into bed, trying it out, seeing if it's going to work. And this was what Malloy was doing. He was moving a little fast, but he'd put it right out there.**

"You still haven't told me where you live."

"Rockland County. You know where that is? Upstate New York. Other side of the Hudson." His arm brushed against my knee and he said, "Pardon me."

He reached for the big glass of Guinness, and I noticed the beauty of his hands, the wrists, the clean plain nails. The tattoo.

He saw me looking at his hands.

"I got faggot hands," he said.

I wondered if he felt the same way about his eyes. Faggot eyes. I had a feeling that he liked his eyes.

"What about the tattoo?"

"I'm in a club. A secret club."

"Are there a lot of members?"

"Just a couple."

I nodded. Pretty much what I'd thought.

"I live with my ex-wife. To answer one of your many questions." He took a drink and wiped a line of pale foam from his lip.

For some reason, I wasn't surprised.

"I went back five years ago. To tell the God's honest truth, I was exhausted. When I got divorced, I lived with my mother in Washington Heights, surrounded by Dominicans. It was a little embarrassing being divorced and living with your mother, you know what I'm saying, not knowing how to say it at the end of an evening, you know, we got to go to your place 'cause my mother might be up saying the Rosary, I promise I'll be gone by morning."

"Not a bad idea."

He looked surprised.

"Leaving before morning," I said.

"A woman don't want you to spend the night, either, right? Women don't want to wake up with some big lug in the morning. I have to be at work at four in the afternoon some days. She don't want you around all fucking day. Many women that I know take you home, you make love, it's all over, you get up, you can see the relief on their faces: Not only does he fuck me well, he leaves. You don't want to wake up in the morning and see her, either. Everybody's happy."

He gave me a big smile and picked up his glass of beer. I picked up my glass, too, and the charm bracelet made a sound on the bar.

"Nice bracelet," he said, putting down his glass. "Listen. I can be whatever you want me to be. It's what I do. It's what I'm good at. Just remember that. You want me to be your best friend and fuck you? No problem. You want me to romance you, take you to dinner and shit? No problem." He took a drink. And added as an important afterthought, "Only thing I won't do is beat you up."

Now, it has been my experience (after all, I am almost 35 years old and I know a little about these things), it has been my experience that when two people talk about sex, sex in the abstract, if there is such a thing, it is a way of fucking before you get into bed, trying it out, seeing if it's going to work. And it seemed to me that this is what Detective Malloy was doing, sitting there with his smile and his faggot hands and his eyes. Giving me a play. He was moving a little fast, but he'd put it right out there. He'd put it in my head. Or in my lap. Not that it wasn't there already.

"It mustn't be too easy living with your ex-wife," I said.

"What do you mean?" He looked surprised.

"Dating. Not beating up girls."

"You don't know any cops. I have friends who haven't been home in years." He looked at me. "Look, cops make the worst husbands. You know what I'm saying?"

"Sounds like they don't make such great boyfriends, either."

"Cops go through girlfriends like they go through veal cutlets."

I found myself wondering idly if he was the type who needed to talk about it after, maybe on the phone a couple of days later. The more polite ask if your vagina has retained its shape. Not too sore. Not stretched the size of Shea Stadium.

I suddenly didn't want to talk about girls. Or veal cutlets. "Why does your partner have a water pistol in his holster?"

"They took his gun away. He's still working. He's just not working with me tonight."

"You're working now?"

"Yeah. Shit, yeah. What'd you think we were doing? This is what's called a canvass. Right now. I'm questioning you. That it happens to be in a bar don't make no difference. Listen," he said with a weary sigh, "the bureau's changed a lot since I first come on the job. Being in Homicide now is really just EMS for dead people."

"Why is your partner on leave?"

"It's called restricted duty, not leave." He took a drink. "His wife caught him with another woman. A big fat chick. He likes fat girls."

"Infidelity is reason to take away a cop's gun?"

"His old lady ran outside and scratched her name with her keys on the hood of his new car. By the time he got outside, she was on the second *n*. Her name's Lonnie. L-O-N-N-I-E. He lost his temper and went after her and she ran inside the apartment and threw his Hispanic Society trophy out the window." He frowned. "And, ah, that's, you know, when he tried to kill her."

I didn't know what to say.

"Richie wishes he could be a dyke 'cause then he could just have sex with women and forget all the other shit. You know what I'm saying? Marriage and kids and shit. Mortgages. Only I tell him he wouldn't be too good at it."

"Why is that?"

"What some people call oral sex. Spanish guys, black guys don't like it. Richie says he won't eat nothing that gets up and walks away."

"I'm glad you told me," I said.

"Richie loved that trophy, man. It was for the San Juan Citizen of the Year or some shit. He takes that stuff seriously. It means a lot to him."

The story made me smile, and I wondered if it made me smile because I wanted him to like me. I was a little worried when I realized that it was more than wanting him to like me. I realized that I wanted to be like him. "Yes," I said. "It's a good reason to kill your wife. I mean, of all the reasons I can think of." Wondering if I meant it. Worried that I meant it.

"They took his gun and his shield and put him on restricted duty. He's a housemouse now, filing papers. When they first questioned him downtown, he asked if they wanted to see his official letter from the police shrink. He got it two years ago when his old lady called the chief of detectives and threatened to kill herself unless Rodriguez came home. They said, Yeah, let's see the letter. He showed it to them and the fucking fat fucks confiscated it."

He began to laugh. He lifted his foot onto a rung of my bar stool and I saw the black holster around his ankle. "They told him they'd give him back the letter when they returned his shield and his gun. So now he's got nothing. No wife, no gun, no shield, no note that says he's not nuts. The note's the worst part. He looked at that note every day, man."

"What are housemouses? Housemice, I mean."

"Housemouses."

"Housemouses."

"Guys who put their balls in a drawer. Guys who take promotion tests. Guys who don't want to be in the street. Guys who are lazy. Or scared."

He ordered another round, even though I had not finished my drink. The bartender took a ten-dollar bill from the change on top of the bar. Like most people who are anecdotal, he told me nothing. He revealed nothing about himself. He talked a lot, but he only told me what he wanted me to know. Which wasn't much.

"You sure we don't know each other?" he asked suddenly. "I swear to Christ I seen you somewhere before. You ever been down the shore? Maybe that's where I saw you. You wear a polka-dot bikini?"

I looked into those cold blue eyes. Something in me, some old, stubborn resistance-fighter tactic, made me lie, made me say, "No, I don't. Know you." It would have been my third or sixth or tenth mistake. I'd stopped counting. "I just remind you of someone," I said.

"Yeah," he said, looking around. "That must be it."

There was a pretty black girl sitting at the bar, near the door, and when I looked up I saw that she was staring at him. I turned to see if he had noticed. I should have known better.

"You stare back at them," he said, leaning close to me. "That's how you flirt with black girls. But with white chicks, I myself like to look, get caught, look away. Five or six times is good. Then she thinks she's got you."

He looked at her again. "You want to pick her up?"

I looked at her, surprised that I was considering it, although it was not something I'd ever done, be with a man and a woman at the same time. I realized with even more surprise that while it already seemed that I was interested in doing whatever it was this man wanted, I did not want to pick up another girl. I would be too jealous. I didn't want to share him.

"No," I said.

"Listen," he said quietly. "Just so's you know. There's not too much I haven't done."

Always an interesting move, I thought. Feeling my body flush. Boast disguised as confession. Threat disguised as confession. "Ever fuck somebody dead?" I asked. I wasn't nearly as good as he was, I knew, but I could at least try to stay in the game.

"Someone dead?" He laughed. "No. No one dead. No one that I knew was dead."

"That boy was with me tonight. The one you wanted to talk to." Changing the subject again.

He wiped his mouth. "I don't need to talk to nobody."

I was surprised.

"Not yet. Whoever did this one broad knows all about bodies. It's not easy to cut a throat like that. Your friend Cornelius isn't into popping arms out of sockets and ripping them from the body, is he?"

"Not that I know."

"You got to meat-cut it, like cutting up a chicken almost, you know what I'm saying? How you take the legs off a cooked chicken? Pop."

He took my arm and held it out from my side, putting a hand between my breast and my arm. I felt as if I'd been branded.

"The humerus here," he said. "And this joint at the shoulder. Very difficult. You got to know what you're doing."

Like you, I thought.

He suddenly smiled. And let go of my arm.

I looked over my shoulder, wondering what distracted him. Big handsome Detective Rodriguez who won't eat nothing that gets up and walks away.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi, how you doing?" He looked around the room.

"How'd you get out, man?" Malloy asked, his voice changing from his talking-to-a-broad voice to his talking-to-a-man voice. "They let you out?"

Rodriguez grinned. "What the fuck, I'm not going to do nothing. What can I do?" He reached inside his coat and pulled the plastic pistol with the map of Puerto Rico from its holster and shot a thin spray of water into Malloy's face.

I handed Malloy my paper napkin and he wiped his face. It was a girl thing, handing him the napkin, and I regretted it.

"If loving you is wrong," Rodriguez said to Malloy, "I don't want to be right."

"No, you don't," said Malloy.

"I had to park on Christopher Street. There were a hundred fucking guys looking to have a couple hundred sexual encounters each," Rodriguez said, shaking his head in disgust.

"You wouldn't mind if some guy were trying to fuck a hundred women a night," I heard myself say.

"How'd you know?" he asked. He ordered a vodka and cranberry juice. For his cystitis. I had a sudden dislike for him, which surprised me, given his great personal, or more precisely his great impersonal, beauty, a male characteristic I tend to value, and his very cool, very still, very uninterested manner, which I value even more.

He said to Malloy, "One of the civilian secretaries, you know her, Dewanne, the skinny broad, said to me today, 'What's the difference between 69 and the Police Department?' " He looked at me. "You know this joke?"

I shook my head. "Not yet."

He turned back to Malloy. "In 69 you only have to look at one asshole."

Malloy smiled. "She's a good kid. She writes out my messages three times."

"She wants to suck your dick," Rodriguez said. He looked around the room again, and he, too, saw the black girl. He smiled at her. Malloy caught me watching Rodriguez and winked at me.

I noticed that he didn't drive the way most men drive in New York. He was slow, deliberate, confident. He didn't honk his horn or call anyone names. I wondered if that's the way he was in bed. I didn't find out till later, dreaming him through my nightgown.

"I thought you only liked dark meat on Thanksgiving," Malloy said to him. He ordered another round. "We know each other twenty years," Malloy said to me.

"Longer," said Rodriguez, not taking his eyes from the girl.

"Where's Marty?" Malloy asked him.

"He called in for a Twenty-eight. Said his mother was sick."

"There was a homicide in the Three-four." Malloy said. "A ground ball. Some spic did his wife. The captain went up."

Rodriguez nodded. "She must not of known when to shut up."

I wondered if Rodriguez thought of himself as a spic.

Rodriguez looked away from the girl and said, "You know, all you really need is two tits, a hole, and a heartbeat."

Malloy said mildly, "You don't really need the tits."

Rodriguez said, "You don't even need the heartbeat."

I reminded myself that Pauline says they have to despise us in order to come near us, in order to overcome their terrible fear of us. She has some very romantic ideas. I tried hard, but there must have been something a little pinched in my face, a momentary faltering, because Rodriguez said to me, "You're one of those broads, right? You know, man, one of those feminist broads." Working a lot of gender into one sentence.

"I was thinking you might be one, too," I said. "Detective Malloy told me you like fat women. And that made me think you had a generous, perhaps even sympathetic view of women."

To my surprise, he smiled, the irritation fading from his big handsome face. I was beginning to think he wasn't so good-looking after all.

"Did Detective Malloy tell you why?" he asked.

"I never got that far," Malloy said. He looked a little embarrassed.

"Fat chicks," Rodriguez said, "are always in a good mood when you call, even if it's late. They always say, Come on over, I wasn't asleep. They cook for you. Even if it's five in the morning. They're cool." He nodded, pleased with himself.

I looked at him, wondering if thin girls made a practice of refusing to cook for cops. Maybe.

"You probably never been fat your whole life," he said to me.

Although I do not like anyone intervening on my behalf, especially a man, I would have been very happy if Malloy had told Rodriguez to go fuck himself. I looked around the bar. Almost everyone seemed to be dressed for traveling. Shorts. Flip-flops. Sweat suits made of crinkled parachute silk. My friend Pauline has the best clothes-sighting on an airplane, having sat next to a man in a wet bathing suit on a flight from Miami to New York. Malloy and Rodriguez were the only men in suits. White shirts, ties. They even kept on their jackets.

Rodriguez looked at his watch. "I got to be getting back. I'm going fishing tomorrow."

"You really eat those things you catch?" Malloy asked. "They're in the Hudson, man."

"What's wrong with the Hudson? There's all kinds of shit in the Hudson."

Malloy laughed. "Well, don't drown." He pronounced it "drownded."

"You want me to sign you out?" Rodriguez asked him. I wondered if this was something he did for Malloy on a regular basis. Cover for him. Break the rules. What he was doing, I realized, was letting both Malloy and me know that he knew Malloy was trying to fuck me.

"No," Malloy said. "I'm leaving, too."

I felt myself blush with disappointment. I looked away, afraid that they would see it.

"Well, I'll catch you over there, man," Rodriguez said. "Catch you later." He turned to me with a small smile of triumph. "You come here often? I mean, it's your neighborhood, right? Your local."

"She hangs out in those real downtown places," Malloy said.

I wondered if he meant the Pussy Cat Lounge. My local.

"I'll drop you off," Malloy said to me.

"See you later, man," Rodriguez said, already moving through the crowd.

"Does he really fish in the river?"

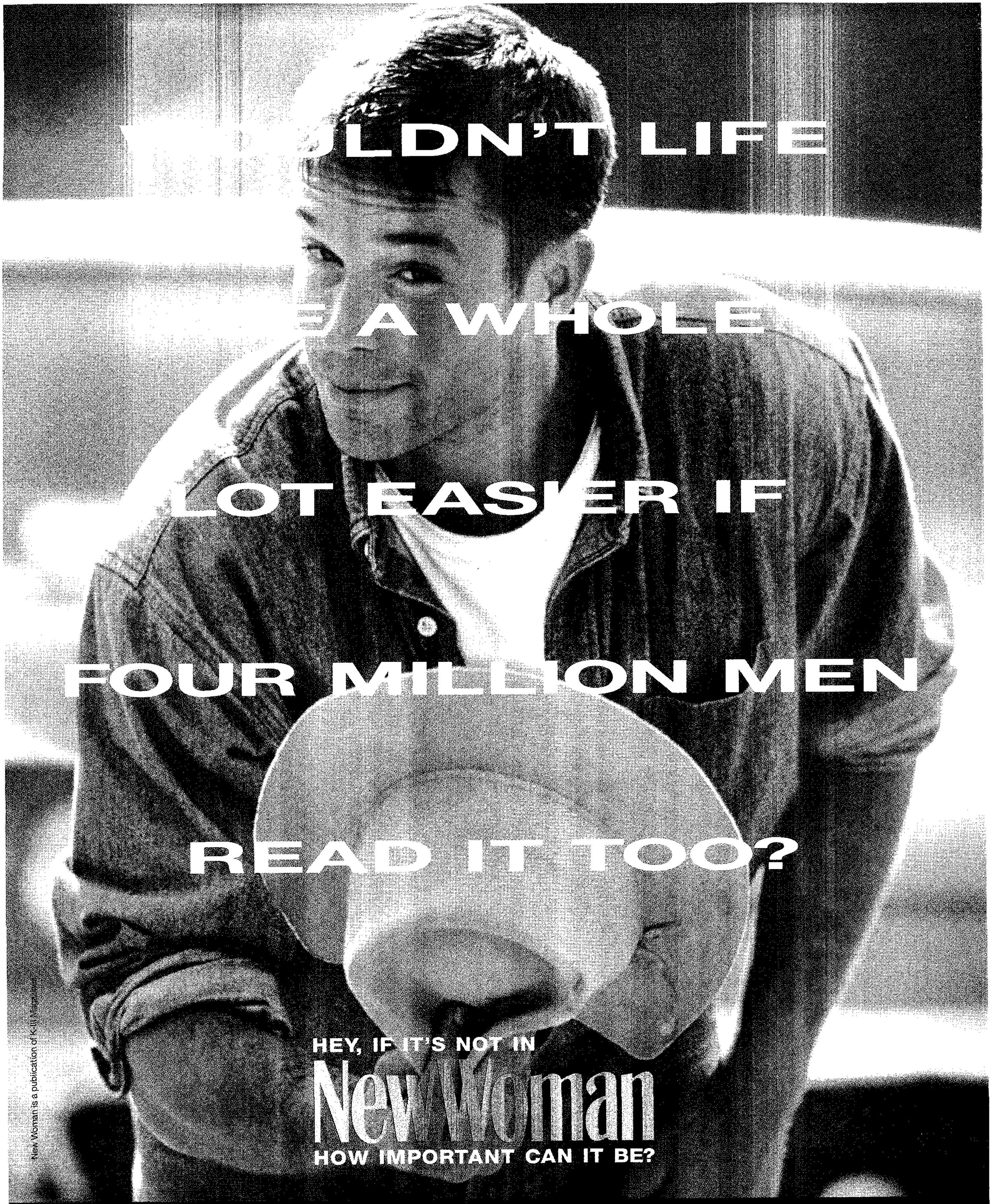
Malloy watched him leave. "He goes to this place near the George Washington Bridge. There's a little lighthouse there. It's locked to the public, but he goes there."

"How does he get in?"

He smiled. "We're detectives." He picked up the money on the bar and counted it, leaving five dollars on the counter. "We can do anything we want."

On the way home, I noticed that he didn't drive the way most men drive in New York. He was slow, deliberate, confident. One foot on the gas, one on the brake. He didn't honk his horn or call anyone an asshole. I wondered if he fucked that way. I didn't find out until later, in bed, dreaming him through my nightgown.

THERE WAS A SMALL ARTICLE IN THE *Times* METRO SECTION TODAY about the murder of Ms. Angela Sands, 26 years old, of Albany, New York, an actress who was an understudy in *The Will Rogers Follies.* There were no details of the murder. No mention of disarticulation. Or blow jobs. (I could use a blow job, Malloy said to me this afternoon, on the phone.) The newspaper did quote a police spokesman who called it a "grisly murder." ■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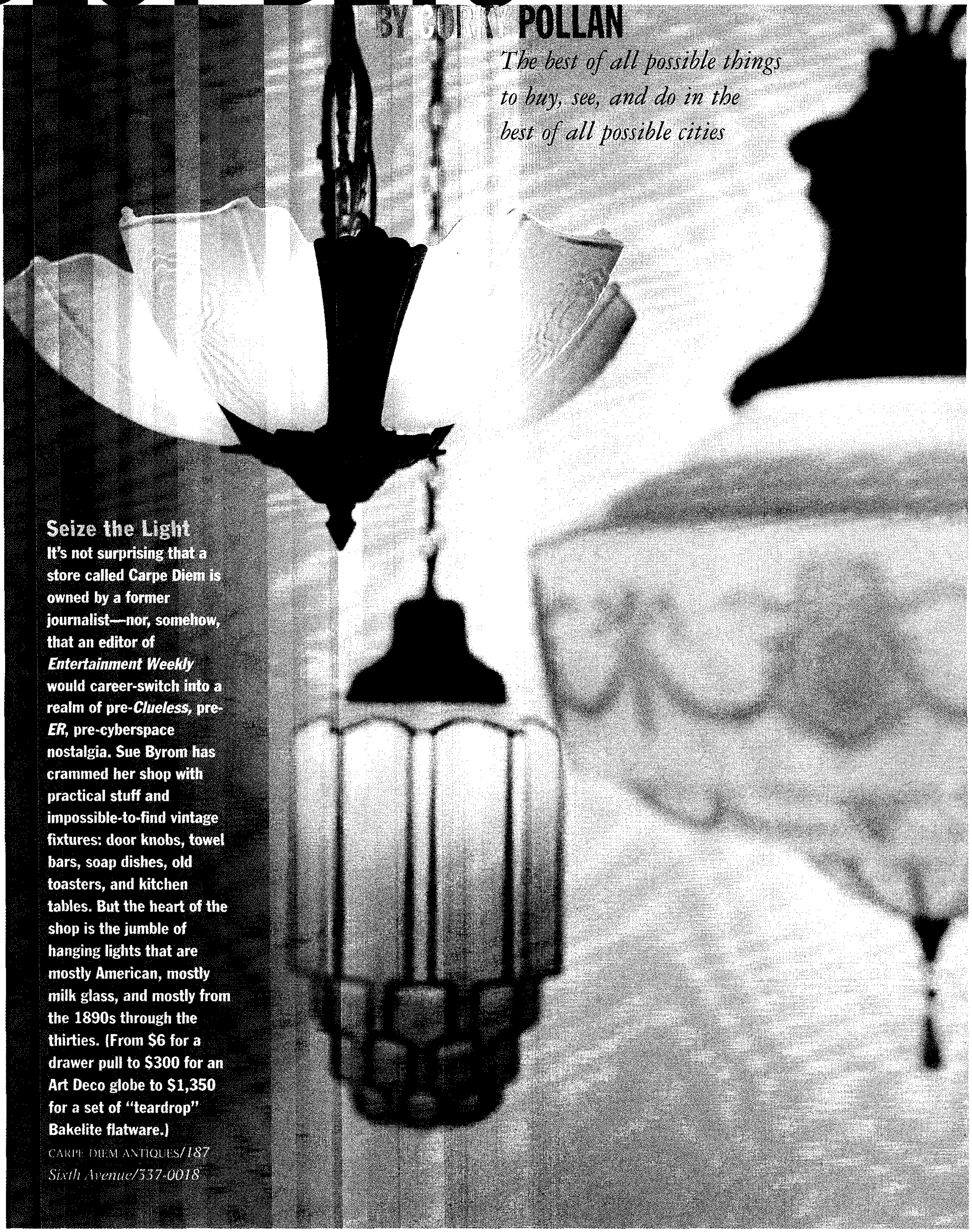
BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things
to buy, see, and do in the
best of all possible cities



Seize the Light

It's not surprising that a store called Carpe Diem is owned by a former journalist—nor, somehow, that an editor of *Entertainment Weekly* would career-switch into a realm of pre-*Clueless*, pre-*ER*, pre-cyberspace nostalgia. Sue Byrom has crammed her shop with practical stuff and impossible-to-find vintage fixtures: door knobs, towel bars, soap dishes, old toasters, and kitchen tables. But the heart of the shop is the jumble of hanging lights that are mostly American, mostly milk glass, and mostly from the 1890s through the thirties. (From $6 for a drawer pull to $300 for an Art Deco globe to $1,350 for a set of "teardrop" Bakelite flatware.)

CARPE DIEM ANTIQUES/*187 Sixth Avenue/537-0018*

Aluminum Foil

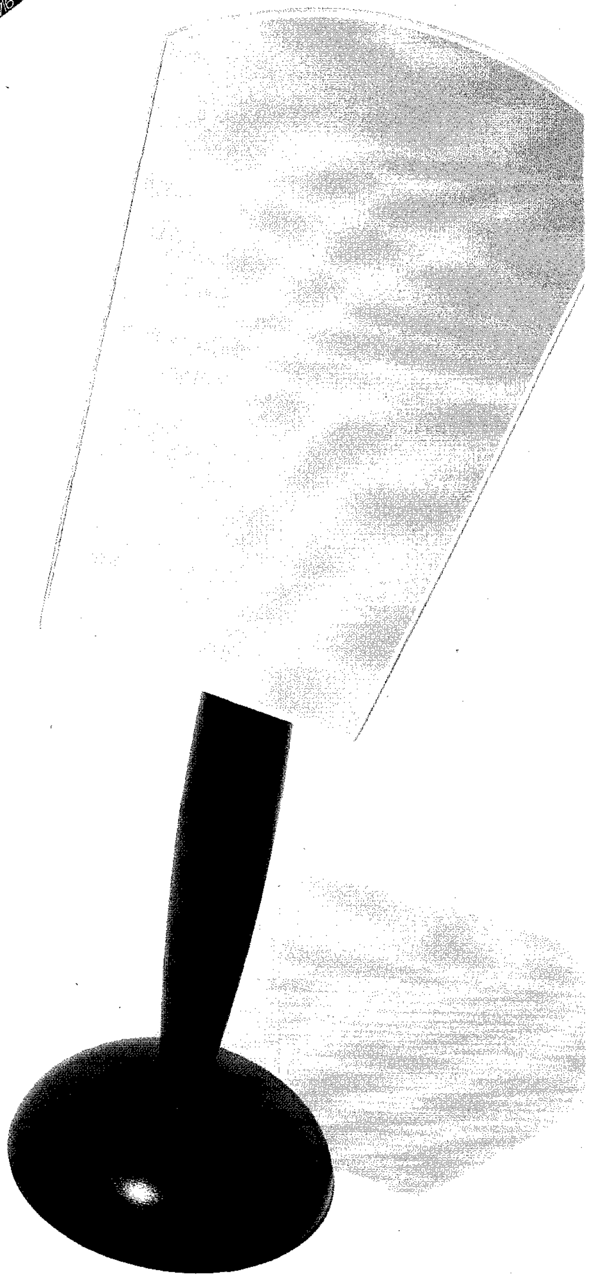
Teunen & Teunen has a new take on those old wooden folding rulers. The German company uses aluminum—the stylish metal of the moment—to produce a thoroughly modern, six-and-a-half-foot version with inches on one side, centimeters on the other. It's slim, it's featherweight, and it comes in a leather case ($65).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*

Mirror, Mirror, Off the Wall

The mirrors of home-furnishings designer Shahen Boladian are seriously simple. Boladian uses architectural details (the arch and the ellipse) to create pieces that are, at once, feminine and masculine. And both the mirrors and the maple stands (natural or black) are handmade at the artist's workshop on Lake Champlain ($56).

INTERIEURS/*114 Wooster Street/343-0800*



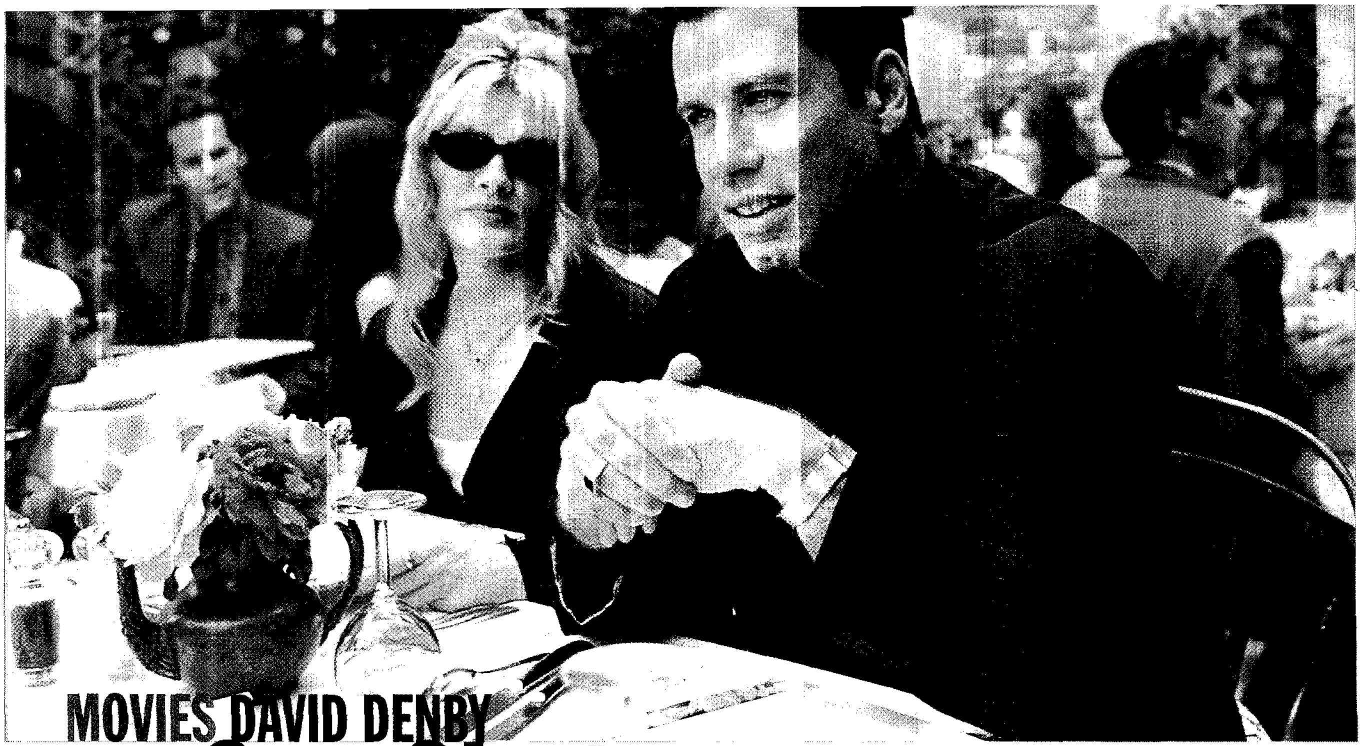
The Buzz on Crewcuts

Never mind that it took so long: On October 21, J. Crew will finally launch a kids' line. For now, Crewcuts primarily consists of the most popular Crew tops (tartan-flannel shirts, waffle henleys, corduroy button-downs, roll-neck sweaters, and barn jackets) shrunk to ultra-diminutive sizes. But there are also polar-fleece robes, union suits, mittens, and hats. (From $14 for a polar-fleece mitten to $58 for a hand-knitted cable sweater; in sizes 2 to 14.)

CREWCUTS/*Catalogue only/800-562-0258.*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, Go: NYMAG.

Photographs: clockwise from left, Ann Stratton; Monica Buck (3).



MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Get Chatty

The fine, jaunty movie of 'Get Shorty,' Elmore Leonard's gangster-goes-to-Hollywood action-adventure, talks up a blue streak and loses none of the jokes.

John Travolta as Chili, Rene Russo as an aging B-movie starlet, and the pitch meeting as postmodern metaphor.

IN **Get Shorty,** A MOVIE OF INSPIRED CHAT, THERE ARE many voices talking, but we hear only one voice—that of Elmore Leonard, the language-obsessed crime novelist whose 1990 book serves as the basis for the movie. Leonard's grip on the vernacular is so profound that you come out of *Get Shorty* cursing a blue streak, just like the characters (I advise you not to take your 12-year-old son to it, which is what I did). Leonard recognizes that the world is corrupt and everyone is out for himself; his dialogue, for all its threat and menace, is essentially satirical. *Get Shorty,* which was adapted by screenwriter Scott Frank and directed by Barry Sonnenfeld (*The Addams Family*), preserves a splendid Leonardian joke—that the ways of gangsters and of Hollywood players are essentially the same. The movie is set in the kind of high-sleaze sub-world that in real life financed Coppola's *The Cotton Club,* a world that produced a corpse as well as a bad movie. Chili Palmer (John Travolta), a Miami loan shark, coolly confident, with dominating eyes, goes to Los Angeles to collect a debt; falls in with producers and actors, including the great, diminutive movie star Martin Weir (Danny DeVito); and becomes obsessed with the movie business. Chili can certainly talk and swagger, and he has access to money. That makes him a producer. What *else* is required? In the movie business, ideas are meaningless until they become pitches. The movie that then gets made is almost a footnote to the pitch meeting.

Chili winds up producing a true story, a series of events still unfolding as he makes his way about town. This "story" is a peculiar affair involving a poor schmuck of a dry-cleaning-store owner (David Paymer) who runs away from Miami with some insurance money; a seriously sunburned Miami gangster (Dennis Farina) who thinks the money belongs to him; and some more gangsters, from Colombia and Los Angeles, pursuing money from a botched drug sale that is parked in a Los Angeles airport locker. This story keeps happening in the background of *Get Shorty.* The hoods show up and rip each other off; Chili even intervenes a few times and moves "the plot" along. At a certain point, the movie we're watching merges into the movie Chili wants to make.

Not unlike *Smoke, Get Shorty* is a playful work about stories and the way that storytelling affects life—a reflexive postmodern game, but lightly done, without the clunky ambitions that destroyed *The Last Action Hero.* Sonnenfeld works in a racy, fluent, light-fingered style, all gleaming surface and décor, but he's not slick, exactly. He takes his time; he's less interested in momentum and tension than in personality and language. At the risk of doldrums (and there are a few), he lets people talk, sometimes cutting back and forth between conversations going on simultaneously. *Get Shorty* isn't a gangster film; it's a movie about gangsterish people who make movies. The violence, when it comes, is staged in semi-slapstick style. The real violence is conversational, the pleasures of talking in all its more aggressive varieties—conning, intimidating, pitching, turning the tables.

Sixty years ago, the actor George Raft imitated the mannerisms and moves of actual gangsters, and it was said that gangsters in turn imitated Raft. Warren Beatty later added another mirror: In *Bugsy,* he was a movie star playing a gangster, Bugsy Siegel, who was himself,

Photographs: top, Linda R. Chen/MGM.

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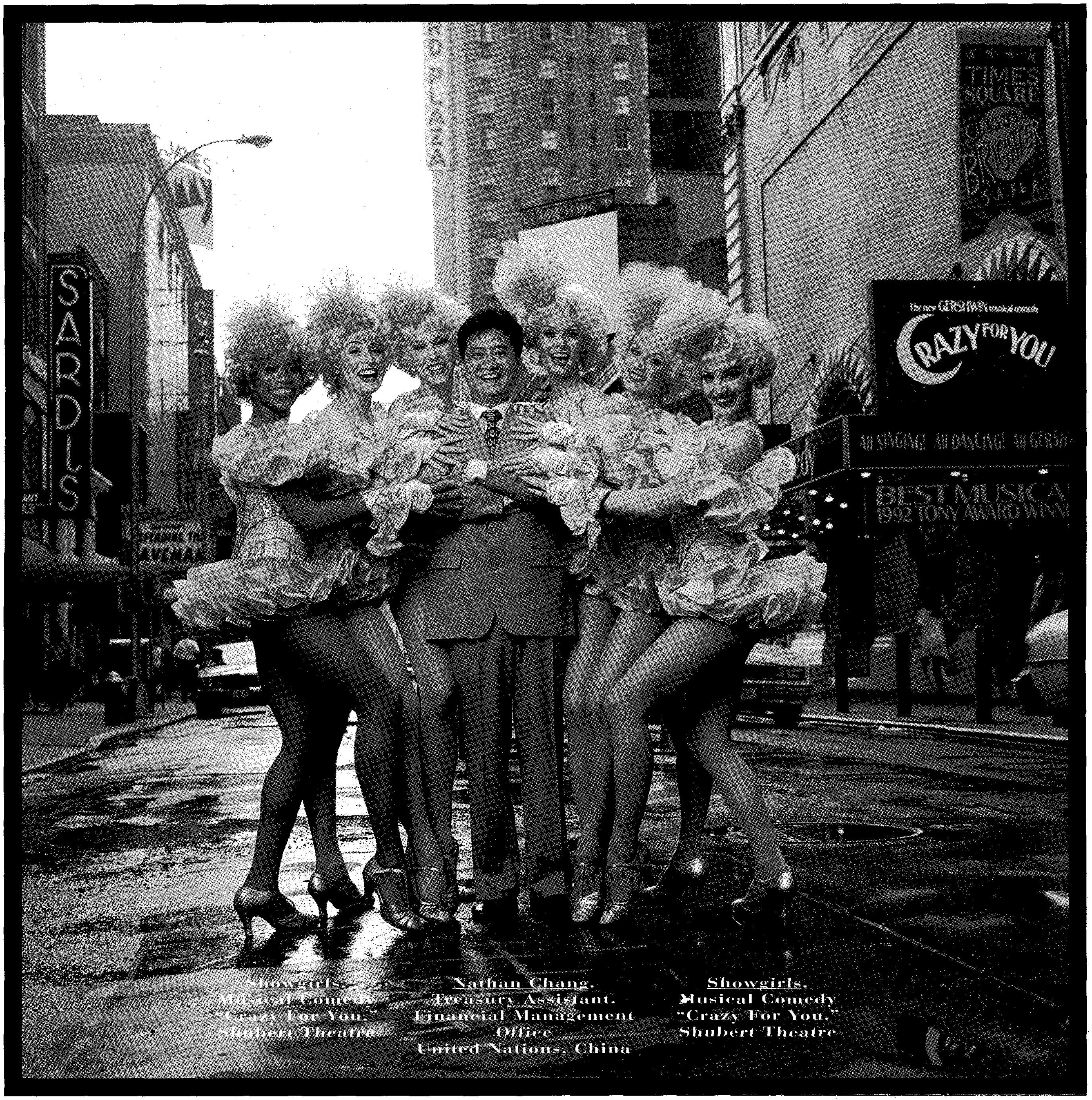
PHOTO BY JAMES SALZANO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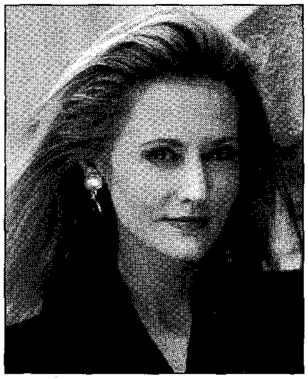

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in his own mind, a movie star. In John Travolta's performance in *Get Shorty,* the distinction between gangster and actor has vanished altogether. Recovering his ripe handsomeness at the age of 41, Travolta wears dark clothes, and he has swept-back dark hair and a broad smile. He's a low-key, suavely amusing thug, intimidating but usually not violent (he doesn't have to be). In all, this is Travolta's wittiest and most glamorous performance. The extra weight, which he carries well (the dark clothes help conceal it), becomes an added element in his new, substantial presence, and he's so charming that we simply accept that this sleek-looking shylock carries off everything he tries. "Look at me," he says to everyone, and they do, unable to look away. He's got the eyes. Eyes, of course, are what make a movie star, and when Chili, trying to collect a debt for someone else, breaks into the house of the junk-movie producer Harry Zimm (Gene Hackman), Harry, who has been awakened from a drunken sleep, thinks Chili is an actor looking for a role.

The two men form a partnership to produce movies, and with the help of an aging B-movie starlet (Rene Russo), who knows which side her bread is buttered on, they pursue the great Martin Weir. In the best scene of the movie, Chili challenges Weir to use his eyes the way *he* does, to look at someone as if he were saying, "You're mine, asshole." DeVito, playing this self-serious kingpin star (Dustin Hoffman?), goes through a series of scowls and squints, and before long, he's hooked. Chili is just teasing him, mastering him, but Martin thinks it's a pitch, the greatest pitch of all time: He's already playing a loan shark, and he hasn't even heard the story yet! A movie deal is concluded right there. I don't know if movies happen that way, but it's a very satisfying little myth of macho vanity, and DeVito, quiet and meditative, earnest as a priest, shows sides of thoughtfulness and vulnerability he's never shown before.

Get Shorty is vivacious and volubly funny, and both the Miami and Los Angeles sections look great. That crack-voiced ruffian Farina gives a wonderful performance as a Miami gangster whose brains have been bleached by too much sun, and the invaluable Delroy Lindo is on hand as a Los Angeles limo driver–gangster who thinks he's qualified to get into the movie business (and who's to say he isn't?). Yet *Get Shorty* is not quite a great movie: Sonnenfeld needed to bring his comedy a little closer to reality; he needed to scare us, to be a little more sober and not always such a nifty jokester. *Get Shorty* doesn't have much dramatic tension, and we feel a letdown when we realize the movie is just an entertaining conceit. But it has many pleasures. Once again, Hollywood has offered itself as a juicy subject for satire. Its willingness to do so is one of the few redeeming things about the place.

In brief: AFTER ABOUT AN HOUR OF **The Scarlet Letter,** I asked myself for whom the bell tolls, and hearing "for thee," I left the theater immediately and escaped a certain doom in the cooling night air. In other words, life is not long enough to watch Demi Moore playing Hester Prynne. What I saw in that dismaying and languid hour was a big, swooning, 1955-style drama about repressed passion, nude bathing, and, finally, sex among the corn kernels (in the barn, you know). This version of *The Scarlet Letter* bizarrely features a scarlet *bird*, which flitters around during the dirty parts. Joan Plowright, as usual, was the only thing in the movie (sorry, first half of the movie) worth watching. As for Ms. Moore, she has to be the least expressive actress ever to achieve stardom, though that peculiar house of cards, her fame, may not remain standing forever. Those of you who think no one could make a good movie of Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic may want to take a look at the extraordinary silent version (from 1926) starring Lillian Gish and directed by Victor Sjöström. . . . **Persuasion,** on the other hand, is the real thing, a generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel (Roger Michell directed). I admit that at first it's something of a shock seeing Jane Austen mounted on the screen at all—everything appears bigger, more theatrical and obvious than one had imagined, the manners more brutal, the contrasts of rich and poor more overt. On a few occasions, the filmmakers get carried away: Surely it is a mistake to show the Cinderella heroine, Miss Anne Elliot, leaving the family estate in an animal cart; and surely Anne and her suitor, Captain Wentworth (Ciaran Hinds), would not kiss in the daylight, and on the streets of Bath. But apart from these errors, most of the movie goes extremely well. I would have preferred as Anne an actress without Amanda Root's prim, tight-lipped demeanor (*Persuasion* is about delayed passion, not repression), but Corin Redgrave is excruciatingly funny as the snobbish Mr. Elliott, and many of the other British stalwarts are wonderful—pale, mope-mouthed Sophie Thompson, for instance, as the complaining sister Mary. Wonderful, too, was the sight of the fields and towns and great houses of England. *Persuasion* was written during the Napoleonic Wars and is warmed by love of the British Navy and that sacred place, home. The movie preserves the glow. ■

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Illustration by Barbara Maslen

BOOKS **MARGARET TALBOT**

Saint Gloria

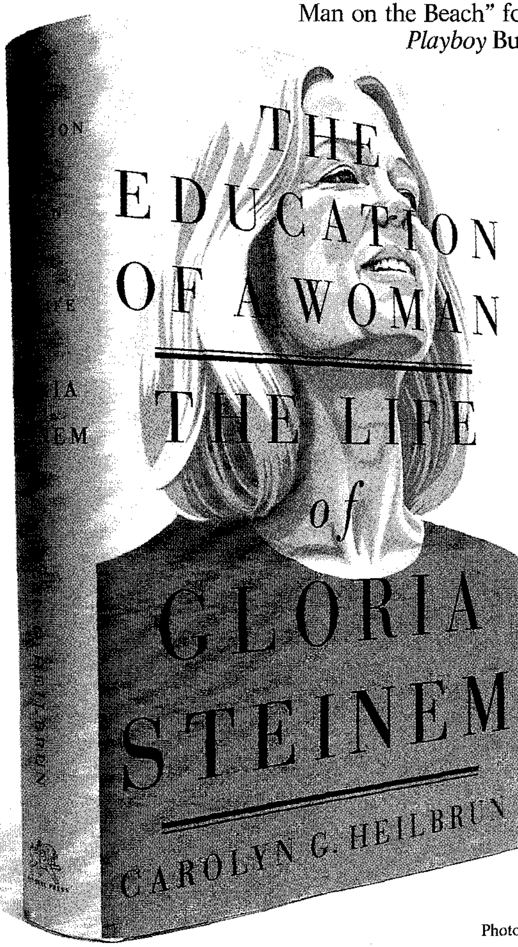
Carolyn Heilbrun's biography of Gloria Steinem is a floral tribute to the glamorous media star who made feminism safe for Middle America.

The Education of a Woman: The Life of Gloria Steinem
BY CAROLYN HEILBRUN
The Dial Press; 451 pages; $24.95

Carolyn Heilbrun: The women's movement's hagiographer.

THERE ARE SOME BIOGRAPHERS WHO HATE THEIR subjects, who set out to unmask and debunk them, to take everybody's word but theirs and *nyah-nyah-nyah* them into eternity. The pitfalls of this approach are many and easy to imagine; they dead-end in the churlish but ever more popular genre that Joyce Carol Oates has dubbed "pathography." In an era when even Mother Teresa's latest biography took her down a peg, iconoclastic spite is the besetting biographical sin of our time. But what happens when a biographer errs in the opposite direction? There's a word for that too—*hagiography*—and it's a peculiarly apt description for what the distinguished feminist scholar and former Columbia professor Carolyn Heilbrun has written about the glamorous feminist celebrity Gloria Steinem.

Here is Heilbrun on the glories of Steinem: "I, as the biographer of a feminist, begin from the desire to write the life of a woman who became, simultaneously, the epitome of female beauty and the quintessence of female revolution. I see as valiant her questioning of the powerful on behalf of the dispossessed; others might see it as deleterious." "Steinem never deserted feminism, never betrayed it, never suggested it needed to backpedal, never let anyone in the media get away with jeering at it. She remained, as everyone noticed, full of allure." "Steinem's life offers an example of a new definition of family; a new, more open version of serial monogamy; a new definition of devotion to the young." *The Education of a Woman* is a floral tribute of a book: Its chapter headings are portentous ("India: The Transforming Interlude," "Imperatives for Change"), its primly enamored tone oddly reminiscent of Victorian biography.



Not that Steinem, who emerged from the lower middle class of Toledo, Ohio, to become the leonine figurehead of Second Wave feminism, doesn't deserve plenty of credit. On the lecture circuit in the seventies and eighties, she was a cool-as-custard proponent of equity, given to memorable observations like "housework is, after all, the only work that is noticed only if you don't do it" (and fatuous ones like "all women are bunnies"). She founded *Ms.* magazine, which in its first, glossy incarnation not only published pioneering reporting on subjects like domestic violence but brought feminist concerns to women who would never have dreamed of tossing out their Lady Bics. But Steinem's most important contribution to the women's movement was a less exalted one than the besotted Heilbrun is prepared to admit: It was, in a word, her image.

Unlike Betty Friedan, who diagnosed *The Feminine Mystique* in 1963 and launched the National Organization for Women in 1966, Steinem was not a founding mother of the women's movement. She came to it a bit late, after a splashy career as a miniskirted girl reporter ("the world's most beautiful byline," drooled *Newsday* in 1966) turning out articles like "Funny Ways to Find a Man on the Beach" for *Glamour*, going undercover as a *Playboy* Bunny for *Show* magazine, and, eventually, writing features and the "City Politic" column for Clay Felker's *New York*. Unlike the downtown intellectual Kate Millett, she was never a movement theorist. When Steinem published her long-awaited book *Revolution From Within* in 1992, it turned out to be a treacle of familiar pop-psych teachings on self-esteem. And unlike Germaine Greer, she wasn't a raunchy feminist bad girl. Sure, she dated lots of celebrated men (Mike Nichols, Robert Benton, Rafer Johnson, Jim Brown, Mort Zuckerman), denounced marriage, and never had kids. But through it all, she radiated a kind of earnest, middle-American respectability—the revolutionist as played by Mary Tyler Moore.

Which is, in the end, what set Steinem apart from the Friedan-Millet-Greer troika of feminist icons. She was pretty and elegant and unthreatening—and at a time when the women's movement was besmirched as the province of man-hating harri-

Photographs: top, Katy Raddatz; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

dans, that was no small thing. For mainstream America, she was feminism's best advertisement, a quality for which the media loved her and many more radical women's liberationists despised her. They hadn't picked her as their leader—they hadn't picked any leaders at all—and they resented her telegenic hetero sheen.

(This resentment peaked in 1975 when members of the feminist collective Redstockings accused Steinem of collaborating with the CIA. The charges stemmed from a brief period in the early sixties when Steinem had indeed worked for a liberal Cold War group that sponsored international youth festivals, and did receive some funding, indirectly, from the CIA. Heilbrun ably defends her—and it's clear the hostility toward Steinem had less to do with her actual political alignments than with her annoying compatibility with the "bourgeois" Establishment.)

At times, Heilbrun seems ready to acknowledge that Steinem's glamorous good looks are the source of her appeal—the book is full of paeans to her attractiveness—but at others, she wants to claim something larger, and vaguer, for her. She quotes with scorn Friedan's assessment that "Gloria has not advanced any new ideas in the movement—but she's an outstanding publicist." Yet that seems a fair assessment, and not a particularly shameful one. All social movements need their publicists, and Steinem has been one of the best.

This is not a book rich on context; Heilbrun is like a doting mother with a camera, illuminating her darling with a brilliant flash while everything around her fades into soft focus. We get tantalizing glimpses of Steinem in early-sixties New York—like the Golightly-ish detail that she once bought a mink coat "from the furrier on her block, pelt by pelt on the model of the tiny necklaces given to middle-class girls, pearl by pearl." But there's a swath of social history here that Heilbrun leaves disappointingly unexplored. This was, after all, the first moment in history when large numbers of middle-class girls from the provinces could come to the big city, expect to find work and a sexual life, and not be punished for it. The Pill had been introduced in 1956; the New York economy was booming. For the first time, the dominant cultural images of women in the city were less preoccupied with Dreiserian descent into dissolution than with fun and possibility: *That Girl* on TV, *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *The Apartment* on the movie screen, *Downtown* on the radio, *Sex and the Single Girl* on bookshelves. Frustrated suburban housewives may have been the subjects of feminism's first treatises, but it was single city girls like Steinem, embracing their freedom and wanting to extend it to others, who made the feminist movement.

Sometimes, Heilbrun's fondness for the "selfless" Steinem gets in the way of a more detailed critique of the women's movement and of Steinem's place in it. We get a history of *Ms.* magazine, for example, that makes much of Steinem's aversion to hierarchy (editorial meetings "took place in a room furnished only with carpeted steps to sit upon, so there were no privileged positions") but offers relatively little assessment of the magazine's content. Worse still, though, we get the occasional defense of Steinem that ought to rankle any real feminist. Consider this one, intended to explain why Steinem was often harsh on intellectual women: "The fact remains that poor women, Toledo women, African-American women, Native American women, and working class women do not feel the need of theory or of complex explanations. Steinem, like them, honors experience over male-authored theories."

And Heilbrun honors Steinem; what she doesn't always honor is the critical intelligence of her reader. ▬

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Dangerous Liaisons

Circle in the Square's Tennessee Williams double bill is frenetic and over the top; David Mamet's 'Dangerous Corner' is a stiff, pretentious drag.

Cruel *Summer:* Leslie Lyles and Jordan Baker in *Suddenly Last Summer.* Right: Elizabeth Ashley is a monstrous Mrs. Venable. Far right: A scene from *Sin.*

THOUGH IT'S A WORK OF TENNESSEE Williams's estimable middle years, *Suddenly Last Summer* (1958) is as exaggeratedly excogitated as the twitchy puppet plays of his last, unfocused period. It has been revived along with its original curtain-raiser, *Something Unspoken.* The title of the double bill, **Garden District,** refers to the New Orleans locale of both plays, made more fevered by Williams's turbid imagination.

Something Unspoken is, at Circle in the Square, something undirected. Concerning the repressed lesbian relationship of two elderly ladies, it plays here like a cabal between the director, Theodore Mann, and the performers (the miscast Myra Carter and misdirected Pamela Payton-Wright) to keep the audience in the dark about its meaning. And it is all so pallid that it would disappear into the scenery if only Zack Brown, the designer, had provided any.

With *Suddenly Last Summer,* however, not so much directed as goosed by Harold Scott, something like a stampede of rabid bats whooshes across the stage. You may recall how the rich Mrs. Venable, to protect the reputation of her recently deceased homosexual son, Sebastian, tries to have her niece by marriage, Catharine, lobotomized so she cannot spread the story of his perversely grisly demise. Every summer, Sebastian would travel with his attractive mother to impoverished European locales, where he would write one exquisite summer poem in a blue notebook, while Mother would lure starving boys in-

Photographs by Gerry Goodstein.

to his clutches. The preceding summer, the stroke-induced paralysis of one side of Mrs. Venable's face necessitated cousin Catharine's being pressed into service as the temptress. But Sebastian's excesses caused his cannibalistic murder, driving the helpless Catharine around the bend and Harold Scott's current production over the top.

The only way to salvage anything here is to apply the reins, not, like Scott, the electric cattle prod. Elizabeth Ashley, as Mrs. Venable, plays a voluptuously coiled sex kitten or cobra, purring ominously between Theda Bara hissy fits accompanied by a new, hyperactive soundtrack à la Francis Ford Coppola. In vain did I scan Miss Ashley's face for the smallest speck of redeeming paralysis. Everything about her is in full gear, like the Indianapolis 500—even her voice sounds like an exhaust pipe trying to be seductive.

Even more exhausting is the Catharine of the beanpole-ish Jordan Baker, who by towering over the rest of the cast, including the doctor, loses all sense of vulnerability and pathos. By way of locomotion, she lolls and lopes like a giant unstrung marionette made to do a danse macabre, and delivers her lines like an impenetrably mush-mouthed rapper. Her expressions range from the malevolent to the maniacal, interspersed with moments of total paralysis (both sides of the face). If anyone could profit from a lobotomy, this Catharine is it, preferably with Mrs. Venable joining her at conveniently reduced group rates. The doctor, played with sinister undertones by Victor Slezak, and the generally stranded supporting players, were obviously bypassed by a director interested only in the gladiatorial fight of the principals. After this production, a few hours among the devils of Loudun would feel like a rest cure.

Let me add that theater in the round, always an aberration, is particularly unsuited for conveying Williams's instructions to the set designer, calling for a violently colored tropical jungle-garden, like a giant prehistoric fern forest steaming with heat and emitting "harsh cries and sibilant hissing and thrashing sounds . . . as if inhabited by beasts." Could it be that Harold Scott, by accident, directed the stage directions instead of the text?

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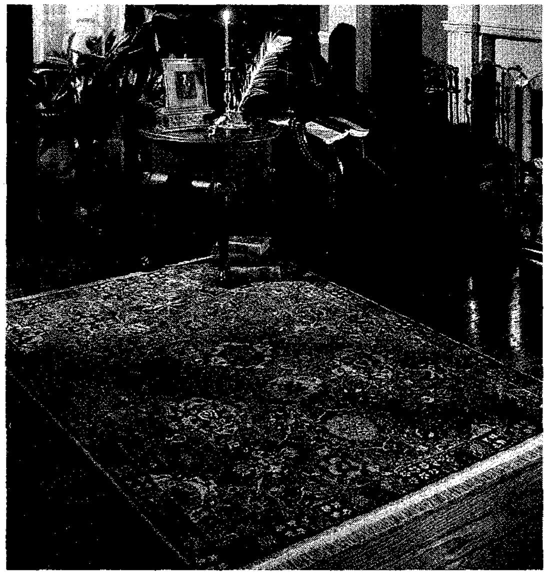

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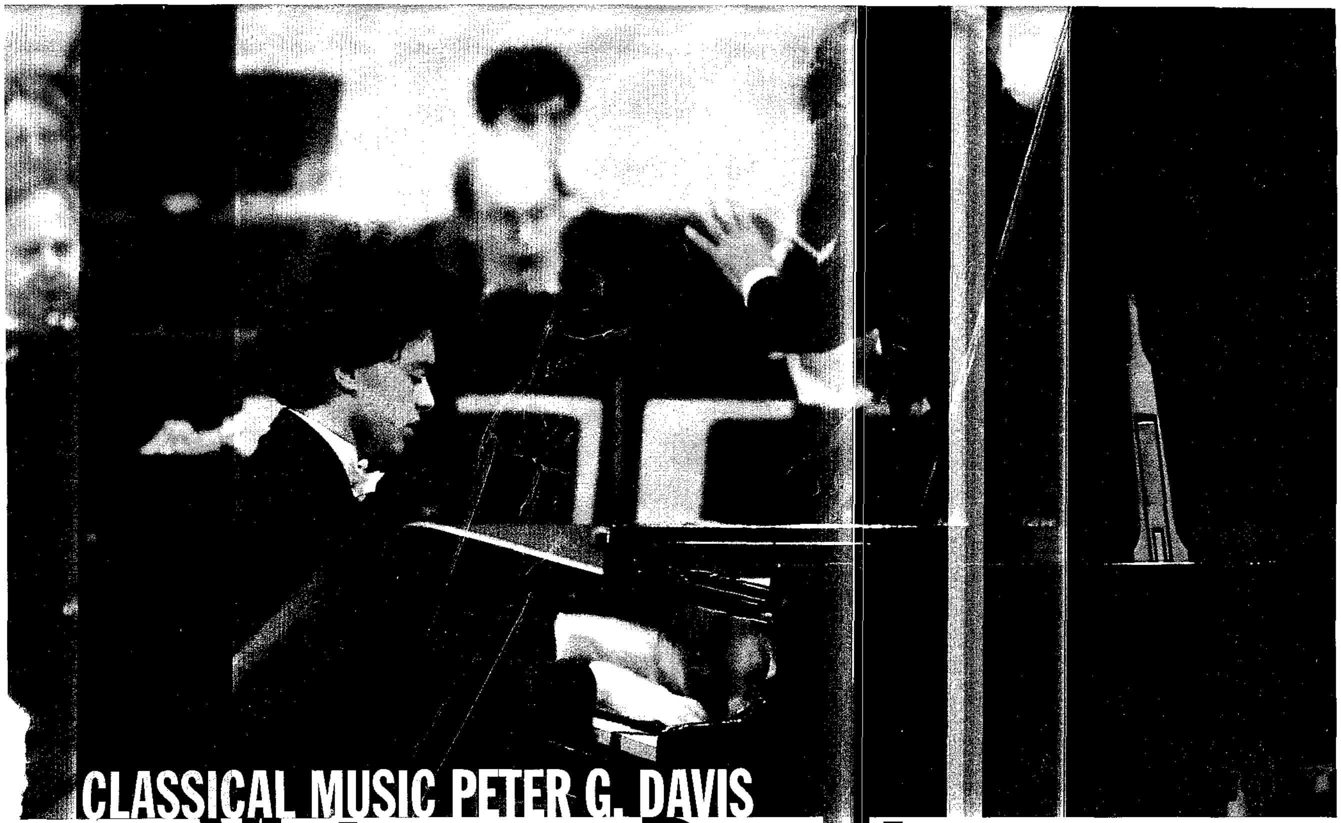
the members of the Atlantic Theater Company under David Mamet's direction, it is a galling exercise in mindless hubris. We have here a very British play, replete with class distinctions in accent, clothing, demeanor, and ideology, through which the disquieting social and moral observations take shape. To play with uniformly flat, identically untutored, American accents loses half the play's meaning.

The other half of the loss can be evenly apportioned between a director unaware of the play's subtleties and a cast as untalented and unattractive as the Atlantic Theater Company offers. With the exception of Felicity Huffman, the players—led by Mamet's wife, Rebecca Pidgeon, who, though British, represses her accent to fit in with the rest—are homogenizedly plodding and cloddish. They include Robert Bella, Hilary Hinkle, Jordan Lage, David Pittu, and, most grindingly unwatchable, Mary McCann.

I am no admirer of Ralph Lauren's clothes, but as chosen by Laura Cunningham and worn by this graceless cast—always with the exception of the stylish Miss Huffman—they look as much like rejects as their wearers. James Wolk's set manages to convey nothing, and even that in the most insipid manner. The stage is, moreover, too sprawling for this claustrophobic play, and Mamet has the cast either confronting one another in stiff poses across gaping distances or making amateurishly conventional crosses like exercises in plane geometry. Was there ever a more aptly named company? They should perform somewhere in the Atlantic; the nearer the bottom, the better.

WENDY MACLEOD'S **Sin** IS ONE OF THOSE plays that exude undigested autobiography from every pore, brought to schematic half-life with a cookie-cutter slickness. As directed by David Petrarca, it is no worse or better than what fills most of our regional stages, except for one saving grace: Kelly Coffield, as the heroine, gives a sincerely felt and beautifully judged performance, despite encirclement by a cast of routine time-servers.

Two, Nikita IS BY JEFFREY HATCHER, WHOSE previous *Three Viewings* I greatly enjoyed. But this script, about Cold War espionage and counterespionage, was probably intended for the movies or television, and does not adapt to the stage. At least not with the limited resources—financial and artistic—of the Gilgamesh Theatre Group, and its generally poor cast, with Suzanne Von Eck an especial Gilgamess. In the epic after which the company is named, Gilgamesh, the hero, slays the monster Humbaba. Considering this production, perhaps a better name would be the Humbaba Theatre Group. ■



CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Virtuoso Reality

A fiery young romantic reinvigorates Tchaikovsky at Carnegie Hall; City Opera suffers a major loss, just as things were getting good.

Above: Evgeny Kissin at Carnegie Hall. Across: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SEIJI OZAWA CONDUCTING AN ALL-TCHAIKOVSKY program with the Boston Symphony and Maurizio Pollini embarking on a complete Beethoven piano-sonata cycle—**Carnegie Hall** launched its 1995–96 season with programming of unashamed, almost defiant conventionality. Predictably, a few offended cultural commentators bitterly complained that it was all too unadventurous, although no one, as far as I know, advanced any realistic alternate agendas about what sort of music Carnegie should be promoting. Some disgruntled critics have noticed that we are about to hear even more Beethoven than usual this season, and the prospect makes them fairly seethe with rage—Richard Taruskin, for one, who regularly tells New Yorkers what's bad for them from his professorial aerie at the University of California at Berkeley through the music pages of the Sunday *Times*. Taruskin is a brilliant academic, but all those glib essays trashing his pet peeves are beginning to read more like dis than dissent. There are greater villains out there than Beethoven and Carnegie Hall.

Okay, we all could have done without Ozawa's familiar interpretation of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, so impeccably manicured, so instrumentally correct, and so emotionally sterile. Many folk sitting near me did avoid that performance by leaving at intermission, having heard what they apparently came for: **Evgeny Kissin** playing the composer's First Piano Concerto. There is amazingly little revisionist opinion about this 24-year-old Russian pianist, who, most would agree, has recaptured something long thought lost from concertgoing, at least in a musical-establishment venue as conservative as Carnegie Hall: the fresh, creative spirit lurking in an abused repertory staple like the Tchaikovsky First, a quality that leaps out when a special musician, still enchanted by the music, can remember all the reasons why the piece became so overplayed in the first place.

For me, this is Kissin's primary gift and explains why he stirs audiences to such a frenzy, not his supposed atavistic role as a mysterious throwback to the Romantic age or as our last link to a dying Russian keyboard tradition that began more than a century ago with Anton Rubinstein. Most pianists approach the Tchaikovsky score as an automatic invitation to barnstorm and make a lot of virtuoso clatter, but Kissin finds lyricism in every crashing chord and dazzling scale passage—even the bounding theme that launches the frantic cossack-dance finale burst into song without losing its sharp rhythmic profile or forward-moving energy. Such a spontaneous response and quickness of spirit put me in mind of the young Van Cliburn before he lost it all and his musical instincts staled. Pray that Kissin avoids the same fate and that an extraordinary talent keeps growing.

Unlike most pianists who undertake a complete Beethoven sonata cycle, **Maurizio Pollini** is not mixing and matching scores from the composer's three periods but maintaining, with one or two minor exceptions, a rigorous chronological sequence. The course will be covered in seven concerts, two more this month and four in March, and not surprisingly the house was full for the

Photographs by Steve J. Sherman.

first leg of the journey. Audiences seldom get the opportunity to follow a pianist of Pollini's stature as he explores these remarkable confidences in the order in which they were written, a musical diary that traces Beethoven's development between the ages of 22 and 52.

Chapter One contained the first four sonatas: the three grouped together as Op. 2 and the composer's first large-scale statement in the form, Op. 7. Like the calling cards of any young man yearning for attention, even the initial efforts by an unruly genius like Beethoven, these works aim to please just as they rudely tug at convention. Op. 2 was diplomatically dedicated to Haydn, who taught Beethoven more through example than with the few unsatisfactory composition lessons he gave his difficult pupil. When heard as a unit, these three sonatas are a revelation: the first an accessibly sparky but deceptively subversive teaching piece, the second a wittily lyrical centerpiece, and the last an eruptive, daunting virtuoso score that must have completely baffled all those eager amateur pianists who bought out the first edition in 1796.

Pollini gave that third sonata a fabulous reading, possibly even more dashing and brilliantly articulate than mine when I first tackled the piece years ago. I jest, of course, but listening to this inspiriting performance made me wonder how many youngsters still have the privilege of coming face-to-face with such wonderful music at age 13. Elsewhere I was a bit disappointed with Pollini's efficient dispatch, especially his poker-faced treatment of those lovably delicious rondos that conclude Op. 2, No. 2, and Op. 7. If his superb recordings of the later Beethoven sonatas for Deutsche Grammophon are any indication, though, Pollini can only continue to excel as this important cycle continues.

EVERY OPERA HOUSE NEEDS **Carmen,** AND just about every opera house in the world, it seems, is hiring Denyce Graves to sing the title role. Her well-traveled cigarette girl is currently on view at the Metropolitan, the latest stopover on a tour route that has so far passed through Paris, Berlin, San Francisco, Vienna, Geneva, Philadelphia, Florence, London, Houston, Munich, Buenos Aires, Washington, Verona, and probably a few other cities her itinerary fails to list. I suppose that track record does make her *the* Carmen of the mid-nineties, although her rather less than sensational performance of the part at the Met left some wondering why.

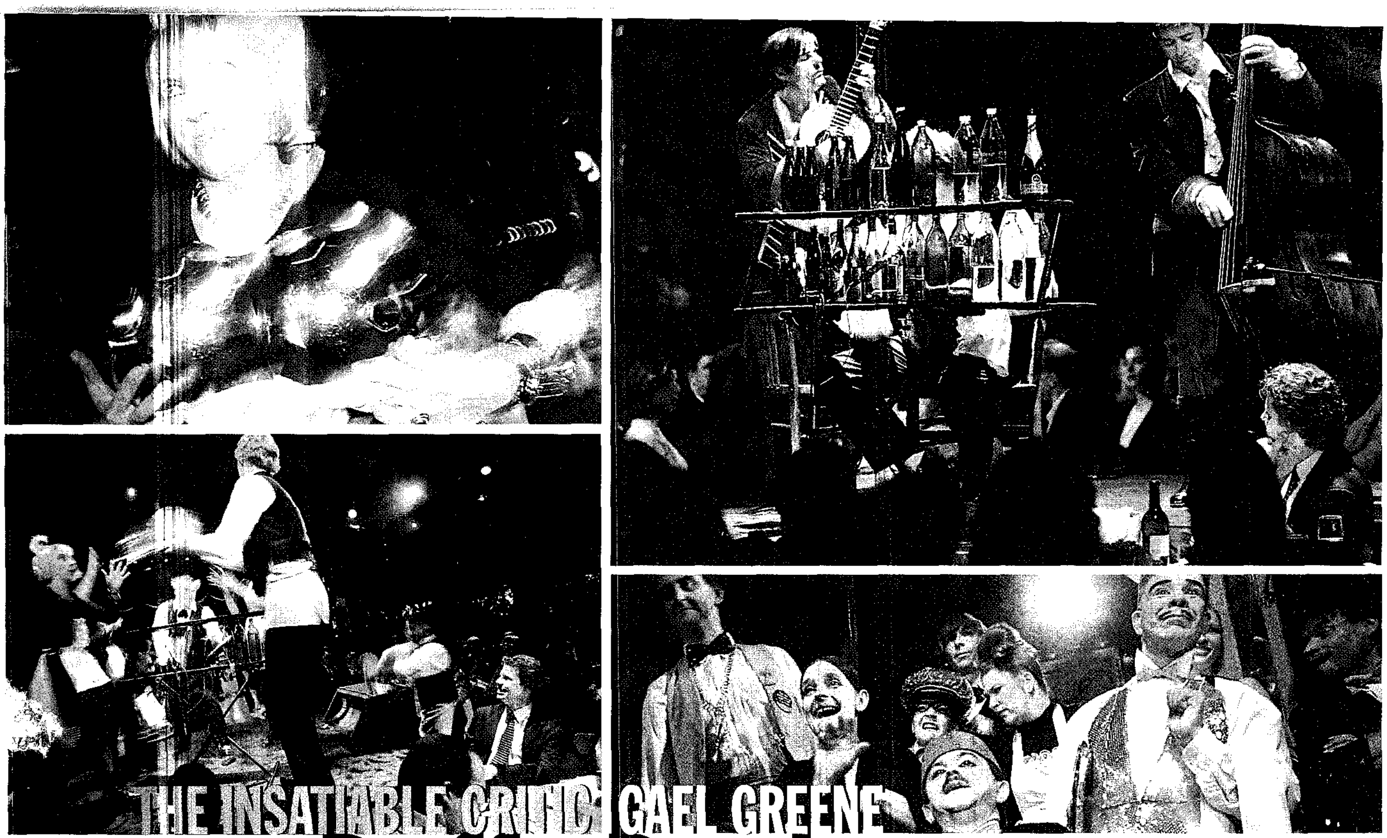
Graves's basic presentation is squarely in the American black-glamour tradition of Shirley Verrett and Grace Bumbry, but her take on Carmen is rather different and, as she develops it, not especially interesting. For Graves, the lady is a tramp and not much else. Most singers who take this approach at least manage to suggest a few reasons why people onstage might want to pay close attention to a woman who is supposed to be continually fascinating, even when she is not pulling up her skirt and advertising the goods, as Graves did whenever her impersonation threatened to degenerate totally into hands-on-hips cliché. Although passably sung and physically alluring, Graves's generic gypsy only gives a sketch of the role's potential—a conventional portrayal that unfortunately seems to fit a lot of people's misconceptions of what *Carmen* is all about. Richard Margison's gorgeously vocalized Don Jose, Barbara Frittoli's sweet Micaëla, and Sergei Leiferkus's dangerous Escamillo made one regret the empty space in the opera's center all the more. Paul Mills's staging effectively brings the many crowd scenes alive, but the Met sorely needs a new production. One is promised in a season or two—starring, interestingly enough, not Graves but the beauteous Waltraud Meier, no doubt destined to be *the* Carmen of the late nineties.

NOT EVEN THE MET'S NEW ENGLISH TITLING system could explain what was going on between Thomas Hampson and Bryn Terfel as they sparred during the season's first **Don Giovanni.** It finally dawned on me that we were probably watching some kind of weird competition for attention between two ego-mad baritones. That might explain why Hampson, usually so vocally suave and elegant in the title role, had decided to bark and distort the music beyond recognition in a futile attempt to outsing Terfel's burly-voiced Leporello, who practically huffed and puffed his master right through Franco Zeffirelli's frilly rococo sets and onto Amsterdam Avenue. One act of this ridiculous shouting match was enough for me. Both singers carried on like spoiled brats, James Levine seemed unwilling or unable to control them from the pit, and Mozart never had a chance.

Christopher Keene HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN HIS important work when he died last week at 48 from AIDS-related lymphoma. In the slow-working world of opera, it takes at least five years for a new general director of a major opera company to get his agenda in place and moving ahead, and after six years as the man in charge of the New York City Opera, Keene was just about to see at least some of his dreams come true. The last time I visited his office, about six months ago, the only touches of disorder amid the typically spartan décor were piles of opera scores, old and new. Pfitzner, Glass, Henze, Weisgall, Schreker, Gomes, Bellini, and Britten were among the composers, as well as dozens of young Americans. Keene knew his company could stage only a fraction of them, but why not dream on? After all, during his brief tenure, Keene had already presented New Yorkers with their first look at some of this century's most important operas by Shoenberg, Busoni, Tippett, Hindemith, and Zimmermann.

The City Opera has become a sharper company in many other ways under Keene's management, and the results can be seen nightly in the trimmer, cast-stabilized performances of repertory pieces. Just as the company was beginning to shape up and function with a real sense of artistic purpose after years of aimless drifting, Keene himself had apparently gotten his own life under control, and that couldn't have been easy. A unconventional marriage, two teen-age sons, gay relationships, one longtime companion dead of AIDS, bouts of alcoholism his own HIV status and slow physical decline, and the full responsibilities of running an opera company—faced with all that, who wouldn't go to pieces? Keene never did. Indeed, during the last two years he had never seemed more focused, concentrated, or productive, as an administrator and a conductor. The taxing schedule that he had planned for himself in both capacities this season was a killing one—or perhaps in a way, he saw it as lifesaving.

Like many of us, I thought of Keene exclusively as a conductor until 1989, when he was entrusted with the company. I still have a memory of him bounding to the podium as a 23-year-old boy wonder—it was his City Opera debut in 1970, and the work he had to direct, without a rehearsal, was Ginastera's thorny twelve-tone epic *Don Rodrigo*. Keene pulled off a dazzling technical tour de force that day, but a major conducting career never followed. Somehow his love of music seldom reached the orchestras he led, and his performances, for all their expertise, often seemed mechanical and emotionally stunted. A few years ago, all that started to change, too, along with the face of the City Opera, and watching it get better and better would have been a privilege. At least the company's next director will have that artistic spirit to build upon, and may he also aspire to be a visionary operatic administrator who challenges himself as well as his audiences. ■



Clockwise from top left: Nathalie Tarlet as the waitress Juliette; the Flying Ducks band; the batty wait crew; taking lessons on how to carry plates. Across: Lutz Jope as the headwaiter Lutz.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Daffy Duck

Direct from Berlin: Mayhem, S&M, and salmon lasagna are on the menu in a stylish mirrored tent pitched on a softball field at DeWitt Clinton Park.

THE MORE THEY RAVED, THE MORE I DOUBTED. Flown to Berlin last January by the Berliner *Morgenpost* to review **Pomp Duck and Circumstance** with the legendary jaded New York eye, I knew I would hate it. Not for me, I grumped. Hyper-interactive waiters? Amusing? Spare my Teflon spirit, I thought. Crude food and dog tricks is what I expected. And yet I fell for it. I was impressed with the dinner (and laughed in five languages). Such a small and vulnerable conceit. Would it travel? Well, now it's parked on the softball field of DeWitt Clinton Park. It was, and still is, silly, vulgar, funny, and fattening, though the soup has definitely lost some pizzazz in the translation. And the slapstick has been trimmed by an hour to soothe the infamously restless American. My pals, quintessential New Yorkers, are laughing and weeping. Not having tasted the *"merveilleuse"* carrot-tomato bisque of Berlin, they don't know the difference.

We've followed the Astroturf to the unassuming façade of "Salon Zazou," a lush velvet-lined tent with a frieze of Art Deco stained glass and intimations of the original Maxim's on Paris's Rue Royale. As our unabashed revelers squeal (fittingly) over the amazingly luscious pigs-in-blankets and other retro canapés being passed in the parlor, we encounter fiscal reality. Aperitifs, wine (at aggressive markups), water (if you like it labeled), valet parking, and that snappy little Nicole Miller vest are extras not included in the $150 ticket.

Actors forced to toil as waiters. It's an old story in our town. And this troop is only slightly more misguided, lewd, and run-amok than many I've suffered in the Maalox moments of a long career as a professional eater. Here with *Duck,* you get not only Circumstance but also feather epaulets, waiters pitching plates across the table, a fierce blonde chanteuse who probably won't be joining the implant class-action, and bondage if you insult the chef's cooking.

Six of our eight (it's more fun with a group) are sliding off their chairs, laughing. The seventh has a waitress on his lap feeding him the soup he didn't finish. The eighth is smiling. (She's a challenge.) As for the food: It was more impressive the 995th day of *Pomp* in Berlin. Chefs and a kitchen imported from Germany have not yet adjusted to local products. They should have budgeted time to rehearse with our butter and flour, our very different ducks and cream. Yes, cream. Hans-Peter Wodarz, a ham at heart, who escaped his Michelin-starred kitchen in Wiesbaden to concoct and conduct this romp-*mit*-picnic, has a classic bent. Though his *amuse-bouche,* one unshelled peanut per *bouche,* scarcely piques the appetite. Tonight, the menu—soup, fish, bird, and dessert—is just good enough, not yet the near-triumph of memory. "Who cares?" one of my pals responds to my complaint. "I can't remember the last time I had this much fun at dinner."

Two nights later, better carrots and tomatoes add zip to the soup. And I can taste the promised celery

Photographs by Stephen Ferry/Gamma-Liaison.

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brittle. The lasagna of salmon and halibut flying a furled shrimp above a puddle of cream is more carefully cooked, but its spinach garland is too salty. A listless duck steak has evolved into slices, seared on the grill, deliciously pink; its potato tart is a tad crisper, the vegetables still a limp aside. Dessert is a tic-tac-toe of tidbits: a bouncy diamond of bavarois, just a tease of chocolate. Only the ice cream and perhaps the two bitsy apple strudel are worth the calories. But *Pomp*'s American producer, the ever-bumptious Horst-Dieter Esch, is optimistic: "If it's already so much improved in just two days, it won't take long till Bouley and Daniel have to close shop." ■

TEASING ALL SENSES BY JOHN SIMON

PONDER THE POSER IN JOHN RUSKIN'S letter to Susan Reever: "What can it be, that subtle treachery that lurks in tea cakes, and is wholly absent in the rude honesty of toast?" The answer should be simple enough even for a genius: sugar. But perhaps Ruskin meant the rude honesty of toast even when marmaladed. The answer, then, may be atmosphere. Toast was for breakfast, taken with his unloved wife, Effie. Tea cakes came in the afternoon, with the hankered-for teenager Rosie La Touche. In any case, *Pomp Duck and Circumstance* makes circus more like decadent tea cakes than like rudely honest toast.

In an age whose chief theatrical contribution was dinner theater, could Vegas-begotten dinner circus be far behind? That is what we get in *PDC*, the American version and brainchild of the restaurateur Hans-Peter Wodarz, who once cooked for Helmut Newton in Moscow, and the entrepreneur Horst-Dieter Esch, whose family owns Wilhelmina Models. Herr Wodarz began modestly with his bistro Die Ente (the duck) Von Lehel (a Munich district), and the concept of combining food with *variétés* (Fr.) or *Varieté* (Ger.)—i.e., music hall (Eng.). He got some good international variety acts, fused waiting on tables with comic performing (hence actors as waiters), and catered to celebrities (hence invitations to everyone from chubby Peter Ustinov to globular Montserrat Caballe—dignitaries, as the French say, *bien en chair,* or pleasingly plump).

With a formula like that, Wodarz became too big for Munich, or the vicinity of Frankfurt, where he moved next. Or his next venue: Berlin, even reunified. With something that, as the glossy but often ungrammatical program puts it, "teased all the senses," you owed yourself to the world: New York and, grander yet, Las Vegas. There, at the MGM Grand, *PDC* will be camping out for the next decade, and incorporating, I would hope, projections of the movie *Showgirls* on every tablecloth. As one of Herr W.'s compatriots aptly put it: "Today Germany, tomorrow the world of show business." Ah, Lebensraum. With a multicultural cast of 85 from 25 nations, Die Ente became an entente.

Theatrical and cosmopolitan, too, is the ambience: the 1938 Belgian dance hall, pillared, mirrored, and with a canopy of stars—a vault of heaven, for which the German is *Himmelszelt* ("tent of heaven"). The acts are pretty good, starting with a trio of two Macedonians and one Bosnian, the latter playing on partly filled bottles with two drumsticks (the musical, inedible kind). They provide lively music along with a blueprint for accord in the Balkans. Or take the Daidalos Brothers, who pretend to box but really perform wonderful slow-motion acrobatics with each other's bodies. Or that handsome French-Canadian couple, the only sexy trapeze act I have ever seen. Or that proper Englishman, Mr. P.P., who juggles three eggs with his mouth, to the music of self-made slurps.

Further, the Flying Ducks band, who can play anything from soul to Mozart and provide backup for the operatic warblings of Kathryn Green. Not to mention the throatily erotic chanteuse Sabine Ettlich as Jessica, who, the program says, is "a curvy blond . . . dreamed of someday she would be meeting her film idol, 'Roger Rabbit.' "

But the floor show is not the whole show. At least half the waiters are a clown act (as opposed to the utilitarian, non-clowning waiters), performing amiably anomic antics, and chosen for their bizarre looks, natural or contrived. Plus everywhere the duck motif: in anatine suits for the waiters; a duck's head for one of them; a French chef who quacks. Also, the way you have to duck to avoid collision with the rapid-fire service that brings on food faster than you can say *canard Montmorency,* which, alas, is not on the menu.

My only real complaint is the lack of live animals, the soul of any circus. Couldn't we have at least a few living ducks in a water ballet? ■

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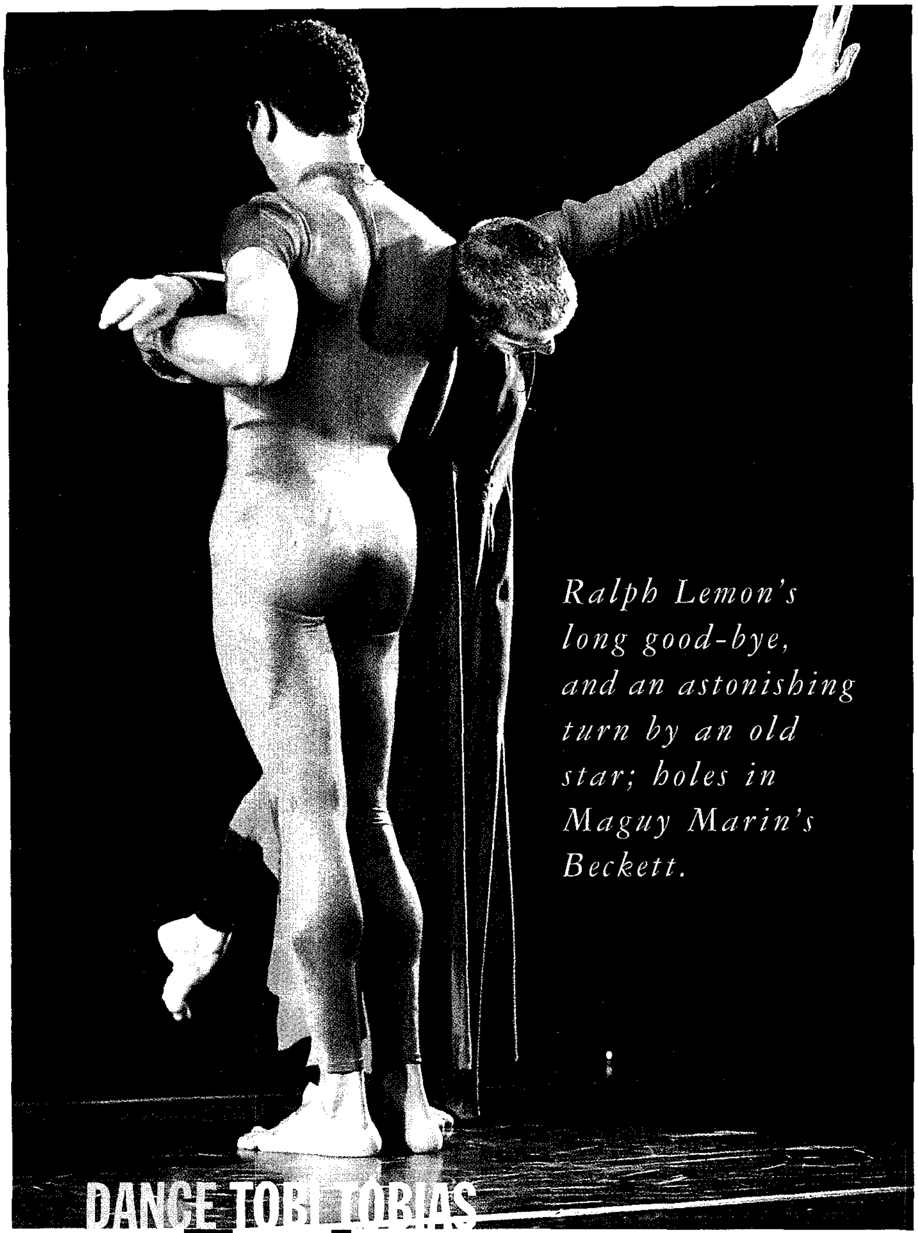


Gimme *Threestep:* This page, Ralph Lemon and Viola Farber in Lemon's *Threestep (Shipwreck);* opposite, Maguy Marin's *May B.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

DANCE / TOBI TOBIAS

Endgame

Ralph Lemon's long good-bye, and an astonishing turn by an old star; holes in Maguy Marin's Beckett.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE **Ralph Lemon Company,** celebrated with a week of performances at the Joyce Theater, doubled as the group's farewell. Following the dance world's disconcerting trend away from the stable-family base, Lemon is disbanding the institution he built as the breeding ground and best possible showcase for his choreography. In the future, he'll work on a project-by-project basis. Lemon's explanation of the move in his handouts puts a fine, creative face on things. One can't help suspecting, though, that the motivating factor here is the dismal economy prevailing in America and our government's contempt for the arts.

I can't make a case for Lemon as a great choreographer, but he's certainly a good and interesting one. *Killing Tulips,* shaped over the past three years and new to the New York audience, shows both his strengths and his flaws. It revels in Lemon's basic vocabulary of lush, sinewy movement—the sort of stuff that reinforces your understanding of dance as sculpture rather than picture, and as living flesh that you respond to through your own anatomy. The piece extends Lemon's exploration of the body's relationship to the ground, with lots of the action sprung from a recumbent position. In one electrifying motif, a ruler-straight body pitches toward the floor and appears to freeze at a 45-degree angle over its point of landing.

The problems with the work are excessive length—why do choreographers persist in overestimating our patience?—and whole sections that refuse to let us know what's going on and why. By contrast, other passages are concise and clear, delivering information by sheerly visceral means. One, for example, offers a sense of the life that's constantly churning away under the surface of things. Another conveys the unnerving atmosphere of threat just about to turn into carnal violence or emotional catastrophe. Lemon, dancing gravely, with profound concentration, was far and away the most remarkable mover in the piece, but his group did him proud. These about-to-be-unemployed artists are strong, fluent, and physically articulate; they performed like saints with their lives on the line—egoless, all focused devotion.

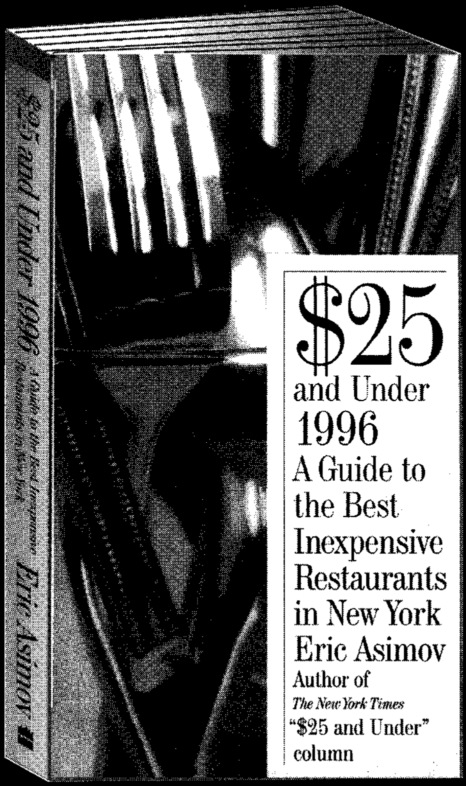
Another recent work, *Threestep (Shipwreck),* originated in a specific biographical relationship—that of its two performers and co-choreographers, Lemon (black, male, in his physical prime at 43) and his onetime teacher Viola Farber (white, female, at 64 the gallant if physically compromised survivor of lung cancer and hip-replacement surgery). Despite some images suggesting a tender and mysterious emotional rapport, *Threestep* functions as an occasion for Farber to wipe the stage with Lemon, she's so distinctive and compelling. As a star with Merce Cunningham, she was a cool, technically remarkable presence; here, making the most of both what she can do and her limitations, discarding self-consciousness as if it were beneath her contempt, she's like one of those astute, ancient witch-women invented by Isak Dinesen. Her movement—wild in the extremities, erratic in its rhythms, its shaky center concealed under a swirling gray abbess's gown—looked like a force of nature let loose to astound anyone still clinging to conventional decorum.

THE FRENCH CHOREOGRAPHER **Maguy Marin,** WHOSE COMPANY was recently at the Joyce for two weeks, belongs to a coterie of women who specialize in angst-ridden theater-without-words. (The German Pina Bausch and the Belgian Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker are her soul sisters.) Their kind of thing is welcomed enthusiastically in Europe, where dance is a subdivision of drama and pessimism is integral to reality, but less so in the States, where we relish pure movement and address gloom with Prozac.

Of the two evening-length productions Marin offered, I saw *May B,* inspired by the doomed-waiting situations and silences of Samuel Beckett. Lacking Beckett's intellectual sophistication and flair for dramatic tension, however, Marin is reduced to mere picturesque imagery that travels slowly—far, far too slowly—through time. Her piece is literally a moving picture, run at a soporific pace. In it, a dozen people journey into the void, their progress and destination inevitable, their spurts of resistance ineffectual. They're costumed and made up to look like George Segal's ghostly figures, those effigies of sad patience, most of them aging, nearly all of them in some way physically pathetic or grotesque. Their dominant mood is one of resignation or, perhaps, existential acceptance. The atmosphere perks up now and then only through manifestations of gross sexual behavior (Jesse Helms alert!) or meanness of spirit.

Admittedly, the postures of the bodies are cleverly designed and the pictorial groupings carefully studied. But it's maddening to attend an ostensible dance performance in which rhythmically charged movement matters so little. If, on the other hand, we're to consider the work drama of sorts—how come the drama critics rarely review such endeavors?—we need a narrative, or at least a situation that is more specific than this generic long-day's-journey-into-night affair. Yes, life may be just that, but the artist in charge of representing it is supposed to have an angle on the idea or an insight into the situation that leaves the audience stimulated, maybe even in some measure enlightened. *Pace* Beckett, to say nothing of the medieval morality plays, drama tends to be most effective when it offers fully rendered characters. Marin's, while yielding few specifics, are generic to no purpose; her Everymen and Everywomen fail to represent multitudes or the common experience and fail to represent to us our own vulnerable, deeply felt humanity. They're stick figures, all sketched surface and obdurately unchanging.

The production was entirely professional—slick, you might even say—and the performers proved themselves admirably skilled at what they were doing. But what they were doing isn't dancing, and it isn't even effective theater. ■



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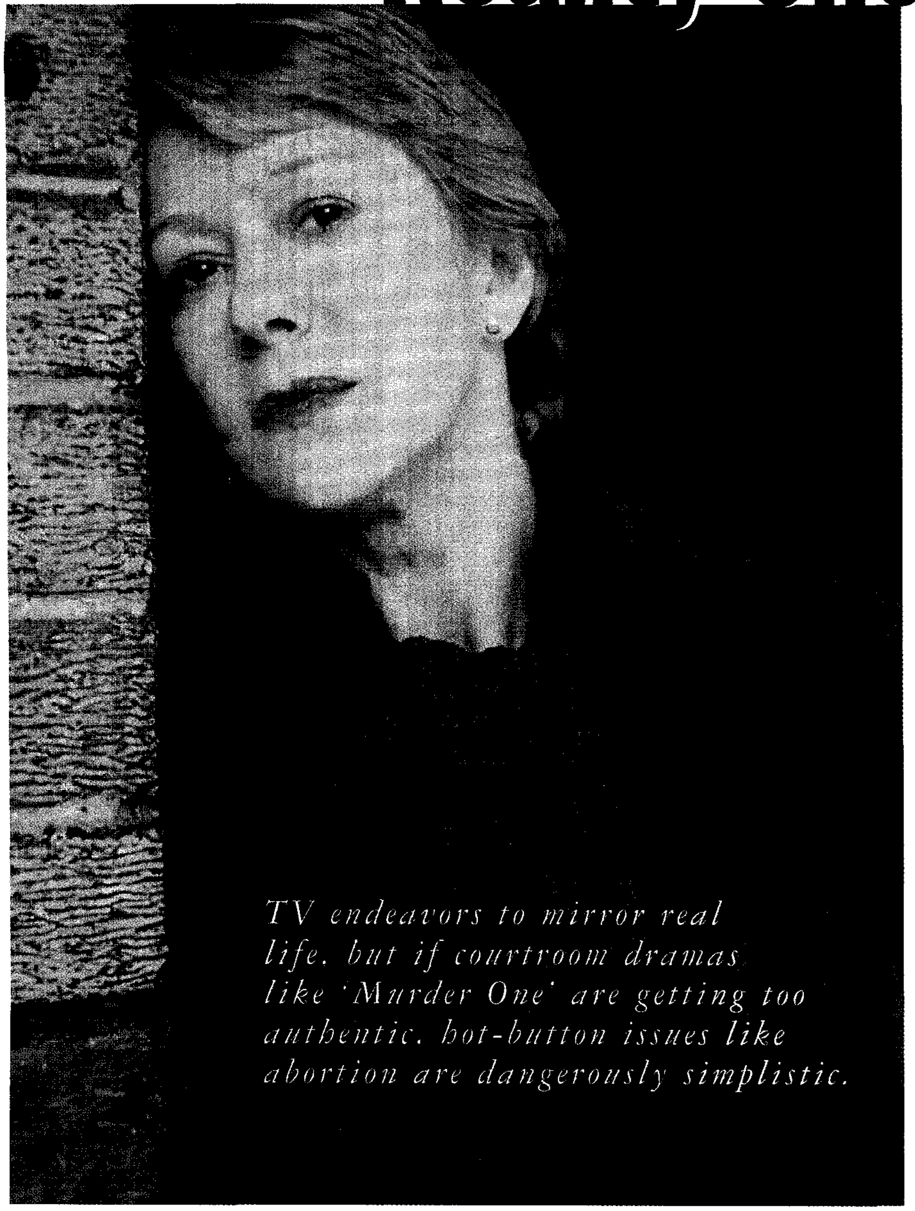
NEW YORK MAGAZINE

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Reality Check



TV endeavors to mirror real life, but if courtroom dramas like 'Murder One' are getting too authentic, hot-button issues like abortion are dangerously simplistic.

The decision to have an abortion leaves this otherwise stalwart Scotland Yard detective (Helen Mirren) incapacitated.

ALMOST ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE fourth **Prime Suspect** (Sunday, October 22; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is that Helen Mirren's Jane Tennison, having cut her cover-up deal with the Old Boy network at New Scotland Yard, has finally been promoted from detective chief inspector to superintendent. Still single but no longer smoking, she goes in for the abortion she decided on last April. She will emerge to take charge of the case of a missing child, 14-month-old Vicky, and lead her loyal troops into battle against uncooperative psychiatrists, sleazy pornographers, and the vampire media. She will ask us to think about everything from Susan Smith to the sale of children on a pedophile exchange. And she will misconceive her entire investigation because, of course, symbolically speaking, the missing child is her own. Guilty Jane chases ghosts.

This is where I am supposed to rhapsodize about Mirren again. In the first *Prime Suspect,* her Jane had, simultaneously, to catch a killer and fight a gender war; in the second, among West Indians, to save London from race riots; and in the third, among orphans in a burning world, to solve the riddle of sexual identity. Compounded in equal parts of Sigmund Freud, Doris Lessing, and Joan of Arc, her intelligence *listened,* like some passionate sonar, as if the brain itself were an ear: priestly, psychoanalytic, or deconstructive. I can usually be counted on to rhapsodize as well about the production values of this stylish British series—the creepy music, wounded and romantic, ominous and dissonant; the cross-cutting of action and interrogation; the cameras that swim like sharks or submarines through the lower depths of ad hoc vice and the higher reaches of official corruption; the fetishizing of random objects (clocks, doorknobs, belt buckles, Yoruba amulets, blue bodies in dead water).

But I've fallen off the double-decker bus. It's not just that this *Prime Suspect,* with SWAT teams and hostage crises, out-of-control cops and anal-retentive shrinks, traumatized mothers and abused children, will be old news to anybody who has ever watched a network movie of the week. It's more that all of a sudden Jane can't function effectively in the job she's worked so long and hard to get. Why is this? She managed in the three previous mini-series to prevail as a detective, in spite of getting dumped by a man jealous of her career; in spite of sexism, sabotage, and even criminal behavior at her own Scotland Yard; in spite of the scandal of her interracial love affair with a colleague; in spite of early pregnancy and advanced nicotine withdrawal. But this time out, an uncomplicated D&C medical procedure throws her into such a gloomy funk that she almost blows the case. Why, exactly? Bad faith? False consciousness? Internal contradictions? Unacknowledged mourning? Intimations of infanticide? William Rehnquist?

Without unfairly revealing the principal plot twist of Sunday's two-hour TV movie, I can't explore the several ramifications of Jane's anxiety. But the Jane we know from previous *Prime Suspects,* the Jane who made up her mind to have an abortion, would have left her ghosts at home while she went off to the Yard. Have you noticed that in the real world, women who have abortions react as variously afterward as human beings of all kinds have always reacted in the aftermath of any important choice, with relief as well as regret? Only on television, for the past twenty years, have the appropriate emotions been reduced to uncontrollable grief and incapacitating guilt, and that's if the writers of the teleplays and

(continued on page 80)

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE BUYERS' GUIDE

THE INSIDE STORY

BY PEARL BOSCO

Autumn: New York at its best and the best time to find the home that is just right for you. The stock market is up; interest rates are down; and inflation is idling in neutral. From lower Manhattan to upper Westchester the hunt is on, with forays to Brooklyn and waterfront towns along the way. So whatever direction your heart takes you (a home must gladden the soul to be worth the name), a limitless loft, a prewar gem, a cloud-bumping condo, a house in the heart of town, or a Colonial rampant with acreage and atmosphere, as the ad says, Just Do It.

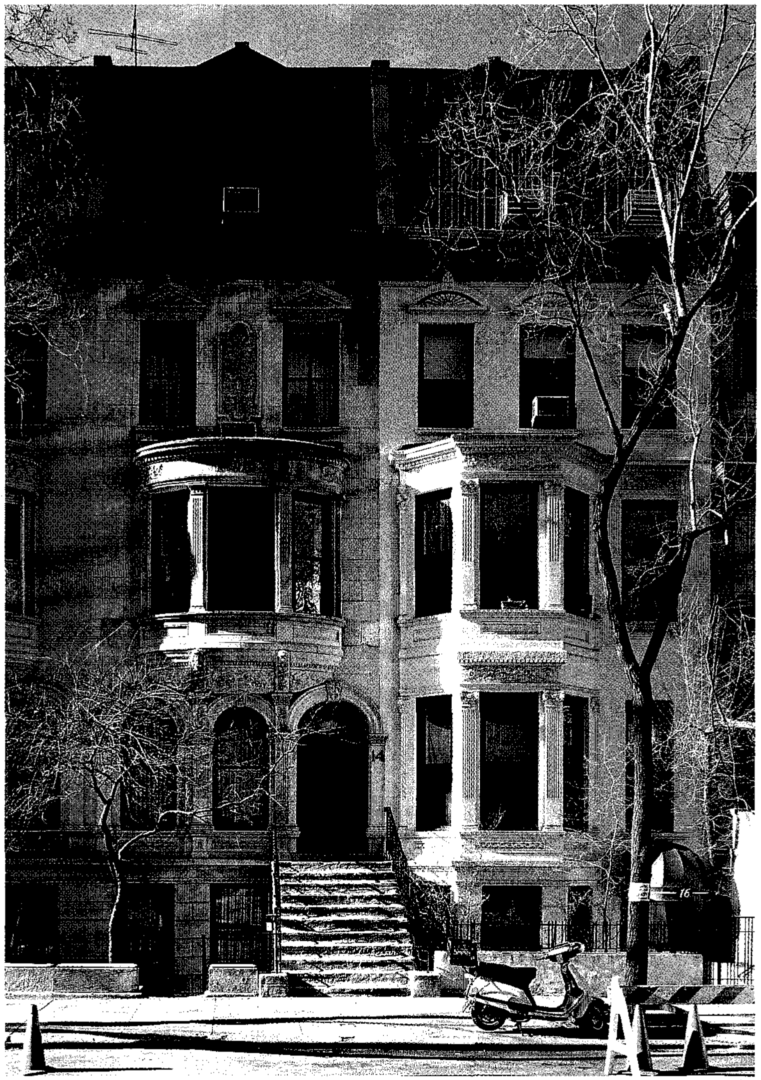
Take Manhattan. Might as well, before international types who know the true meaning of world class, returning suburban expatriates, penitent West Coast refugees, and New York naysayers of yore clamoring for residences here, take the lead. Besides, like a pinched toe that inspires a rethinking of footwear, the crowded rental scene propels the march to home ownership. So does luxury decontrol. Why rent when you can buy in style for the same price?

These days, living the good life in Manhattan means being at ease, even a bit laid back. Reportedly, ostentation is gone. Style is less excessive, more geared to comfort, with an increasing emphasis on a more family-oriented life.

Ah, family. After years of being tamped by hyper-careerism and other youthful distractions, conventional wisdom has it that baby mania erupted in 1990, spewing children's toy or clothing stores every other step on Third Avenue and environs. Children change things.

"People want a neighborhood feel; they are looking to build a foundation, a place where they can live 'til the kids are grown and gone," says Joyce West, executive vice president and director of sales, Charles H. Greenthal Group, Inc. "They want the best for their families. They worked hard to get it, and they can afford it."

Built for comfort: Neighborhood charm of an Upper West Side brownstone steps from Central Park.



K. BRESSLER FOR DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

If all this sounds disconcertingly normal, relax. It's really a magic moment of balance in real estate. "The main characteristic of this market is the stability of price and volume of sales," reports Alan Rogers, managing director with Douglas Elliman. "Given such a jolt both ways (boom and bust in the 1980s and early 1990s), we needed a long period of recovery. Real estate has gone back to basics; it is a long-term, nonspeculative investment. People are buying because it is their home."

But settling those near and dear in suitable surroundings calls for the traditional New York family apartment, which is as rare as a good parking space late on Sunday night. Space is the mounting mantra, echoing most emphatically for apartments of three or more bedrooms. In prewar co-ops, maids' rooms become bedrooms or offices; dining rooms turn into book-lined havens where a formal meal takes a back seat to watching TV, listening to music, or just hanging out.

Prewar buildings have the edge on hand-crafted finishes and graciously delineated space. Those who appreciate their uniqueness want as much of it as possible. Nevertheless, until recently, co-ops lacked amenities touted by their brasher, much younger competition, prime condos. At some Park Avenue addresses, state-of-the-art fitness facilities are now a big selling point. You can find an air-conditioned exercise room with machines, bicycles, weights, treadmills, tennis backboards, and space for a trainer. (One nimble co-op board even tucked in a basketball court.) Children's playrooms are another welcome addition, given those ubiquitous play dates and birthday parties.

For those who don't relish the prospect of facing co-op boards, condos of '80s vintage are awash in two-bedroom layouts. Families are combining two or three apartments to fashion livable quarters.

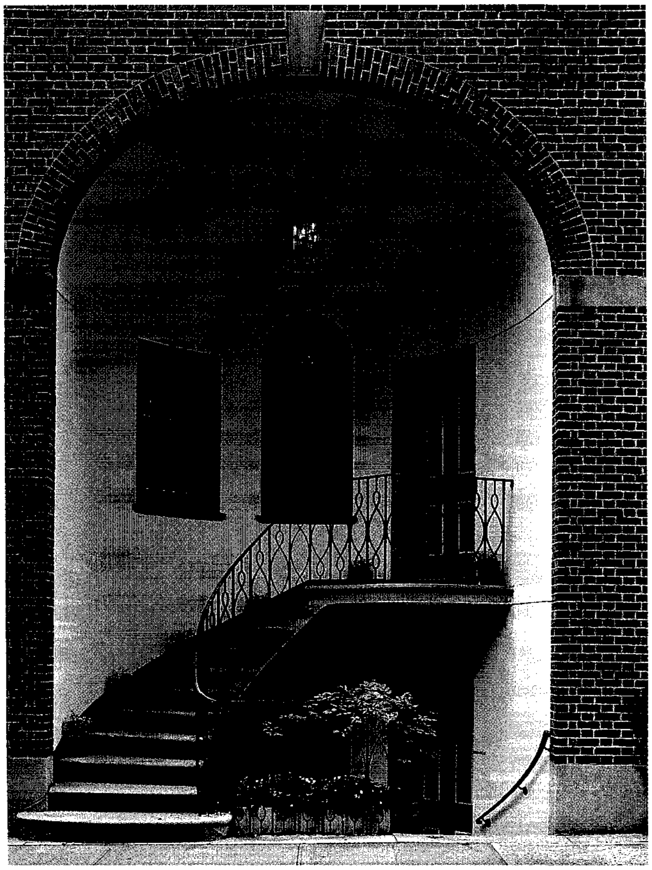
Access to light and views are features that have become more precious. Yet new panoramic splendor of the canyons of steel variety threatens to become as endangered as the peregrine falcon, which flies above it, inhibited by new zoning limits that can curtail construction to 35 stories or less.

What is more, this primeval urge for sun or a sliver of sky is causing a merging of sorts of the Upper East and West Sides. "As views and light become more scarce, East Side and West Side markets merge in terms of perception and pricing," says Barbara Corcoran of The Corcoran Group. "The park becomes a common element, not a barrier between them."

On either side of the park, families yearn for the hearth of the home, the kitchen. How nice to welcome again the eat-in kind, though today's version wants to look like the command post of Lutèce in its heyday. Sub-Zero or Traulsen commercial stainless steel refrigerators, Gaggenau or Thermador ovens, and Miele dishwashers are basic. Walls are white de rigueur, floors black-and-white tile, granite counters in mitigating shades of grey. It's the perfect setting to host an elegant dinner party in cashmere pajamas.

With a demand for the best of baths, marble floors–heated (like a towel rod) to toast your toes when you step out of the shower–bidets, Jacuzzis, and saunas are frequently found in apartments exceeding $2 million.

Sumptuous solidity throughout is the theme. "People want finishes luxurious and natural," says The Marketing Directors, Inc. president Adrienne Albert, a consultant to developers. "Wood floors, brass fixtures, marble, granite, and other stone, something that says that there is true, long-lasting value in this home, are investments to stand the test of time."



THE CORCORAN GROUP

Townhouse exotica, Georgian-style, on East 78th Street.

Where will we live? As a desirable address, the Upper East Side is timeless. Think of the quintessential blue-chip New York, and Park and Fifth avenues come to mind. With stone edifices and palatial mansions that impress but do not invite, the area is like a classic beauty who cherishes her privacy. By contrast, its newer neighbor to the north, Carnegie Hill, is user-friendly, with family-size apartments, cozy crafts shops, and low key bistros.

If the Upper East Side evokes Greta Garbo, the Upper West Side feels more like Yoko Ono: it has complex artistic/ political roots, but knows how to take care of itself and looks good. Lincoln Center and the Broadway thoroughfare are long-running attractions, but Central Park West is the diva of the day. A sweep of Art Deco perfection for the most part, it is punctuated by four historic twin-towers: the Century, the El Dorado, the Majestic, and the San Remo. At the Majestic, a north corner apartment listed at $3 million spans more than 3,000 square feet of interior space. A 1,000 square-foot-terrace is accessible from the living room and all three of the layout's bedrooms.

East Side, West Side, all around. Townhouses are more popular than in recent memory. Gracious, individual, mysterious space is one lure: exotica like winding staircases, parlors, and terraced gardens. More space for the money is another; twenty percent more, in fact, per square foot than comparable space elsewhere is one estimate. Rental income makes the two-family kind even more affordable. At the same time, townhouses exceeding 22 feet wide are rare, and command a premium. Turreted, Federal or Dutch style, a townhouse also enables its occupants to luxuriate in an environment that harkens to a bygone age.

Loft space. Less expensive and more expansive than traditional apartments, the lure is open space and soaring floor-to-ceiling windows (if you're lucky). Most lofts are second generation; new conversions are apt to come from developers who standardize many elements. This can be tricky. "Loft buyers want to create their own environment," reports Richard Cantor of Cantor & Pecorella, Inc., the exclusive sales agent for Gramercy East. "Smart developers will leave as many choices as possible, such as wood finishes, and kitchen appliances and trims."

The course of loft conversions travels north. The oldest, with cast-iron façades and wood floors, are in Soho. Now the downtown mecca of art and gourmet food shops, the area went from cheap to chic years ago, raising prices. Zoning changes stopped wholesale conversion in 1981.

Ten years ago, loft lovers not swift or

CHARLES H. GREENTHAL GROUP, INC.

Family-size digs in user-friendly Carnegie Hill.

swank enough for the new Soho settled in Tribeca, and created a vibrant neighborhood of their own. Next in line is Chelsea. The Sixth Avenue corridor in the teens is a magnet; ditto the funky restaurant row off Union Square West, and the fledgling art scene on far West 22nd Street.

Crave something brand-spanking new? There's not much choice and not much to come, either. Most of the fewer than 1,500 apartments planned or on the way are rentals. These recent additions emphasize size and views. Millennium Tower, thirteen floors of condominiums atop the Lincoln Square complex at Broadway and 67th Street, was geared for non-residents and empty-nesters, but families are also reshaping combinations of two-bedroom layouts, which dominate the building. Apartments are said to be larger than the '80s norm, with two-bedroom units totalling 1,500 square feet and one-bedrooms 1,000 square feet. The SONY•IMAX Theatre, Coconut Music & Movies store, and Reebok Sports Club/NY occupy the base of the building.

Nine-foot windows and ten- to fifteen-foot ceilings at Trump International Hotel and Tower condominiums at One Central Park West highlight this visible location at the southern corner of the park. The 52-story skyscraper arose from the shell of the former Gulf & Western Building, with zoning that ensures eternally unobstructed views of Central Park, the Hudson River, and the city. A 4,489-square-foot 48th floor penthouse has a view of Central Park and the city. For $6.35 million (presale listing), the buyer is entitled to four bedrooms, formal dining rooom, library, maid's room, 6 1/2 marble baths, and a huge entrance foyer. Maple wood floors with a herringbone pattern and eight-foot solid-core doors with

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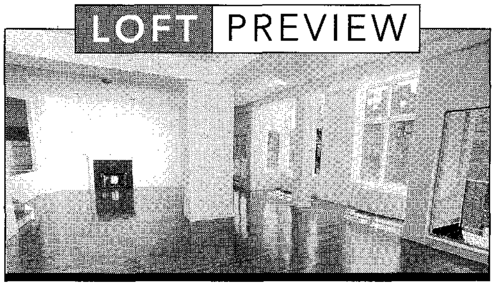
LOFT PREVIEW



Luxury Loft Condominiums

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brass hardware are other design elements. Her bath is equipped with a six-foot whirlpool tub, his a large steam shower. International Tower will also provide hotel amenities to its residents.

Formerly the Adams Hotel, 1049 Fifth Avenue is a classic 23-story brick and limestone building with dramatic views of the skyline and Central Park. Painstakingly restored to recreate the ambience of 1928, when the the elegant residential hotel was home to society, theater, and business figures, it features oversize layouts, mahogany paneled libraries, marble and cherrywood baths, and coffered ceilings.

Beyond Manhattan. Brooklyn Heights and Park Slope, two nicely preserved historical neighborhoods, offer block upon block of ornate, high-stooped Victorian brownstones. In Park Slope, the house used for the film *The Age of Innocence* sold this summer for $1.17 million. Located on Eighth Avenue's gold coast, the 20- by- 82-foot townhouse has a grand entrance foyer, triple parlor, solarium, and mahogany paneling throughout.

Homes in the $800,000 range are now fetching buyers. A highly detailed Victorian gem in need of an upgrading recently went into contract. Presently configured as a two-family, its new owner plans to convert it to a one-family.

Several houses in the Heights sold for more than $1 million, the highest prices seen there for about five years, primarily on Monroe Place, Pierrepont Street, and Willow Street.

New York City at its most marvelous won't satisfy the yen for country living. Fortunately, nearby suburbs offer several appealing variations on the theme.

It seems fitting that Scarsdale got its name in 1702 when Caleb Heathcote created the 6,000 acre manor of Scarsdale, for instance. Set amid swan ponds, expansive meadows, and a nature preserve with walking paths, Scarsdale is the traditional bedroom community par excellence; a manicured town, which prides itself on being solid instead of trendy, and for many prospective buyers is a sought-after quality.

Nevertheless, very new and very old properties sell. Heavy stoned Tudors and Colonials with fine architectural details like slate roofs, tapestry brickwork, and beamed ceilings encompass five to seven bedrooms, four baths, formal dining room, large central hall, fireplaces in master bedroom, living room, and library. They command $1.5 million or more if set on one acre. Most zoning is one-half to one acre; land is at a premium.

Brand new Robert Stern Post-Modern contemporary farmhouses with five bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths, on 1/2 acre sell in the $1.2 million range. Sliding doors, expansive windows, and skylights fill these homes with light. Family rooms (with fireplaces) larger than the living room are another attraction. Modern amenities run to Euro-style kitchens, and marble baths with Jacuzzis, and steam showers.

Chappaqua has a history of being sheltered from development, thanks to early twentieth century New Yorkers who amassed vast amounts of farmland. Much of the rural beauty of the tiny hamlet in the town of New Castle remains intact, guarded by rolling hills as well as stringent laws restricting building density, safeguarding trees, and limiting steep-slope construction. In the prestigious Whippoorwill Country Club area, a new house set on two acres bordering the golf course recently sold for a little less than $1.4 million (through Siderow Associates, Inc.). The Post-Modern design of beveled cedar-siding features Georgian windows, ten-foot ceilings, crown moldings, and a marble entrance foyer.

CANTOR & PECORELLA, INC.

Gramercy East's loftier vistas: More expansive, less expensive.

Waterfront living affords other natural delights. Corporate high flyers in the tiny City of Rye keep a low profile on Manursing Island, a gated community of multi-million dollar homes on a peninsula in Long Island Sound. On a smaller, less restrictive scale, the Milton Point area borders on Long Island inlet and Long Island Sound on the East. Prices there range from $300,000 to $19.5 million.

Greenwich is suburban living with a grand gesture; multimillion dollar homes on as much as 35 acres of land, a main street (Greenwich Avenue) reminiscent of Madison Avenue, and Saks on the horizon. It also offers a broad range of luxurious environments. A modern home of nearly 7,000 square feet on a cul-de-sac with a heated swimming pool lists for $1.4 million. In Belle Haven, a turn-of-the-century carriage house with separate garage apartment is offered at $1.9 million (through Douglas Elliman-Pickering).

SIDEROW ASSOCIATES, INC.

Multi-façaded Chappaqua Victorian: Former summer home of "Diamond" Jim Brady.

Financially speaking, wherever you choose to live, a mortgage is a major decision. Consider your long-term needs, is the general advice. Try to guage where you may live five years from now, for instance. Also remember the tax ramifications. A mortgage on the home you own and live in remains a major deductible item, up to $1.1 million. The higher your income, the more this counts.

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Often experienced with mortgages and interest fluctuations, upscale buyers feel comfortable taking a shorter term version. They know they can refinance if they stay in the home, and that these ARMS are a better value than a 30-year fixed rate mortgage.

The split loan is attracting attention among those who want to hedge their bets. One part can be a 5/1 ARM; the other is tied to the six months LIBOR. Meanwhile, many brokers such as Siderow have a mortgage broker to help suburban clients explore ingenious options, such as new construction financing, bridge financing, and a mortgage based on assets, not income.•

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Television *continued from page 74*

the advertisers on the networks will permit an abortion at all. Ever since Bea Arthur on *Maude* had one in the mid-seventies, just after a Supreme Court decision made it legal, the networks have been overcautious. Somehow Maude coped, as she would, in later episodes, with menopause, bankruptcy, and her husband's alcoholism and nervous breakdown. But all those angry letters had a chilling effect. No recurring character on series television would abort another fetus until a high-school student reluctantly did so on *TV 101* in 1989, and several CBS affiliates refused to run that episode. After which, our screen was filled with pregnant women, even rape victims, who thought about it but chose, invariably, not to, like Murphy Brown. In the real world, a Murphy Brown would no more have had a child than Jane Tennison, and they still don't know what to do with the little bastard Monday nights.

To this politic blind spot I know of only two exceptions, one an episode last year, on CBS, of *Picket Fences,* where executive producer David Kelley is always outrageous; and the other a plot turn on MTV's docu-soap *The Real World,* from which at least one sponsor fled. I don't count episodes of *Cagney & Lacey* in the eighties and *Law & Order* in the nineties, in both of which a protest at an abortion clinic turned violent, permitting our heroes and heroines to debate the issue in the pro-and-con abstract, as if before *Roe* v. *Wade,* 2,000 American women hadn't died every year from illegal abortions, whereas in 1985, only *six* did. *Roe* v. *Wade* actually got its own TV movie on NBC in 1989, with Holly Hunter as the Supreme Court case and Amy Madigan as her lawyer. From network TV movies we expect more daring, and often get it, on hot-button issues like rape and incest, racism and capital punishment, homelessness and homophobia. But *Roe v. Wade* is the only network movie ever devoted to the subject. When Joan Micklin Silver, in 1992, wanted to direct Sissy Spacek in *A Private Matter*—the real-life story of the Phoenix, Arizona, *Romper Room* hostess who sought an abortion in 1962 after discovering the truth about thalidomide, was removed from her on-screen TV job for trying, and had to fly to Sweden—they ended up at HBO, on commercial-free cable. When Lifetime cable devoted a Wednesday night last March to *Choices of the Heart,* the Margaret Sanger story, with Dana Delany as Planned Parenthood's gorgeous godmother, we heard quite a lot about birth control (and even socialism!), but abortion was all but unmentionable.

From England, I expected something braver. We scientize, parsing trimesters. We theologize, counting "souls" like crazy Gogols. We hope for some techno-

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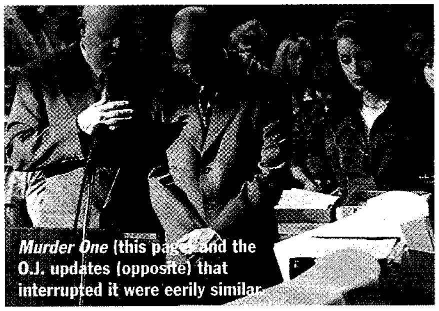
logical deliverance: Whatever that French pill does, it's "contragestation," against which there aren't any natural laws. Just once, on a sitcom, dramatic series, or movie of the week, I'd like to hear somebody say: "Against abortion? Don't have one!" We look in media mirrors for some reflection of our deepest hopes and fears. TV's news and talk shows, entertainment programs, even its commercials, conspire with the clash on the streets of bodies, balloons, symbols, and sandwich boards, in competing magics of guerrilla theater and doctored spin, to decide the public's opinion. If television fails to represent our most troubling complications, how are we supposed to imagine ourselves?

WHICH BRINGS ME TO THIS WEEK'S OTHER existential gripe. Or is it epistemological? Maybe you were watching *Murder One* the other night, on the night of the O.J. verdict. If so, you saw an ABC News promo for its own forthcoming coverage of that verdict. This, in the middle of a new TV entertainment series that explicitly exploits and satirizes a real-life O.J. media feeding frenzy, including weekly send-ups of *Court TV* that are so bang-on drop-dead, Steve Brill ought to sue. By itself, such a juxtaposition ought to encourage a certain amount of postmodern agnosticism about reality itself. Combine such virtual surreality with something like **Night Stand** (Saturdays; 11 P.M. to midnight; Channel 9), in which Timothy Stack, pretending to be a guy named Dick who has his own daytime talk show devoted to such topics as, for instance, lesbianism and how to prove it, or "Sex and the Supernatural," actually interviews actor guests, in front of a live audience of conscripts who seem to have wandered in from a pro-wrestling match on USA cable. The pseudo show is interrupted by commercials for the syndicated *Jenny Jones* talk show, as if *she* didn't realize the whole point of *Night Stand* is to trash her, and everybody like her, and everybody who watches them. To be followed a half-hour later on the premiere of this season's *Saturday Night Live* by a parody commercial for A.M. Ale (the beer for morning drinkers), from which



Murder One (this page) and the O.J. updates (opposite) that interrupted it were eerily similar.

we cut, subsequently, to an actual Budweiser commercial that's just as funny as the *SNL* parody. Meanwhile, on the next-door late-night local news shows, they are interviewing actors we just saw in a TV-movie rendition of a true-life story about codependency in the Bermuda Triangle or on the Internet, along with the actual people these actors have just impersonated, sort of like Michael Richie's HBO version of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader-Murdering Mom.* In the first TV movie about this case, *Willing to Kill: The Texas Cheerleader Story*, on ABC, Lesley Ann Warren played Wanda Halloway. In Richie's rendition for HBO a year later, Holly Hunter played Wanda, and not only got to watch "herself" on *A Current Affair* and on the *Donahue* show, but also watched the ABC movie, and criticized Lesley Ann Warren's performance while the rest of us listened to a soundtrack of original country-and-western songs about churchgoing, baton twirling, mother love, and oil refineries.

Such, ah, *dubiety,* probably got its start on the *Ed Sullivan Show,* when Old Stone Face allowed comics like Frank Gorshin and Sammy Davis Jr. to impersonate him. I'd also blame CBS News, which required of poor Walter Cronkite that he time-warp backward for four years of *You Are There* in the fifties, to "The Landing of the Hindenburg" and "The Scuttling of the Graf Spee" and "The Salem Witchcraft Trials," and even some horsing around at "The Fall of Troy." Where this messing with our heads must lead is clear enough in retrospect: not only quiz-show scandals and Ronald Reagan but "docudramas," "reenactments," and the "nonfiction novel," computer simulations and Connie Chung, acting careers for Gordon Liddy and Ollie North and presidential primaries for Robert Altman's *Tanner.* Who killed Laura Palmer? "When I got my first television set," Andy Warhol told us, "I stopped caring so much about personal relationships." Or, as Paula Poundstone once explained: "I was a big, huge *Partridge Family* fan. When I was a kid, I tried to kill my dad so my mom would take us out on tour." ■

Photograph by Jerry Wolfe/ABC.

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For more information on these and other weekend programs call 800-METRO-INFO; in NYC 212 532-4900.

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LEONORE FLEISCHER **OCTOBER 23, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

Remembrance of things past and present: from collages of your magic moments to the right setting for your girl's "best friend."

Hudson Hawk

EVERY YEAR, THE HUDSON GUILD holds a book fair to raise money for its social programs. Choose from more than 50,000 new and used books—hardcover and softcover, classics, art books, gift books, children's books, and more—and records, mostly priced between $2 and $5 (paperbacks from 50 cents). For the Thursday-evening preview, there's an admission fee of $5. Friday through Sunday, admission is free. *The Hudson Guild Book Fair, Guild Gymnasium, 441 W. 26th St. (760-9800); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Thurs. 4–8 p.m., Fri. 1–8 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; 10/19–22.*

Carpet Bagging

A COLLECTION OF ONE-OF-A-KIND ORIENTAL and other rare rugs, of various ages and in various conditions, some old, some antique, are on sale at this dealer (everything sold as is). A 9-ft.-by-12-ft. Art Deco Persian, was $3,500, now $1,200; 9-ft.-by-12-ft. Art Deco Wilton, was $2,900, now $750; 2.9-ft.-by-4.9-ft. Art Deco Persian, was $300, now $65; 9.1-ft.-by-10.11-ft. antique Sarouk, was $5,500, now $2,300; 14.7-ft.-by-26-ft. European tufted, was $6,300, now $2,700; 3.5-ft.-by-5.2-ft. vintage kilim, was $550, now $295; 10.4-ft.-by-14.2-ft. Karastan, was $3,000, now $1,250; 8.8-ft.-by-11.7-ft. antique Soumac, was $3,500, now $550. *D. Kalfaian & Son, Inc., 475 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn (718-875-2222); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; delivery $35 flat fee for any number of rugs delivered to one address; Mon., Thurs., and Fri. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Tues., Wed., and Sat. till 5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 10/30.*

Mad World

THE MAD MONK, THE GREENWICH VILLAGE pottery shop that carries original American-made ceramics works, is having its first sale in 26 years, taking 20 percent off the prices of its lead-free, dishwasher-safe, and microwaveable items. Little pottery cats, dogs, and pigs that "climb out" of the planters you put them in, were $10, now $8; porcelain cat, dog, and fish pins, were $10, now $8; a large selection of coffee mugs, both high-glazed and matte-glazed, were $7–$14, now $5.60–$11.20. *The Mad Monk, 500 Sixth Ave., bet. 12th and 13th Sts. (242-6678); checks accepted; no credit cards; exchanges possible; Wed.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; 10/18–22.*

Money, It's Gotta Be the Shoes

FAMOUS-DESIGNER WOMEN'S SHOES—NEW fall styles from America and Europe in sizes 5–10M, 7–9AA—and handbags are below wholesale at this showroom-warehouse sale. Bruno Magli satin pumps, retail $250, here $79; Charles Jourdan pumps in navy kid or black patent or suede, retail $195, here $79; Anne Klein silver or gold metallic flats, retail $95, here $39; Stuart Weitzman black or brown suede Louis-heel pumps, retail $225, here $79; Perry Ellis Portfolio black penny loafers, retail $139, here $55; Andrew Geller woven and tasseled loafers, retail $85, here $39; Calvin Klein black or purple suede skimmers, retail $129, here $45; Evan Picone pewter metallic flats, retail $85, here $39; Pappagallo woven-vamp loafers, retail $69, here $35; Martinez Valero suede pumps with patent toe-caps and heels, retail $176, here $55. *Mark Jordan, Inc., 23 W. 36th St., fifth floor (714-2929); M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. noon–4 p.m.; through 10/24.*

The Ring Cycle

ENGAGEMENT MOUNTS, MOST OF THEM SET with diamonds, are on sale at this merchant; the dealer will mount your diamond (or one you purchase from the store) and provide a two-year guarantee on workmanship. For example: 18K-gold invisible mount, set with 1.53 cwt. of baguette diamonds, here $3,400; 14K-gold mount set with 1.60 cwt. of baguette diamonds and 1.80 cwt. of round diamonds, here $3,672; 14K-gold mount set with 2.03 cwt. of baguette diamonds and 0.99 cwt. of round diamonds, here $3,864; 14K-gold mount set with 0.77 cwt. of diamonds, here $610; 14K-gold mount set with 0.25 cwt. of baguette diamonds, here $431. Sales tax included. *Shenoa, 1 W. 47th St. (764-1625); A.E., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 11/4.*

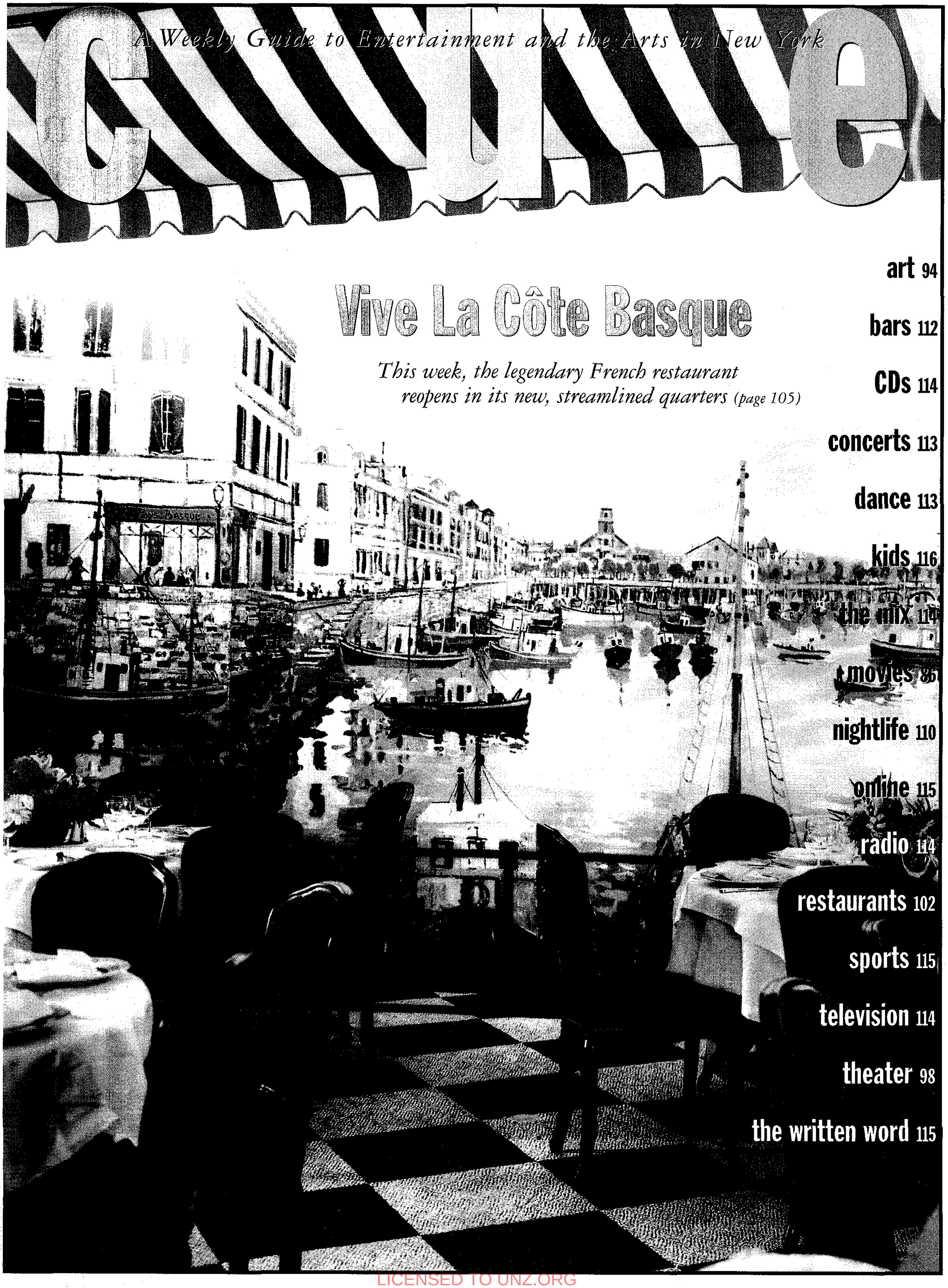
Ferré Tales

A GROUP OF IMPORTERS OF DESIGNER ITALIAN leather goods and accessories is opening its showroom to the public until the end of the month: Gianfranco Ferré handbags in smooth nappa leather or croc- or lizard-embossed leather, such as a large doctor's bag, retail $750, here $425; a nappa camera case, retail $500, here $325; Ferré small French purse, retail $150, here $80; Ferré agenda, retail $220, here $130. Desmo soft nappa leather group includes an evening shape with inset flowers, retail $325, here $195; lizard-embossed flap-over, retail $165, here $110; smooth leather shopping bag with braided straps, retail $335, here $260. Gianfranco Ferré wheeled suitcases include a nappa weekender, retail $1,500, here $850. *Integrated Commercial Ventures, Inc., 12 W. 57th St., walk up to tenth-floor loft (757-0500); A.E., J.C.B., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m. or by appointment; through 10/31.*

Scrap Artist

THIS TRIBECA STUDIO, WHOSE CLIENTS INclude many boldfaced names, designs and assembles collages of photos and other materials from such special events as marriages and anniversaries. Although the collages are not *in*expensive, they make unique mementos and now are 20 percent off: were $3,000–$15,000, now $2,400–$12,000; smaller collages start at $400, now $320. The studio also offers leather-bound books that commemorate your special occasion, using photographs, speeches, signatures, tributes, etc., were $350–$3,500, now $280–$2,800. An appointment is necessary. *Calligraphy Studios, Inc., 100 Reade St., bet. W. Broadway and Church St., first-floor entrance (964-6007); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 10/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*



Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Vive La Côte Basque

This week, the legendary French restaurant reopens in its new, streamlined quarters (page 105)

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Nihilistic Teens...Banderas Again

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Preview

The Real World

Its title—The Margaret Mead Film and Video Festival—sounds like an option in one of those would-you-rather . . . games (as in "Would you rather French-kiss Don Knotts or attend the Margaret Mead Film and Video Festival?"). But the annual series, which takes place at the American Museum of Natural History October 18–23, is a documentary lover's nirvana, with an astounding quantity of pretty great films (this is, after all, where the buzz was created for *Paris Is Burning* a while back, and over the past few years, they've presented films on everything from Germany's love affair with pit-bull terriers to teenage girls in L.A. who rebelled against their liberal parents by converting to Orthodox Judaism). Included in this year's batch: *Twitch and Shout,* a poignant and unexpectedly funny portrait of life with Tourette's syndrome by photographer and Tourette's sufferer Lowell Handler; *Holy Madness,* which details the particular religious hysteria that affects visitors to the city of Jerusalem; and *Byker* (pictured), which tracks a working-class town in England through decades of redevelopment.

KIM FRANCE

New Films

The Addiction—Lili Taylor is a senstive philosophy student-vampire who cannot reconcile her strong sense of morality with her equally strong lust for human blood. Directed by Abel Ferrara. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

Assassins—Sylvester Stallone hit his stride when America waged the Cold War, then faltered when that era came to an end. So it's fitting that he should be playing a professional assassin who feels that *glasnost* and the crumbling of the Berlin Wall have eradicted that sense of right and wrong that a hit man really needs to do his job well. He wants to get out; an ambitious upstart (Antonio Banderas), is looking to replace him, and an early retirement just won't cut it. Directed by Richard Donner. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini·Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book *The Sheep-Pig*. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *59th Street East.*

★**Belle de Jour**—Director Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of Séverine, a Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello. The content of her daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Big Green—The title is slang for the matted, neglected playing field that symbolizes the boredom and despair of the kids in Elma, Texas. But wait! Here comes a spunky British teacher who refuses to give up on her students and figures the way to rouse them back into life is to water the field and play a little soccer. Written and directed by Holly Goldberg Sloan. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; 86th Street East.*

Black Is . . . Black Ain't—Marlon Riggs, who made this documentary while dying of AIDS, used both performances and interviews with prominent African-Americans (among them Cornel West and Angela Davis) to examine what it means to be black in America. Winner of the 1995 Sundance Film Festival Filmmaker's Trophy. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Blue in the Face—An amusing, affable follow-up of sorts to Wayne Wang and Paul Auster's *Smoke*. Harvey Keitel reprises his role as Auggie, the soft-spoken, not-so-tough guy who runs the corner cigar shop that serves as a hangout for the neighborhood's more colorful denizens. Among them: Jim Jarmusch, who comes to share his last cigarette with Auggie—and who, before puffing away, riffs hilariously on the Hollywood-Nazi style of smoking; Lou Reed, who seems to be offering an account of his history in and love for Brooklyn; Roseanne, as the frustrated wife of the cigar-shop owner; and Mel Gorham as Auggie's hot-tamale girlfriend. *Blue in the Face* was almost completely improvised, and at times it is impossible not to be acutely aware of it. Still, it is—like all the kooks who frequent the shop—ultimately charming. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy and grapple with their tortured love lives: one married brother contemplates an affair, one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love, and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns' feature film debut. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd Street Cinema.*

★**Clockers**—Strike commands the top slat of a bench in front of the projects in Brooklyn somewhere,

"Cue" cover photograph by Bernd Auers.

running his crew of clockers (bottom-rung street dealers, who deal around the clock).He works for the neighborhood crime boss, Rodney Little (Delroy Lindo),an exceptionally complex and frightening man who tries to seduce Strike into murdering someone by saying,"You're my son"and promising him bigger turf. When Rodney's enemy winds up dead, we don't know who did it—Strike or his exceptionally virtuous brother Victor, who may be going crazy. *Clockers* is didactic, but it's perhaps the most loose-limbed didactic movie ever made. And the scenes of harrassment and interrogation, the streams of vituperation and tirade, are all played out with a poetic vitality seen before only in Martin Scorsese's movies. With Harvey Keitel and John Turturro. (Denby; 8/18/95) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Dead Beat—A young woman, enthralled by a mysterious man, blackmails him by threatening to reveal his secret. With Natasha Gregson Wagner, Balthazar Getty, and Sara Gilbert. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th Street.*

Dead Presidents—We follow Anthony Curtis (the wonderful Larenz Tate) from his high-school graduation to his tour of duty in Vietnam to his return home to the Bronx, where he is somewhat sourly reunited with his high-school sweetheart and the child he fathered before leaving. Unable to find steady work, he orchestrates the heist of the out-of-circulation money that the government ships down to D.C. to be burned (hence the title). This is the second film from twin directors Allen and Albert Hughes (who did the highly respected *Menace II Society*) and while the acting is uniformly strong and the direction technically accomplished, the three acts of Curtis's life feel shockingly disparate. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Desperado—Antonio Banderas stars in director Robert Rodriguez's follow-up to his much-acclaimed indie debut *El Mariachi.* (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

★**Devil in a Blue Dress**—Director Carl Franklin (*One False Move*) has acheived a ripely tactile visual style for this retro *noir* drama, set in black Los Angeles in 1948. Walter Mosely adapted his own novel, the first in the popular "Easy Rawlins" series, and Denzel Washington stars as the up-from-Texas machinist who gets laid off after the war and is then drawn into a complex maze of desire and corruption. People try to use Easy—cops, gangsters, other blacks—and he struggles to hold on not to just the truth, but to his dignity. Washington conveys just the right measure of deference and implacable male pride; the only disappointment is Jennifer Beals, who, as the femme fatale, lacks the glittering insolence of the luscious bad girls of the forties. But see this beautifully made movie, an important step in what looks like a major directorial career. (Denby; 10/2/95) (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

Feast of July—Bella Ford (Embeth Davidtz) sets off for the town of Arch, the town where her duplicitous lover told her he lived. She miscarries their child on

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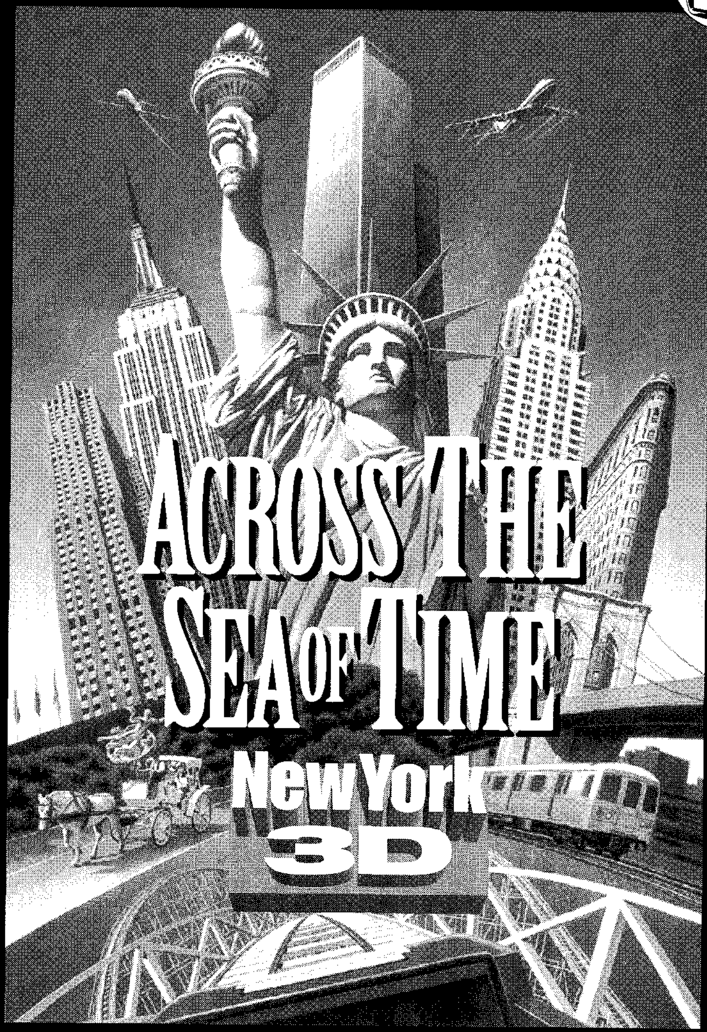
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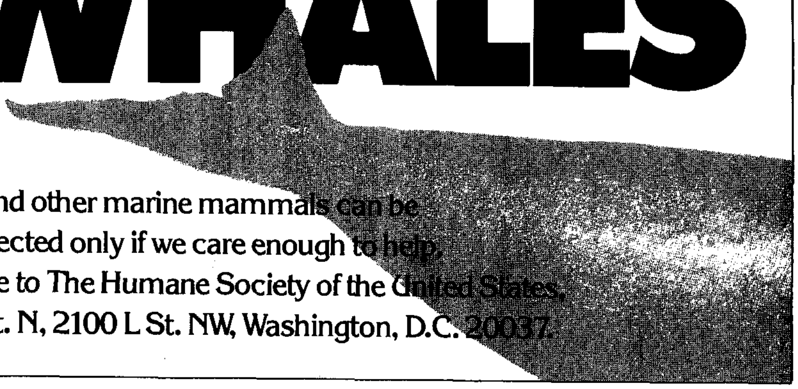

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her arduous journey and is taken in by the Wainwright family, whose three brothers all fall in love with her. Directed by Christopher Menaui. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Get Shorty—See David Denby, p. 54 (1 hr. 45 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Halloween 6—It's the return of Michael Myers, the homicidal maniac who loves to slash and thrash on Halloween. Directed by Joe Chappelle. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 34th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East.*

How To Make An American Quilt—Finn Dodd (Winona Ryder), a college student working on her third thesis, retreats to her grandmother's house for the summer after her boyfriend proposes. As her grandmother's quilting bee weaves her wedding gift, each member recounts her own most important love affair. Finn's looking for a concrete answer: should she get married, yes or no? And if yes, how can she ensure that her own marriage won't unravel? At first frightened by these tales of sacrifice and loss, Finn eventually sees these women as they see themselves: irrevocably altered, a bit battered, but still, each uniquely able to control her own destiny. The script, by Jane Andersen, is remarkably cohesive. With Ellen Burstyn, Anne Bancroft, and Alfre Woodard. Directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Jade—Linda Fiorentino is a psychologist by day-hooker by night who is suspected by her ex-lover and assistant D.A. (David Caruso) of being a homicidal maniac. With Chazz Palminteri. Written by Joe (*Showgirls*) Eszterhas and directed by William Freidken. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

Kicking & Screaming—Neurotic college graduates struggle to find themselves. Written and directed by Noah Baumbach. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids*, is coarse and mean, and lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of this, the first film to be directed by photographer and self-mythicized "outlaw" Larry Clark. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party, at which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his humanity altogether. While all this is going on, one of Telly's past victims, now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. But this is not a tragic vision; *Kids* is fascinating but stunted. By taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. Yet it seems like Clark is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

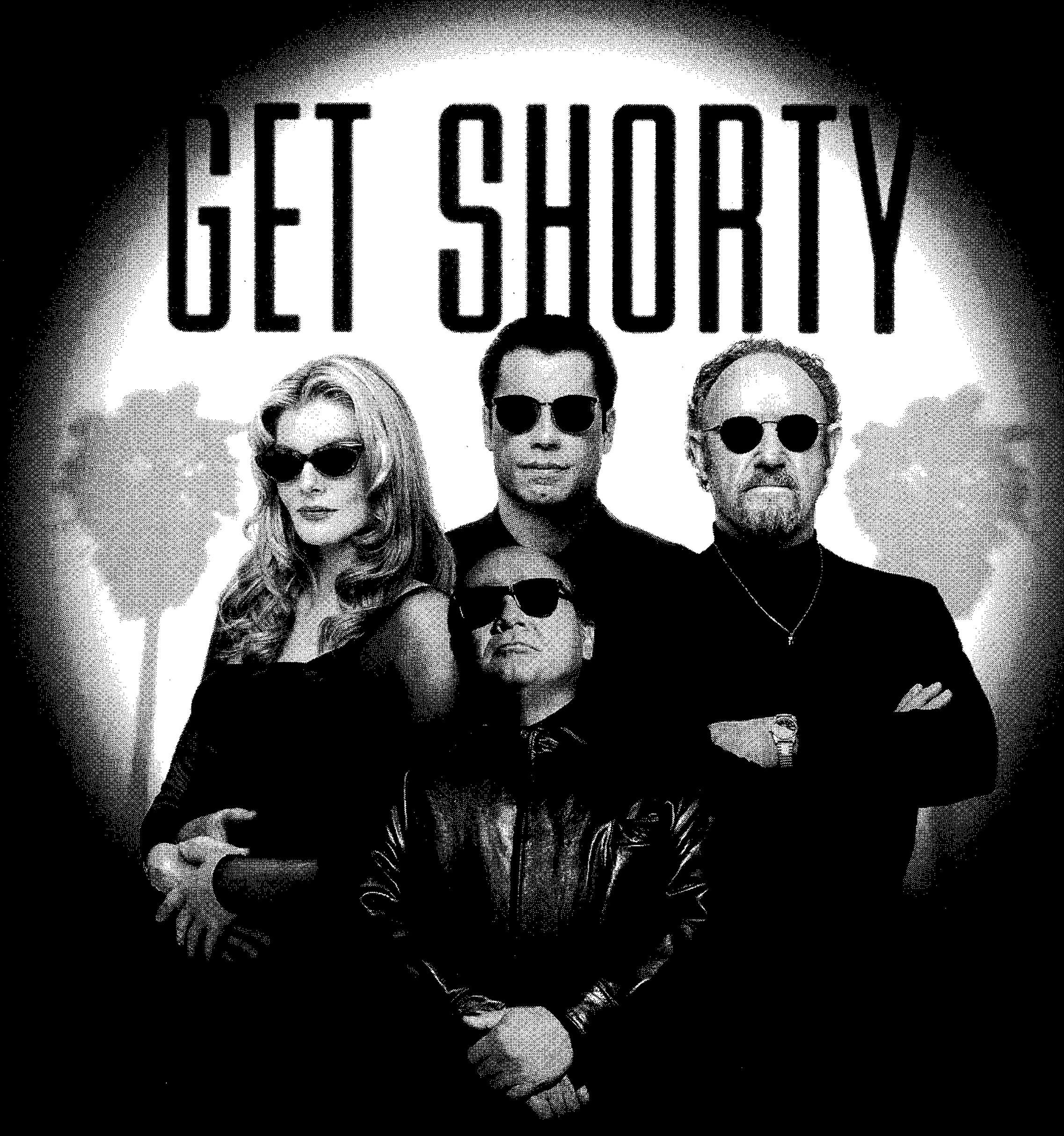
Les Miserables—Inspired by Victor Hugo's classic work yet set in the twentieth century, this version's protagonist is Henri Fortin (Jean Paul Belmondo), whose internal struggles mirror those of Hugo's Jean Valjean. With Michel Boujenah, Alessandra Martines, and Salome. Directed by Claude Lelouch. (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

★**Living in Oblivion**—Watching this independent film about the making of an independent film, we become so impressed by the dis-illusioning of the film medium that we forget that director Tom DiCillo is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures: James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves!"). (Denby; 6/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

A Month by the Lake—Vanessa Redgrave is a middle-aged woman who finds herself spending her annual vacation alone on Lake Como, Italy. Far from a lonely, isolated creature, she's nonetheless surprised when she becomes enmeshed in a love triangle. Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Plaza.*

Moonlight and Valentino—A young woman, suddenly widowed, is pulled through her anguish by the

GET SHORTY



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JOHN TRAVOLTA GENE HACKMAN RENE RUSSO AND DANNY DeVITO "GET SHORTY" MUSIC BY JOHN LURIE CO-PRODUCER GRAHAM PLACE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BARRY SONNENFELD

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY ELMORE LEONARD SCREENPLAY BY SCOTT FRANK PRODUCED BY DANNY DeVITO, MICHAEL SHAMBERG, STACEY SHER DIRECTED BY BARRY SONNENFELD

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN ® JERSEY FILMS DTS STEREO IN SELECTED THEATERS DIGITAL dts SOUND SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON ANTILLES CDS AND CASSETTES FROM THE VERVE GROUP PANAVISION® © 1995 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Metro Goldwyn Mayer TRADE MARK

STARTS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

three people closest to her. Starring Elizabeth Perkins, Whoopi Goldberg, Gwyneth Paltrow, Kathleen Turner, and—most notably!—Jersey lite-metal rocker Jon Bon Jovi as a hunky housepainter. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Tower East.*

Mute Witness—A mute special effects/makeup artist is convinced she has witnessed the making of a snuff film. Written and directed by Anthony Waller. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

Nadja—The title character (Elina Lowensohn) roams the Lower East Side in search of nightly blood, her long-lost twin brother, and sexual companionship. But in spite of all this action, there's no real plot; it's as though the filmmakers (director Michael Almereyda and producer David Lynch) assumed their audience would be familiar enough with the vampire genre not to desire a stronger story. The film shows glimpses of what it could have been, as when a beleaguered husband details the moment he realized his wife (Galaxy Craze, the weak link here) might be turning into a bloodsucker: "She started to get that Sunday afternoon depression — every day." It's stunningly shot in 35mm black and white, but Almereyda is too concerned with the visual; the characters become afterthoughts. With Peter Fonda, Suzy Amis, Karl Geary, and Martin Donovan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Never Talk To Strangers—Rebecca De Mornay is a criminal psychologist stalked by a deranged lunatic. Who could it be? The accused serial killer (Harry Dean Stanton) she's working with? Her next-door neighbor? Her father? Or the suspiciously too-good-looking man (Antonio Banderas) who picked her up in the grocery store? Directed by Sir Peter Hall. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Now and Then—Four women reminisce about the summer of their twelfth year. With Christina Ricci and Rosie O'Donnell as Roberta, Thora Birch and Melanie Griffith as Tina, Gaby Hoffman and Demi Moore as Samantha, and Ashleigh Aston Moore and Rita Wilson as Chrissy. Directed by Lesli Linka Glatter. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

A Perfect Stranger

Rebecca De Mornay was a slow-on-the-uptake criminal lawyer who eventually discovered her client was indeed a serial killer in 1993's *Guilty As Sin.* Now, in *Never Talk to Strangers* (opening October 20), she's a brilliant criminal psychologist who refuses to consider the possibility that the mysterious new man in her life (Antonio Banderas) could be the anonymous culprit who is terrorizing her.

Photographs by Kerry Hayes/Columbia/TriStar.

Persuasion—See David Denby, p. 56 (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Paris Theater.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Run of the Country—Danny lives in a quiet village, on the border dividing Northern Ireland from the rest of the country, where his father (Albert Finney), the local police officer, can be found in church praying for a nice murder to break up the boredom. Danny loves, and even admires, his father, but the old man offers is a churlish attitude. The boy's mother has just died, and he finds solace not only in the familiarity of his homeland, but in a headstrong girl who at once binds him and sets him free. Written by Shane Connaughton *(My Left Foot).* Directed by Peter Yates. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Baronet/Coronet.*

The Scarlet Letter—See David Denby, p. 56. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Seven—Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman are two city cops—one young, gung-ho and naive, the other fatigued and grizzled—who team up to track down a serial killer with a theme: the seven deadly sins. Directed by David Fincher. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Showgirls—Nomi Malone (Elizabeth Berkley) wants to get onto the stage of the Stardust, a hotel that puts on elaborate topless shows, and she's awed by the star, Cristal (Gina Gershon). To make ends meet, Nomi works in the more relaxed atmosphere of the Cheetah Club, where Cristal shows up with her lover, Zack (Kyle MacLachlan). In what is supposed to be a devastatingly perverse moment, Cristal, who has a decided interest in Nomi, pays for the young dancer to perform a lap dance upon Zack, and there's an immense amount of teasing until at last we get a lovemaking scene between Nomi and Zack in his swimming pool. As Nomi thrashes about, making waves, we get the funniest of big Hollywood orgasms. Writer Joe Eszterhas and director Paul Verhoven seem to have lost touch with any kind of reality. Everything in *Showgirls*—down to Berkley flinging herself wildly in and out of rooms and "dancing" by whirling, thrusting and kicking—is overwrought and empty. And the dialogue—"I'm erect, why aren't you?"—sounds like Jacqueline Susann rewritten by an idiot. (Denby; 10/9/95) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; NC-17) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd Street Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

★**Smoke**—Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Paul Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Steal Big, Steal Little—Andy Garcia plays twin brothers—yep, one good, one bad—who squabble over the ranch left to them by their wealthy, dead adoptive mother. Directed by Andrew Davis, who last did 1993's *The Fugitive.* (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East; Criterion Center.*

Strange Days—The setting of Kathryn Bigelow's hyper-spaz movie is a Los Angeles jangled and coarsened by the Rodney King, Reginald Denny, and O. J. Simpson events, a city so media-ized in its relation to reality that the distinction between atrocity and vicarious thrill has been lost. *Strange Days* begins on December 30, 1999, and Lenny Nero (Ralph Fiennes) is established as a saint of darkness. Lenny is a former vice cop who peddles clips of other people's experiences, which, when played back by one of Lenny's high-paying clients, reveal the original experience with all its emotions intact—sight and sound, fear and delight, orgasm, and, in one case, death. In the movie's *noir*-ishly paranoid story, some anonymous, nasty person is taking Lenny's game a step further and turning it against him. A prostitute working for Lenny has been raped and murdered, and the murderer leaves Lenny a "clip" detailing this experience. And this murder, in some way, is also connected to the death under mysterious circumstances of a black political-rap singer, and a clip exists of that as well. However, the clip of the prostitute's death pushes us the wrong way—we see it from the point of view of the demented murderer-rapist, and the convolutions of this act go beyond creepiness. Bigelow is not fetishizing violence; she's riding it. *Strange Days* has its provocative passages, but the picture is a nihilistic spectacle awash in sentiment. (Denby; 10/16/95) (2 hrs. 27 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; New Coliseum; Regency.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—Like many of the other new thrillers made by young directors, *The Usual Suspects* is handsomely shot, but Bryan Singer also has a flair for brazenness and theatricality that is very entertaining. The movie is a labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? Singer's got a bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite and Chazz Palminteri) celebrating the ominousness and adding their own bits of perversity. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Theremin—A documentary about the great Russian professor who invented the theremin (an instrument played without direct body contact) and who, after moving to New York, was kidnapped by Soviet agents and smuggled back to his native Russia. Assumed dead by friends and relatives, he spent seven years in a Siberian labor camp, was put to work by Stalin on top-secret projects, and eventually died in near-obscurity. A somewhat dry treatment of a rather fascinating subject. Directed by Steven M. Martin. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village 12th Street.*

To Die For—Suzanne Stone (Nicole Kidman), a New England weathergirl who idolizes Jane Pauley, talks in a perky yet soft-breathing voice, the best for "maximizing" her abundant "career opportunities." Suzanne longs to be a "media professional," and flirts her way through the weather report, then parades around the bedraggled town in an aura of

Opening
Parallel Lives

In Claude Lelouch's updated interpretation of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables' (opening October 20), Jean-Paul Belmondo is Henri Fortin, a man who, after escaping Nazi persecution, hears Hugo's tale and begins to see himself as an incarnation of Jean Valjean.

spectacular grooming. She's the American good girl with ambition in her brain and murder in her heart. Writer Buck Henry (*The Graduate*) and director Gus Van Sant are onto something real in venting their disgust at square America, but they've hollowed Suzanne out, and this leaves a huge dramatic hole. We can't tell why she marries Matt Dillon's ordinary-Joe restaurateur who, apart from his good looks, is patently too slowly for her. Recoiling from her husband, who wants kids, Suzanne falls in with a trio of alienated white trash teens, whom she seduces and uses. But because we never feel any complicity with Suzanne's overwhelming desire for success, we don't suffer when she steps over the line into criminality. *To Die For* is clever but thin; for all its hipster malice, the satire works intermittently. (Denby; 10/2/95) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; 86th Street; First & 62nd Street Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything—Noxeema Jackson (Wesley Snipes), Vida Boheme (Patrick Swayze) and Chi Chi Rodriguez (John Leguizamo) are three cross-dressing semi-celebrities on the New York club scene who embark on a cross-country road trip. Directed by Beeban Kidron. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; First & 62nd Street Cinema.*

Unstrung Heroes—His mother is dying of cancer and his father is emotionally remote, so 12-year-old Steven Lidz (Nathan Watt) runs away—to his (very eccentric) uncles' house, where he finds, oddly, some security. Sweet and touching and unbelievably moving. Starring John Turturro, Andie MacDowell, Michael Richards, and Maury Chaykin. Directed by Diane Keaton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street Six.*

Unzipped—A portrait of the unique sensibility of the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi that is held together by the same thing that holds the clothes together—Mizrahi's manic personality and taste. Directed by the fashion photographer Douglas Keeve, the movie sketches in the stages of design, construction, fitting, leading up to the show, but *Unzipped* is not very satisfying as a movie about a process. Ellen Kuras's camera lands momentarily and swoops away, teasing us with glimpses and fragments. A rough downtown aesthetic of collage seems to be at work here, in which elegance is the deadly enemy and fleetingness the ideal. *Unzipped* is probably not the best movie one can imagine about fashion, but it's the best movie we are likely to get about a single creative temperament in fashion. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Cinema 3.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Blue in the Face; Kicking & Screaming; Nadja; Smoke; The Addiction; The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Clockers; How To Make An American Quilt; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Cinema Village 12th Street—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Through 10/19: *Theremin; Dead Beat.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb; Black Is . . . Black Ain't.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Clueless; Halloween 6; Strange Days.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Unzipped.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Month by the Lake; Assassins; Dead Presidents; Moonlight and Valentino; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; Showgirls; The Usual Suspects; To Die For.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Jade.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Jade; Seven; The Scarlet Letter; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Showgirls; The Big Green; The Brothers McMullen; Unstrung Heroes.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Halloween 6.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Assassins; Jade; Showgirls.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Clockers; Dead Presidents; How To Make An American Quilt; Strange Days; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Dead Presidents; Seven; Strange Days.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Babe; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) Through 10/18: *Mute Witness.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Jade.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *How To Make An American Quilt; Run of the Country; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Living in Oblivion; The Brothers McMullen.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Unzipped.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Seven; The Scarlet Letter; Unstrung Heroes.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Assassins; Mortal Kombat; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Month by the Lake.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Addiction.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Dead Presidents.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Dead Presidents; Desperado; Halloween 6.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Scarlet Letter.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Clockers; Braveheart.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Jade; Seven; Strange Days.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Persuasion.*
Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *A Month by the Lake.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Dead Presidents; Blue in the Face.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *A Walk in the Clouds; Congo; Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home; Nine Months; The Innocent; The Net.*

Data

Nothing's Shocking

Director Gregg Araki (*Totally Fked Up*) has declared his latest, *The Doom Generation* (opening October 27), to be the second in his "teenage-apocalypse triptych." In it, three bored, gutter-mouthed teens (two boys and a girl) embark on a cross-country road trip, kill with petulance and without remorse, and finally engage in a ménage à trois that climaxes in murder by castration. Ironically, despite the actions of his nonplussed characters, we, too, feel only ennui: We've seen it all before. At *least* once. To wit:**

Guncrazy **(1992)** *Drew Barrymore is a 16-year-old orphan who hits the road with her pen pal—a paroled murderer—and proceeds to randomly steal and kill.*

Kalifornia **(1993)** *Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis are lovers who hitch a ride with a couple mordantly obsessed with stopping at infamous crime sites—but the joke's on them when it's revealed that Pitt's an actual killer!*

True Romance **(1993)** *Christian Slater falls for Patricia Arquette's on-the-lam hooker; they hit the road, have sex in a phone booth, and slay many a thug.*

Natural Born Killers **(1994)** *Abused kid Juliette Lewis hightails it cross-country with lover Woody Harrelson, and together they torture, rape, dismember, shoot off a nosy reporter's penis, etc.*

And Coming Soon: *Frigid & Impotent* *R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe will produce this one, starring Drew Barrymore as half of a serial-killing couple.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Strange Days.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Feast of July.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Clockers; To Die For.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Halloween 6; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Strange Days.*
First & 62nd Street Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Jade; The Usual Suspects.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Strange Days.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Moonlight and Valentino.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Jade.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Clockers.*
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 10/20: *Now and Then.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Augustin; Belle de Jour; Blue in the Face; The Postman; Smoke.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Feast of July; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Seven; The Scarlet Letter; The Usual Suspects; To Die For.* Opening 10/20: *Les Miserables.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clockers; How To Make An American Quilt.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Jade; Strange Days.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Assassins; Dead Presidents.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Jade; Seven.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Strange Days.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Jade; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Jade; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Assassins; Seven; Strange Days; The Brothers McMullen.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Assassins; The Scarlet Letter.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Assassins; Babe; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Mortal Kombat; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Showgirls; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Clockers; The Postman; Strange Days; The Usual Suspects.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Jade.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Assassins; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; The Scarlet Letter; To Die For.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; Seven; The Usual Suspects.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Strange Days.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Jade.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Seven; Strange Days.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; The Scarlet Letter; To Die For.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; Strange Days.*
Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Strange Days.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Showgirls.*
Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Strange Days.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Seven; Showgirls; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; To Die For.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Jade; Seven; Showgirls; Strange Days.*
Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; The Usual Suspects.*
Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Assassins; Jade; Strange Days.*
Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven; Showgirls.*
Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Seven; The Scarlet Letter.*
Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Halloween 6; Showgirls; To Die For.*
Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6.*
Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Assassins; Jade; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green.*
Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; The Scarlet Letter.*
Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *A Month by the Lake; How To Make An American Quilt.*
Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Assassins; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Strange Days; The Scarlet Letter; The Usual Suspects; To Die For.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Jade.*
Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Assassins; Babe; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; The Brothers McMullen.*
Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Assassins; Strange Days.*
Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Seven; Strange Days; To Die For.*
North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Moonlight and Valentino; The Postman.*
Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Assassins; Jade.*
Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Showgirls; Strange Days; The Big Green.*
Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Assassins; Jade.*

Illustration by Filip Pagowski.

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Seven; To Die For.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Jade.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Assassins; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/20: *Get Shorty.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Assassins; Halloween 6; Jade; Seven; Strange Days; The Big Green.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Jade; Seven; Showgirls; Strange Days; The Big Green; The Scarlet Letter; To Die For.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—10/18–10/23: "Margaret Mead Film and Video Festival." 10/18: *Gene Hunters* (1994), a documentary about the controversial Human Genome Diversity Project, which collects DNA from populations around the world to prevent extinction. 10/19: *Harlem Diary* (1995), *Holy Madness* (1994), and *Mundo Milagroso* (1994). 10/20: *Sugar Slaves* (1995) and *Women With Open Eyes* (1994). 10/21: *Twitch and Shout* (1994) and *When Billy Broke His Head . . . And Other Tales of Wonder* (1994). 10/22: *Dealers Among Dealers* (1995), *Breaking Silence: The Story of the Sisters at DeSales Heights* (1994), and *Ben Spock: Baby Doctor* (1994). 10/23: *Mother Dao the Turtlelike* (1995) and *A Kiss to This Land* (1994). Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $8.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 10/27: *Visions of Light* (1992), which traces the art of cinematography from silent films to the present. 10/21–10/29: "Abel Ferrara, King of New York." 10/21: *Ms. 45* (1980), *The Hold-Up* (1972), *Driller Killer* (1979), and *Could This Be Love?* (1973). 10/22: Ferrara speaks! Also, *The Bad Lieutenant* (1992) and *Snake Eyes* (a.k.a. *Dangerous Game*). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Abel Ferrara on the set of 1979's 'Driller Killer.'

Retrospective

Mean Streak

Bronx-born director Abel Ferrara (*Bad Lieutenant, The Addiction*), variously reviled and revered for his ultraviolent work, is the subject of a retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image (October 21–29). See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more information.

Angelika 57—10/19–11/2:"The Twelfth Annual Israel Film Festival." Call for program info. 225 W. 57th Street (586-1900); $8.

Cinema Village—10/20–10/24: "The NYU Student Film Festival." Call for program info. 22 E. 12th Street (924-3363); $6

Columbia University—"Fifty Years of Documentary," a series of Academy Award nominated/winning films. 10/18: *The Vanishing Prairie* (1954), a Disney study of wildlife, *Neighbors* (1952), a short about two neighbors at war over a flower, and *Universe* (1960), a pre–space age peek into outer space. Miller Theatre, Columbia Univeristy, Broadway and 116th Street (854-9579); $8; students, $5.

Donnell Media Center—10/17: *The Big Snit* (1985) and *Dr. Strangelove; Or, How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964). 10/19: *W. H. Auden: Poet of Disenchantment* (1968), *World of Light: A Portrait of May Sarton* (1979), and *Christopher Isherwood, Over There on a Visit* (1976). 20 W. 53rd Street (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Brit *Noir.*" 10/16: *Odd Man Out* (1950) and *Night and the City* (1950). 10/17: *They Drive By Night* (1938) and *I Met a Murderer* (1939). 10/18: *Hatter's Castle* (1941) and *A Window in London* (1939). 10/19: *London Belongs to Me* (1948) and *The Dark Man* (1950). 10/20: *Never Let Go* (1960) and *Obsession* (1948). 10/21 and 10/22: *Gaslight* (1939) and *The Brothers* (1947) with two endings—the original and the slapped-on happy version. 10/23: *They Made Me a Fugitive* (1947) and *Daybreak* (1946). 209 W. Houston Street (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 10/26: "Roberto Rossellini's War Trilogy." 10/17–10/21: *Open City* (1945). 10/20–10/22: *Paisan* (1946). 10/21 and 10/22: *Germany Year Zero* (1947). 10/21 and 10/22: "Movies for Kids." *Ghostbusters* (1984). 65 W. 65th Street, plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—"The Films of Eric Rohmer." 10/17: *Chloe in the Afternoon* (1972) and *Perceval* (1978). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th Street (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/19: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 10/16: *He Who Gets Slapped* (1924) and *Brief Moment* (1933). 10/17: *A Shot in the Dark* (1964) and *The Good Fairy* (1935). 10/19: *The Last Flight* (1935). "Stan Brakhage: A Retrospective." 10/16: "Works from 1979, Part II" and "35mm Works," including *The Garden of Earthly Delights* (1981). 10/20: 'Works from 1978," *FaustFilm: An Opera* (1987), *Faust's Other: An Idyll* (1988), and *Faust 3: Candida Albacore* (1988). 10/21: *Arabics 1–9* (1980–1) and *Arabics 11–19* (1981–2). 10/22: "Works from 1979–1983" and "Works from 1984–1988." 10/23: "Works from 1978–1980." 10/20–10/26: "Pantelis Voulgaris." 10/20: *The Thief* (1965) and *The Engagement of Anna* (1972). 10/20 and 10/26: *Jimmy the Tiger* (1966) and *Happy Day* (1976). 10/21: *Dance of the Goats* (1971), *The Great Love Songs* (1973), and *Stone Years* (1985). 10/21 and 10/23: *Quiet Days in August* (1991). 10/22: *Eleftherios Venizelos* (1980). 10/23: *The Striker With No. 9* (1988). 11 W. 53rd Street (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"The World of Hanna-Barbera." 10/17–10/29: *Huckelberry Hound* and *Jonny Quest.* 25 W. 52nd Street (621-6800); $6.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives." 10/17: *The Searchers* (1956) and *Black God, White Devil* (1964). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7, members $4.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Seduction and Subversion: Images That Contest and Interrogate." 10/18: *Seven Songs for Malcolm X* (1993). 10/18: Curator bell hooks heads a symposium of featured filmmakers. 10/19 and 10/20: *Corrina, Corrina* (1994). 10/21 and 10/22: Jim Jarmusch's *Mystery Train* (1989). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th Street (717-0723); $8.

How deep must one dig to find the roots of the potato?

Most people think the potato came from Ireland. Actually, it came from the American Indians. As did tomatoes, sweet potatoes, bell peppers, popcorn and many other foods. There's a lot more we could learn from the Native peoples of North, South and Central America. And with your help, soon there'll be a place where we can all see, touch and get a taste of Indian culture.

Please help us build the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian. Call to become a Charter Member today. That is, if you have an appetite for knowledge.

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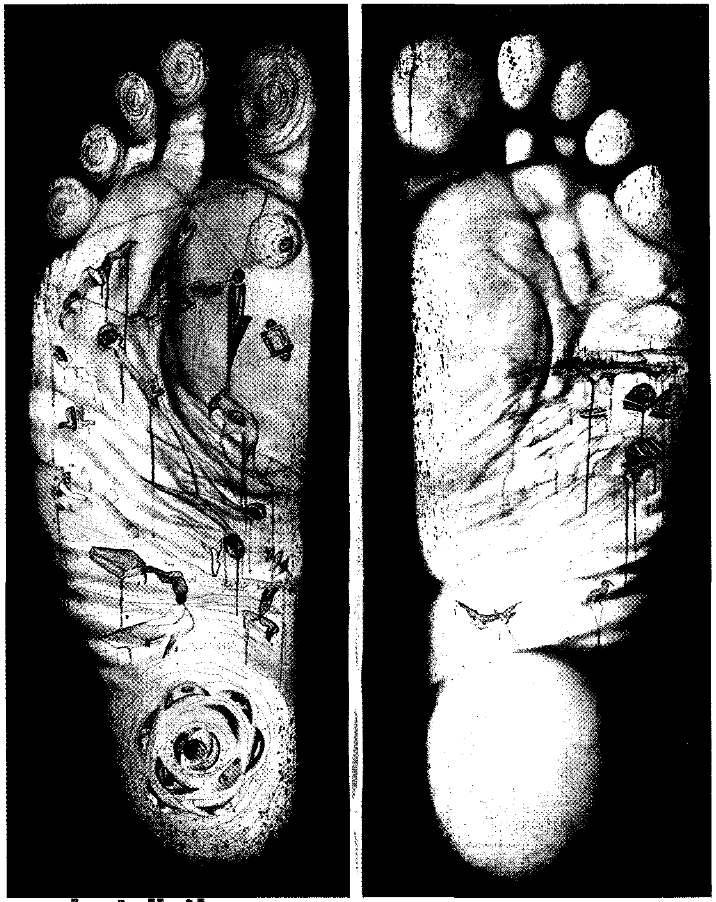
Annette Messager...Copley Portraits



Installation

Fabulous Fabrications

Though she's a key figure in Europe—known for creating conceptual works that use multiple sources and place objects and images in new and unexpected contexts—Annette Messager has not had much of a presence in the United States. MOMA's newly opened retrospective of Messager books, photographs, and installations will undoubtedly change the status of this remarkably underrecognized French artist.

Photograph by Annette Messager/courtesy of Galerie Chantal, Paris/Museum of Modern Art.

Openings

True *vernissages* may be a thing of the past, but their spirit lives on in the Fuller Building's annual **Open House**, when all of the building's galleries stay open three hours later than usual to give people like us a chance to see art after dark. This year's event takes place on Thursday, October 26 between 6 and 9 (41 East 57th Street).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Charles Belle—Paintings of flowers from the artist's garden, each of which is dominated by a single, large-scale image of a flower; through 11/22. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Judith Cotton/Peter Hayes—Vividly colored paintings of swimmers/Totemic ceramic sculptures that bring to mind ancient Cycladic art. Through 10/28. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

J. Frank Currier—A selection of paintings, watercolors, and pastel drawings from the 1870s and 1880s by this American artist who was noted for his sunset landscapes; 10/17–11/8. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-11852).

Willem de Kooning—Works on paper from the Abstract Expressionist's *Women* series made between 1947 and 1954; through 11/18. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Stephen DeStaebler—Recent bronze sculptures based on the human figure; through 11/14. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Geraldine Erman—Sphere-shaped sculptures that suggest everything from science fiction to cell and species propagation to cartoon characters; through 11/4. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Helen Frankenthaler—New large-scale abstract paintings on paper; through 11/4. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Gunther Gerzso—Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the forties to the present by this Mexican artist who worked as a set designer with Luis Buñuel, John Ford, Yves Allegret, and other directors before devoting himself to painting full-time in the early sixties; through 10/28. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Martin Lewis—Etchings made between 1915 and 1953 by this printmaker known for his scenes of New York City, Connecticut, and Japan; through 11/4. McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181).

Vincent van Gogh—The artist's portfolio case and his studio chair from his years in Nuenen accompany this small show of paintings, watercolors, and drawings produced in the Netherlands between 1882 and 1885; 10/19–12/16. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

57th Street Area

Walter Anderson—Watercolors of Gulf Coast flora and fauna by this Mississippi artist (1934–1965), many of them painted on Horn Island, off the coast of the artist's hometown, Ocean Springs; through 11/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Marcel Broodthaers—A work titled *Section Publicité* that was part of the Belgian artist's larger project *Musée D'Art Moderne: Département des Aigles,* made in Brussels between 1968 and 1972 and depicting images of the eagle in photocollages, slide projections, and vitrines; through 11/25. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Gordon Cook—A survey of paintings, etchings, and sculpture that depict such everyday objects as a milk bottle, a wedge of cheese, a stick figure; through 11/11. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Richard Notkin/Edward Eberle—Large-scale stoneware sculptures of hands/Lidded porcelain vessels drawn in black. Through 11/4. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Julio Gonzalez—Sculptures from the twenties through the forties; through 12/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Neysa Grassi/Avi Adler—Abstract paintings whose patterns suggest textiles, maps, and geological events/Colorful, small-scale abstract paintings made by dripping and splattering oil and enamel onto wood or canvas. Through 10/28. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Raymond Han—New still-life paintings; through 11/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Duncan Hannah—Recent paintings in which the artist's mysterious narratives take place on the streets of London, Paris, and the American Midwest; through 11/11. De Nagy, 451 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

William H. Johnson/Beauford Delaney—Still-life and landscape paintings of the twenties and thirties from the collection of Mary Beattie Brady/Abstract paintings made during the sixties, when the artist was living in Paris. Through 11/11. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Tobi Kahn—Recent paintings and works on paper whose organic forms bring to mind abstracted aerial views of landscapes or even cropped views of the human body; through 10/21. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Annette Lemieux—New works, including a floor installation of bricks on wheels and a brick wall on wheels; through 11/16. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Alexander Liberman—New watercolors of rainbow-hued concentric rings painted over vivid monochromatic grounds; through 10/28. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

James Linehan—Paintings of views on Mt. Desert Island, Maine, and of its surrounding islands; through 10/28. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Ida Lorentzen—Pastel drawings of interiors in which a limited number of elements—doors, chairs, tables, mirrors, screens, and windows—appear in continually new combinations; through 11/11. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Christopher Lucas—Stenciled paintings on three-dimensional supports made of bent and bowed

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

wood; through 11/11. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

John Marin—Landscapes and seascapes painted in Maine, New Hampshire, and Mexico, many of which are being exhibited for the first time; through 11/4. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Piet Mondrian—Paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the 1890s through the 1920s depicting farm scenes, windmills, flowers, and other subject matter; through 11/11. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Bruce Nauman—Selected prints and drawings; through 10/28. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Jackson Pollock—Not all of the Abstract Expressionist's works re-emerged in time to be included in his 1977 catalogue raisonné, but these recently discovered paintings and works on paper—most of which are on loan from private collections—are noted in its newly published supplement; through 10/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Faith Ringgold—A survey of paintings, drawings, relief sculptures, and story quilts from the sixties to the present; through 11/4. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Francisca Sutil/Sophia Vari—Large-scale abstract paintings whose surfaces are built up with layers of pigmented gesso/Collages on canvas; 10/18–11/18. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Juan Uslé/Carlo Mollino—New abstract paintings/ Better known as an architect and designer, Mollino also took erotic photographs of women; this exhibit marks their first showing in the United States. Through 11/25. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Stephen Westfall—Paintings of grids on monochromatic grounds; through 11/4. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Jane Wilson—New paintings that depict the sky at various times of day above a narrow horizontal band of land or sea; through 11/11. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michael Abrams/Rebecca Purcell—Surreal landscape paintings/An installation of collages that depict faces from old-master paintings as divested of their original meaning. Through 11/4. K & E, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Chuck Agro—An installation titled *Stories* that takes a humorous look at the artist's life through a combination of paintings—of family groups, portraits, cartoons, and landscapes—with related sculpture and objects; through 11/11. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Jim Anderson—The artist recalls his experience as a rock musician in music videos of his own creation and sculptures that are based on the shape of a guitar, then corrupted into forms that suggest a bedpan, a bondage device, or an amusement-park ride; 10/21–11/25. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Radcliffe Bailey—In his first solo show in New York, the artist relates his African-American heritage and experience through these collage assemblages and paintings that incorporate vintage family photographs and symbols of African traditions and culture; through 11/11. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

David Bates—Figurative painted bronze sculptures based on local characters in rural Texas and Louisiana; through 11/11. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Jean Blackburn—Works that transform used furniture through rebuilding the original desk or chair; through 10/28. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Marcel Broodthaers—Posters and books by the Belgian artist; through 11/11. 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Ann Craven—An installation of 101 paintings of the moon as it waxes and wanes; through 11/11. Wittels, 580 Broadway (219-2211).

John Currin—New paintings; 10/20–11/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Lloyd Gunther Dallett—Mixed-media paintings of plants and flowers and an installation; through 10/28. Fotouhi, 315 Church St. (431-1304).

Nassos Daphnis—Two shows of geometric abstract paintings celebrating the artist's long relationships with the Leo Castelli and Andre Zarre galleries. At Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160), through 11/4, and at Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222), through 11/4.

Drew Dominick—An installation of machines called "body grinders" that are constructed from disc grinders, gear motors, aircraft cable, pulleys, and other industrial parts and are triggered into action by a viewer's body movements; through 11/11. Freire, 580 Broadway (941-8611).

Max Estenger—A series of abstract paintings that use the eight colors mandated by the U.S. Department of Labor under the Occupational Health and Safety Act (OSHA) to refer to specific safety situations and hazards in the workplace; through 11/11. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Michael Flanagan—Paintings that explore the small-town landscape through trompe l'oeil images that resemble old photographs; through 11/11. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Robert Fosdick—Intimate, almost architectural drawings that might be seen as visual metaphors for his glass sculptures; through 11/16. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200), Thurs.–Sat. 2–6.

David Geiser/Julie Dermansky—New abstract paintings/Mixed-media paintings of fictitious convicts. Through 11/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Robert Guillot—Sculptures that suggest three-dimensional drawings; through 11/11. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Fabio Herrera—Recent abstract paintings that suggest the landscape of the artist's native Costa Rica; through 11/4. Prats, 568 Broadway (219-0587).

Mac James—Paintings that, though largely abstract, incorporate such classically American images as flags, skyscrapers, and sharks; 10/18–11/18. Braathen, 33 Bleecker St. (777-1161).

Mike Kelley—This new show, titled "Toward a Utopian Arts Complex," includes a large sculpture incorporating models of every learning institution the artist attended, from Catholic elementary school to graduate school, and a series of childlike paintings that combine the two poles of academic training he received—Abstract Expressionism and Pop Art; 10/21–11/25. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Mel Kendrick/Kim Jones—The artist's latest body of sculpture and drawings is involved with process and metamorphosis/A project titled "War Boards" in which opposing forces are represented by penciled x's and dots on a gesso-and-white-acrylic-painted wood surface; 10/21–11/18. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Woong Kim—Enigmatic abstract paintings whose splashed and scraped surfaces evoke natural transformation processes; through 10/28. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Hisako Kobayashi—Abstract paintings that emphasize the sculptural, tactile qualities of paint/Recent wall sculptures. Through 11/2. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

Ray Kortick/Bill Scanga—Paintings of figures and animals superimposed over one another that bring to mind works by Bosch and Brueghel/The artist, who was trained as a biologist, invents humorous ways to protect nature, such as knitting scarves for fish and sweaters for trees, or, as in this exhibition, creating dollhouses to incubate quail eggs; 10/20–11/19. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

KK Kozik—Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and monuments as seen at twilight or after dark; through 11/11. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Michael Kvium—Figurative paintings by a Danish artist; 10/20–11/25. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Glenn Ligon—Works that use furniture, household objects, family snapshots, pornographic images, and text to create a kind of family photo album, and a series of photographs taken at a Sears portrait studio; through 11/4. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Hung Liu—Paintings based on photographs documenting the life inside the Qing Dynasty Court (1644–1911); through 11/18. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

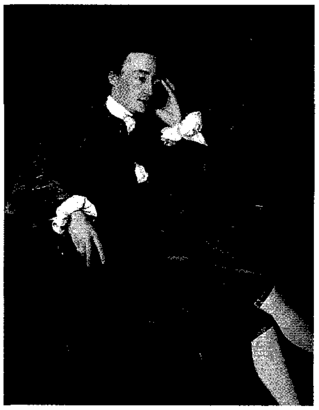
Lynn McCarty—Abstract paintings on aluminum panels; 10/21–11/29. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Catherine Murphy—Paintings of everyday images—such as hamburgers in a skillet or tendrils of hair floating in a bathroom sink—that suggest fragments of a narrative; through 11/11. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Joseph Piccillo—New large-scale drawings of horses on paper and canvas; through 11/4. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Rebecca Purdum—New abstract paintings; through 11/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Retrospective Colonial Style



Long before he left his native Boston for Europe in 1774 and settled in London, John Singleton Copley had become colonial America's most celebrated portraitist. There were the occasional put-downs from peers, of course—Gilbert Stuart found him a tedious artist, and Thomas Sully, while acknowledging Copley's "force and breadth," complained that he was "crude in colouring, and used hard terminations." Still, even the most cultivated Americans were fascinated less by Copley's compositions and color sense than by the identities and occupations of his rich and famous sitters. That fact did not escape Copley, who was weary of American provincialism and concentrated almost solely on grand historical subjects after his move to England.

Despite his social aspirations, Copley was not a panderer to his American patrons. Rather, their portraits—75 of which are currently on view in the Metropolitan Museum's exhibit "John Singleton Copley in America"—suggest that Copley's sitters had complete faith in his finely tuned sense of how they should be portrayed. This included Copley's habit of highlighting, not omitting, moles, warts, or smallpox scars, features that Copley considered markers of individuality. A person's weight, a sign of prosperity, was often exaggerated. But in a show composed almost entirely of portraits, it is the odd, wistful pictures, such as Copley's stunning portrait of his half-brother Henry Pelham with his pet squirrel, or of John Bours (above), a successful merchant posed as a melancholy poet, that reveal Copley's disaffection for the standard commissioned portrait, as well as his ability to transcend it. **EDITH NEWHALL**

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Harvey Quaytman—Recent geometric drawings and paintings on paper; through 11/11. Room, 25 Thompson St. (226-1831).

Alison Saar—Hand-carved female figures that incorporate found objects and draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, Catholicism, voodoo, and mythology; through 11/4. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Lorna Simpson—Seven wall installations of photographic images of interior and exterior public space silk-screened on felt panels that are accompanied by texts printed on felt describing the ways in which individuals use such spaces as sites for sexual activity; through 11/25. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Megan Williams/Kenneth Goldsmith—New paintings of imaginary worlds that resonate with pyschosexual tension, by this Los Angeles artist who is known for her installations/Collages of densely packed images each of which is devoted to a different Jewish icon in the artist's life, including Abbie Hoffman, Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsburg, and himself. Through 11/11. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Rémy Zaugg—A series of virtually identical paintings, each one bearing the words *Not Here* in shades of white so close in tone to the painting's ground that text and ground seem to disappear into one another; through 11/18. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Other

Brice Marden—A series of nine paintings that the artist began in 1991 and completed in July 1995, which are characterized by a wide stroke that is often pushed right to the edge of the canvas and mark a return to a bright palette; large-scale drawings on the theme of Aphrodite; and a set of 32 small drawings in ink and gouache; through 1/14/96. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

David Newman—Elaborate black-and-white drawings on canvas inspired by biblical texts; 10/18–1/18. Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Brookdale Center, 1 W. 4th St. (674-5300).

Barry Ratoff—Drawings and sculptures made of white plastic and aluminum that transform everyday symbols of optimistic innocence into statements on sadness and loss; through 11/8. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753); Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Visions of Light and Air: Canadian Impressionism, 1885–1920," with paintings by Bannerman, Bruce, Carr, Cullen, Read, others; through 12/17.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-7088). An exhibition curated by H. Christopher Luce that examines the relationship between Chinese calligraphy and abstraction, featuring hanging scrolls, albums, and hand scrolls from Luce's own collection that date from the Ming Dynasty (1368–1644); through 12/21.

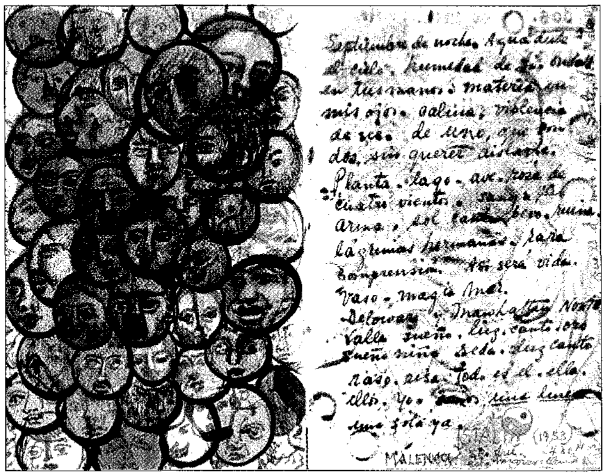
Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "The View Inside—Interiors in American and European Art" features paintings and works on paper from the late-nineteenth through the mid-twentieth centuries, by Avery, Frieseke, Hassam, Hopper, Matisse, Porter, Sargent, and others; through 11/18.

Jordan-Volpe—958 Madison Ave. (570-9500). "Ash-Can to Abstraction: American Selections, 1900–1950," with works by Ault, Dickinson, Hartley, Henri, Marin, Marsh, Prendergast, Shahn, Stella, and others; through 11/11.

Marymount Manhattan College—221 E. 71st St. (517-0634). "Coming to Form: British and Australian Artists in New York," with paintings by Jayes, Moore, Nichols, Thomson; sculpture by Tribe; through 11/11.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). Nineteenth-century paintings and watercolors of architectural interiors and views of architecture by Allom, Bloch, Carr, Grimshaw, Trautschold, others; through 11/25.

Spanish Institute—684 Park Ave. (628-0420). Works by more than 70 twentieth-century American printmakers who were influenced by Picasso; on loan from the collection of Reba and Dave Williams; through 11/18.



In Print **Kept under lock and key at her house in Mexico for some 40 years, Frida Kahlo's private journal, now transformed into the visually stunning *The Diary of Frida Kahlo: An Intimate Self-Portrait* (Abrams; $39.95), with an introduction by Carlos Fuentes, records the last 10 years of the artist's outsize life through her watercolors, poems, thoughts, and dreams.**

Photograph © Trustees for the Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo Museums/Abrams.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Selected projects from 1981 to 1995 by Anderson, Baechler, Byron, Hafftka, MacDonald, Vital; through 11/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). An exhibition surveying the career of the controversial city planner and builder Robert Moses (1888–1981), featuring artifacts, photographs, manuscript materials, project models, architectural renderings, and engineering drawings and proposals; through 12/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Social Realist works made in Russia and Germany between 1920 and 1940, by Arntz, Grosz, Heartfield, Kollwitz, Overbeck-Schenk, Wegner, and others; through 11/4.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). "Referencing Mondrian No. 1," with works from the thirties and forties by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoygne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Harry Holtzman, and Charmion von Wiegand, all of whom were associated with Mondrian during his New York years; through 11/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Crossing Borders: The Myst," with works by Amico, Fuss, Mach, Toda; through 11/18.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Pierced Hearts and True Love: A Century of Drawings for Tattoos"; through 11/11.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transfers," with paintings by Andersen, Arvan, Beattie & Davidson, Glantzman, Seward; through 11/11.

Miller—59 Grand St. (226-0166). Recent paintings by Texas artists Bruno Andrade, Michael Lathrop, and Betty Mobley; through 11/12.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Raw" features works created in a casual, slapdash, irreverent way by Apfelbaum, Bloodgood, Diao, Landers, McCarthy, Moylan, Pensato, Schumann; through 11/11.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Works by Florine Stettheimer and by 24 contemporary artists who have been influenced by that artist's unique mix of fancy, theatricality, and autobiography, among them Barney, Gorey, Greene, Howland, Kaplowitz, Levinthal, Pittman, Sigler, Warhol; through 11/4.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). A photographic installation by Stefan Roloff titled "Pence Springs Resort"; an installation titled "Objects From the Dying Salon," by James Elaine; and an interactive video installation by Darrin Martin; through 11/9.

Other

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.–Sat. 10–6. "Tell Everyone," the gallery's inaugural exhibition, features works by Brown & Murphy, Frankland, Gunning, Owens, Rayne, Rough; through 11/11.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Plane/Structures" looks at the legacy of the light-and-space movement through the works of two generations of Los Angeles–based artists, among them Chang, Corse, Gilbert-Rolfe, Hayward, Larber, Thurston, Toon, White; through 11/19.

Photography

Merry Alpern—Photographs that document the activities in the bathroom of an illegal downtown sex club; 10/19–11/25. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Eugene Atget/Walker Evans—Anonymous views of Paris and its environs by this photographer (1857–1927) whose works were admired for their unmediated clarity/Images of American life from the thirties. Through 11/25. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Louis Baltz—Maquettes of his large-scale urban installation pieces in Vienna, Paris, Luxembourg, and other locations, and Cibachromes of proposed works; 10/21–11/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Blum Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Photographs by Joel Meyerowitz, Richard Leslie Schulman, Eve Sonneman; through 11/4.

David Byrne—Photographs of religious artifacts, shop-window displays, hotel and airport rooms, and other subjects specifically chosen for their mundaneness; 10/21–11/22. Cristinrose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Feeling the Spirit: Searching the World for the People of Africa by Chester Higgins Jr."; "Bogota Fragments: Photographs by Bastienne Schmidt"; through 1/8/96.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "The Garden of Earthly Delights: Photographs by Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe"; "Pleasures and Possibilities: A Selection From the Permanent Collection"; "His Bedroom: An Installation by Dale Kistemaker"; through 11/26.

Len Jenshel and Diane Cook—A collaborative project by this husband-and-wife team who have traveled to Hawaii, Yellowstone National Park, and Mount St. Helens to photograph volcanoes in color (Jenshel) and black-and-white (Cook); 10/19–11/25. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Tina Modotti—Photographs taken between 1923 and 1929, when she was living in Mexico, including portraits, street scenes, documentation of Mexican murals, and a photo essay on the puppeteer Luis Bunin; through 11/4. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Margaret Morton—The photographer's latest subjects—members of a community that resides in an underground railroad tunnel—continue her ongoing project of documenting dwellings that New York City's homeless have created for themselves; through 10/31. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

John O'Reilly—Two series of photographs, including "Occupied Territory," black-and-white Polaroid collages that combine portraits of German soldiers taken from a World War II photographic album with images of nude male bodies lifted from homoerotic magazines from the fifties, and "Dance of Death," a series of narrative collages in which Picasso, Hitler, and Jesus are protagonists; through 11/25. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

William Wegman/Mark Klett—The artist's first group of altered photographs since the seventies illustrates his Weimaraners engaged in various whimsical activities/Panoramic vistas of the Southwest displayed with a selection of objects the photographer found in the desert; 10/19–11/18. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Fragmented Images." Recent works by the photographers S. A. Bachman, Hope Sandrow, and John Schlesinger; through 11/18. . . . "James Balog: *Anima*"; through 11/18. . . . "Hiromitsu Morimoto: Recent Works"; through 11/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Craft in the Machine Age 1920–1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; 10/19–2/25/96. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"To the Ends of the Earth: Fossil Discoveries From the American Museum of Natural History"; through 12/10. . . . "Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5); through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Seen and Imagined: Japanese Screens From the Idemitsu Museum of Arts"; 10/18–1/17/96. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6–8 free) , Sun. 12–5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts— "Zhang Hongtu: Material Mao"; through 1/14/96. . . . "Prisoners"; through 1/14/96. . . . "Under the Hunter's Moon by Alyson Pou"; through 1/14/96. . . . "Dear Robert , I'll See You at the Crossroads: A Project by Renée Stout"; through 1/14/96. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3; $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Leon Polk Smith: American Painter"; through 1/7/96. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8/96. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; 10/20–3/24/96. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4/96. . . . "More Room for a View: Large-scale Works on Paper"; through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Picturing the Middle East: A Hundred Years of European Orientalism." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, watercolors, sculpture, and photographs that were inspired by Middle Eastern culture; through 1/27/96. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23/96. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23/96 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23/96. . . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23/96. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"English Reproductive Prints in the Frick Collection." A selection of English mezzotints that were collected by Henry Clay Frick in the early 1900s; through 10/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology." Approximately 200 of the artist's most important drawings, collages, and sculptures from 1958 to the present; through 1/14/96. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin." Works from the sixties through the late eighties in the museum's collection; through 11/30. . . . "Dieter Appelt." The first retrospective of works by this German photographer; through 11/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Symbol and Substance in Japanese Lacquer: Lacquer Boxes From the Collection of Elaine Ehrenkranz"; through 1/14/96. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890–1990"; through 1/28/96. . . . "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman; through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Rembrandt/Not Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by Rembrandt and by his seventeenth-century followers and imitators; through 1/7/96. . . . "John Singleton Copley in America." Before the artist left America to live in England in 1774, he was already widely admired for his paintings, 60 of which constitute this exhibition; through 1/7/96. . . . "Goya at the Metropolitan." The museum's entire collection of the Spanish artist's drawings, prints, and paintings; through 12/31. . . . "River of Gold: Precolumbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4/96. . . . "French Drawings of the Sixteenth Century From the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris"; through 11/12. . . . "Pages of Perfection: A Trove of Islamic Painting and Calligraphy From St. Petersburg, Russia"; through 12/31. . . . "Swords Into Ploughshares: Military Dress and the Civilian Wardrobe"; through 11/26. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art"; through 10/15. . . . "Annenberg Collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings"; through 11/30. . . . "Modern Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/29. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Jackson to Lincoln: Democracy and Dissent"; through 1/7/96. . . . "Fantasy and Reality: Drawings From the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection"; through 1/7/96. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Paris Modern: The Swedish Ballet 1920–1925." The avant-garde dance company is recalled in drawings, costume and set designs, posters, and photographs; through 1/13/96. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642); Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous"; through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Norwegian Folk Art: The Migration of a Tradition"; through 1/7/96. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"AMANAPLANACANALPANAMA: An Installation by Luis Camnitzer"; through 1/7/96. . . . "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas: Recent Paintings and Drawings by José Morales"; through 1/7/96. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Piet Mondrian." An exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections that emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern, abstract artist and surveys the time he spent in Paris (1919–38), London (1938–40), and New York (1940–44); through 1/23/96. . . . "Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George." Photographs taken by Stieglitz at his family's summer home at Lake George, New York; through 1/2/96. . . . "Light Construction." More than 30 recent projects by architects and artists from eleven countries that reveal a new interest in transparency and translucency; through 1/2/96. . . . "Annette Messager." The first museum retrospective devoted to this French artist who uses the fragmentation of images and language to explore issues of identity; through 1/16/96. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings"; through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; through 11/5. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"; through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind." The first exhibition pairing the works of Norway's turn-of-the-century masters, including some 140 paintings, drawings, and prints from the 1890s through 1910; through 1/14/96. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11:30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 senior citizens, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Temporarily Possessed: The Semi-Permanent Collection." An exhibition of artworks acquired by the museum since its founding in 1977; through 12/30. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (free 6–8), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Perspectives on New York: Selections From the Map Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 11/7. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6/96. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25/96. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3/96. . . . "Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life; through 11/5. . . . "Picassoid: Collection in Context"; through 12/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Terry Adkins," through 1/5/96. . . . "Altered and Irrational." A segment of the museum's larger exhibition at its main branch (see above); through 1/5/96. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3676), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thur. until 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1119). 10/18 at 10, 2, and 6: "Silver." On view from 10/13. 10/21 at 10 and 2: "American Furniture, Folk Art, and Decorative Art." On view from 10/18. 10/23 at 10:30: "Jewelry." On view from 10/17. 10/24 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Magnificent Jewels." On view from 10/21.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1119). 10/18 at 1: "Americana." On view from 10/14.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 10/18 at 10: "Important 17th- and 18th-Century English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 10/14.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver." On view from 10/12. 10/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Comics." On view from 10/14. 10/23 at 10:15 and 2 and 10/24 at 10:15: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 10/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/19 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 10/14.

Steve Martin...Uta Hagen...Improv

Opening

Modern Times

Steve Martin makes his New York playwriting debut this week with 'Picasso at the Lapin Agile,' a deadpan comic fantasy about modern art, the theory of relativity, and Elvis. At the Promenade (2162 Broadway; 239-6200).

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Fool Moon—A revival, by master clown Bill Irwin and his somewhat less well-known but equally talented colleague David Shiner, of their wordless, magical, and wholly enthralling 1993 Broadway hit. (Silence has rarely been quite this golden.) If you missed it before, don't make the same mistake twice. $39.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/21 for a 10/29 opening. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Hello, Dolly!—Over four decades, everybody's played her, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 'Hello, Dolly!' remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing. currently having a high old time in the—good heavens—thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/19; through 1/7. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs 30 mins.*

Patti LuPone on Broadway—Songs, dances, and snappy patter, executed with near-dizzying virtuosity by a performer who does more with one microphone than many of the hypertrophic musicals currently on Broadway do with Disneyland-appropriate complements of technology. $15–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 11/18. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Spoonbread and Strawberry Wine—A return engagement, following its successful run earlier this year, of Norma Jean Darden's two-character play about family history—a good-natured congeries of reminiscence, poetry, recipes, cabaret, and snacking. With Ms. Darden and Jou Jou Papallier; directed by Josh Broder. $30. Wed–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 10/18; opens 10/21. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Swinging on a Star—A revue featuring the songs ("Misty," "Pennies From Heaven") of Johnny Burke, perhaps best known as Paramount's in-house lyricist for Bing Crosby. $45–$60. To 10/22: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Thereafter, Mon–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/22. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

The Tempest—$20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/1 opening; through 12/31. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—If you're *determined* to be a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman, where better to do it than between-the-wars Paris? (The thing is, the East Village doesn't have that Eiffel Tower deal.) Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini's and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners, in which gender is bent, dress is crossed, and Love Conquers All. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/25 opening. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Company—In 1970, it was recognized within days of its opening as an instant classic, one of the three or four quintessential New York musicals. This fall, the Roundabout Theatre presents Stephen Sondheim's breakthrough work, in which he first mastered his signature trick of rendering the jangled rhythms of modern urban neurosis into word and music, in its twenty-fifth-anniversary (and first-ever Broadway) revival. $67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 12/3. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of sisters Sarah and Elizabeth Delaney. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Remak Ramsay, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Dana Ivey, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Moon Over Buffalo—With three major female stars (including Julie Andrews and Carol Channing) who owe their careers to early triumphs on Broadway returning to the New York stage this fall after various prolonged absences, it seems like Old Home Season in the theater district these days; the first to arrive is Carol Burnett, who hasn't been seen there since George Abbott's 1964 *Fade Out—Fade In,* by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green. In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Talent

Bard With a Beat

"Who the hell is George Wolfe?" composer Carlos Valdez wanted to know. He'd never heard of the New York Shakespeare Festival's artistic director, and knew little more about Shakespeare himself. After impressing Wolfe last year with the Cuban–Puerto Rican score for Oliver Mayer's *Blade to the Heat,* though, Valdez was asked by the director to read *The Tempest.* (After a successful run this summer in Central Park, Wolfe's debut as a Shakespearean director is currently in previews at the Broadhurst Theatre on Broadway, opening on November 1 and continuing through the end of the year.) "I said, 'Ugh. You have to be kidding,' " Valdez, 42, recalls. He'd worked as a jazz sideman for most of his life, touring and paying the rent with the occasional ad jingle ("Ooh, la-la, *Sassoon*"). After a little coaxing, however, the hyperanimated percussionist signed on to co-compose, with Dan Moses Schreier, the score for Wolfe's Caribbean-flavored production. The sound Valdez came up with isn't easy to describe—"One reviewer called it calypso, and it's not," he says—but combine an evening at S.O.B.'s and the drumming bucket boys down in the subway, and you'll have the idea. This *Tempest* utilizes instruments of which Andrew Lloyd Webber has probably never even heard: the didjeridu, windwands, even a set of 35 hand-carved rosewood Brazilian bird whistles that Valdez snagged at Drummers World for $500. Playing them onstage with the actors, Valdez has found that improvisation links theater more closely to jazz than he'd originally thought. "Patrick [Stewart, who plays Prospero] is different every day," he says. "Occasionally you have to push him. But when he's really into it—you just *erupt.*" MICHAEL GOLDSTEIN

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; Rebecca Luker; Hugh Panaro; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. Most important of all, she can sing. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile.* It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Crocodiles in the Potomac—Wendy Belden's loss-of-innocence play about three young adults is set, with appropriate ironies, during the Watergate period. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/19; opens 10/23; through 11/12. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (765-1706).*

Full Gallop—In the thirties, both E. B. White and S. J. Perelman poked literate fun in famous *New Yorker* casuals at her *Harper's Bazaar* "Why Don't You?" column; Kay Thompson's wicked high-energy takeoff of her in Stanley Donen's 1957 *Funny Face* ("Think Pink!") is still one of the delicious high points of film parody. Now comes Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show (written with Mark Hampton) portraying Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented contemporary fashion. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 10/18. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Model Apartment—An elderly couple's Florida retirement is disrupted first by their schizophrenic daughter and her homeless boyfriend, then by their own memories of the Holocaust, in Donald Margulies's new drama. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/24; through 11/12. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Monogamist—Opening Playwrights Horizons's twenty-fifth-anniversary season is Christopher Kyle's satirical take on ethics in academia, extramarital-sex division. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Beginning previews 10/20 for an 11/9 opening; through 12/3. *Wilder Theater at Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Moonlight—Harold Pinter's new play stars Jason Robards as a civil servant reviewing his life as its end approaches. With Blythe Danner, Paul Hecht, and Kathleen Widdoes; directed by Karel Reisz (*The French Lieutenant's Woman*). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 1. Opening 10/17; through 11/28. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Mrs. Klein—$32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 10/24; through 1/14. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Murder at Minsing Manor: A Nancy Boys Mystery—Having put Shakespeare, Wagner, and Dashiell Hammett (among others) through the wringer with its patented brand of cross-dressed camp deconstruction, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company finally feels it's ready to take on *real* cultural icons—Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys. The farce by Michael and Richard Simon (which is also the troupe's debut production at their new home) stars the company's artistic director Everett Quinton as grande dame "Glory Holden"; it's directed by Chuck Brown. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opening 10/24. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue South (239-6200).*

New England—Over the past decade, the playwright Richard Nelson (*Some Americans Abroad, Principia Scriptoriae*) has taken as his more-or-less abiding theme the part-funny, part-darkish things that happen when American culture meets up with its British counterpart. This, his latest script, looks in on a family of English expatriates gathering in Connecticut upon the death of their father. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 10/17 for a 11/7 opening. *City Center Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Northeast Local—A drama by Tom Donaghy about a blue-collar family struggling to keep itself together as American culture, in the sixties and beyond, collapses about it. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Anthony La Paglia, Eileen Heckart, and Terry Alexander; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/29 opening. *Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—$40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 10/22. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Riff Raff—Actor Laurence Fishburne (*Apocalypse Now, Boyz n the Hood*) is the writer, director, and star of this one-act drama about a drug addict and two of his friends, holed up in a Lower East Side apartment following a botched heist. $25–$35 in previews; $35–$45 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/18 for a 11/1 opening. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (239-6200).*

Salome—Oscar Wilde's *fin de siècle* redaction of the biblical story (heavy on the lust and obsession) in which the title character, inflamed by anger at John the Baptist's denunciation of her mother's divorce and remarriage, dances the Dance of the Seven Veils to win his head on a platter. Emphasizing the stylized, chantlike character of Wilde's bejewelled lines, Steven Berkoff's bare-stage production presents the story being enacted for an equally dissolute crowd of thirties cocktail-party types. $25–$50. 10/17 at 7, 10/18–21 at 8, 10/21 at 2. *Majestic Theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (307-4100).*

Onstage

A Stage, a Rubber Chicken

Script? No, thanks: The Freestyle Repertory Theatre, one of New York's oldest improv groups, makes each performance up as it goes along, in successive evenings keyed to sports, fortune-telling, and Broadway musicals. See listings.

Zombies from the Beyond—A musical spoof of fifties science-fiction B-movie classics. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Opening 10/23. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDoughal St. (254-5076).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Dangerous Corner—An early example of J. B. Priestley's dead-perfect ear for the characteristic rhythms and vocabulary of English evasion. The Atlantic Theater Company's production is directed by David Mamet (working out of his New York base of operations), who also knows a thing or two about using language to conceal. $10–$32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

A Doll's House—It's 116 years since she first walked out on Torvald, but Nora is still slamming that door. The Pearl Theatre Company's production of the Ibsen classic is directed by Grey Johnson. $16–$22. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/21. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Endgame—Samuel Beckett, laughing through the tears with the help of such devices as ladders, alarm clocks, telescopes, pain-killers, and bug-killers. (No wonder the author loved Buster Keaton.) With Kathleen Chalfant (*Angels in America*), John Seltz, Alan Manson, and Irma St. Paule; directed by David Esbjornson. $10–$27. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/29. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Funnyhouse of a Negro/A Movie Star Has to Star in Black and White—The first production of the Signature Theatre Company's Adrienne Kennedy season is a double bill of two short plays written by the series's subject in, respectively, 1964 and 1976. *Funnyhouse* is a surrealist take on being young, black, and female in sixties America; *Movie Star* is about what happens when an aspiring young writer is seduced by the siren call of Hollywood. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *Shiva Theatre at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Garden District—An evening of two one-acts by Tennessee Williams—*Something Unspoken* and *Suddenly Last Summer*—presented under the umbrella title they shared in a paired 1958 production. With Elizabeth Ashley, Jordan Baker, and Myra Carter; directed by Theodore Mann and Harold Scott. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Photograph by Monica Hayes.

Previews

Dramatic Analysis

At the Lucille Lortel (121 Christopher Street; 239-6200), Uta Hagen (left)—still going strong after close to 60 years on the New York stage—stars in *Mrs. Klein,* Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple Melanie Klein.

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Jean Cocteau Repertory—As both the starting point of the contemporary theater and, arguably, modern literature's preeminent metaphor for life in the twentieth century, Samuel Beckett's 1953 masterpiece **Waiting for Godot** has suffered more than its share of trivial and gimmicky interpretations. Eve Adamson's more straightforward approach emphasizes the structural and musical aspects of the language of the playwright—who was, as he liked to remind people, an heir to Mallarme. It's currently being presented in rotating repertory through 11/10 with **Nathan the Wise**, running through 12/3—the drama by G. E. Lessing, one of the founding documents of the European Enlightenment. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Mathew in the School of Life—The title character in Obie-winning composer-performer John Moran's latest piece of "electronic musical theater" is, variously, an angel, an android, and a Christ figure. (He's also played by three actors, which helps.) The dystopian science-fiction fantasy (is there any other kind of sci-fi fantasy these days?) runs through 10/29. $12–$20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Moscow Stations—Tom Courtenay, seen here earlier this year in Circle in the Square's *Uncle Vanya,* returns to New York with this one-man show based on a novel by the Russian author Venedikt Yerofeev, in which he plays a disaffected Gogolian intellectual hallucinating his way through the Brezhnev era. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Night Just Before the Forest—A one-man play by Bernard-Marie Koltès, performed by David Weynand. $15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *Ubu Repertory Theater, 15 W. 28th St. (679-7562).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $10–$15 kids, $20–$25 adults. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Sin—Wendy MacLeod's farce about an aerial traffic reporter whose disorientation far above the hills of San Francisco is caused by more than height. With Kelly Coffield (of Fox's *In Living Color*). $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Songs for a New World—A musical revue by Jason Robert Brown. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/5. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, and Derek Smith; comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) has recently replaced Sarah Jessica Parker in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, recreates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Bad Language—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/22. *Bos Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (726-8833).*

Banjy Pussy Raging—$7/TDF. 10/18, 25 at 7:30; 10/20, 21 at 10:30. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Beyond Therapy—The play by Christopher Durang. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Burn This—$10/TDF. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/28. *Amuse America, 599 Broadway, Fifth Floor (636-9211).*

Freestyle Repertory Theatre—$15 every night except Thur., when admission is free. Thur.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Opens 10/20; through 11/19. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202).*

Heartbreak House—$12. 10/12–14, 17–21 at 8; 10/15, 21 at 2. *Fool's Company Space, 311 W. 43rd St., Floor 8 (330-6852).*

The Heather Woodbury Report: What Ever—$12. Through 10/28; call for detailed schedule. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Hunting Humans—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/28. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (473-4473).*

Like Two Eagles—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 11/5. *Jewish Theater of New York, 55 Mercer St. (925-2349).*

Love, the Greatest Enchantment / The Golden Bird / La Dispute—$15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 7, 10/22 at 3. Through 10/22. *Annex Theater at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Nixon's Nixon—$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/21. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Two, Nikita—A new play by Jeffrey Hatcher, author of last season's "Three Viewings". $15; $10 students/seniors. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/29. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (627-7292).*

Waiter, Waiter—$12. Thur.–Sun. at 8; added performances 10/25 at 8, 10/22, 29 at 3. *66 Wooster Street (966-9290).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

restaurants

Manducatis...New Côte...Bean Book

Manhattan

Lower New York

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.lli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Seasonal Stalks

For two weeks only—their entire growing season—cardoons, the spiky Italian thistles with mildly bitter, artichoke-flavored stems, add crunch and flavor to pastas and salads at Pó (31 Cornelia Street).

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch, and for dinner, the bankers on their way uptown, offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

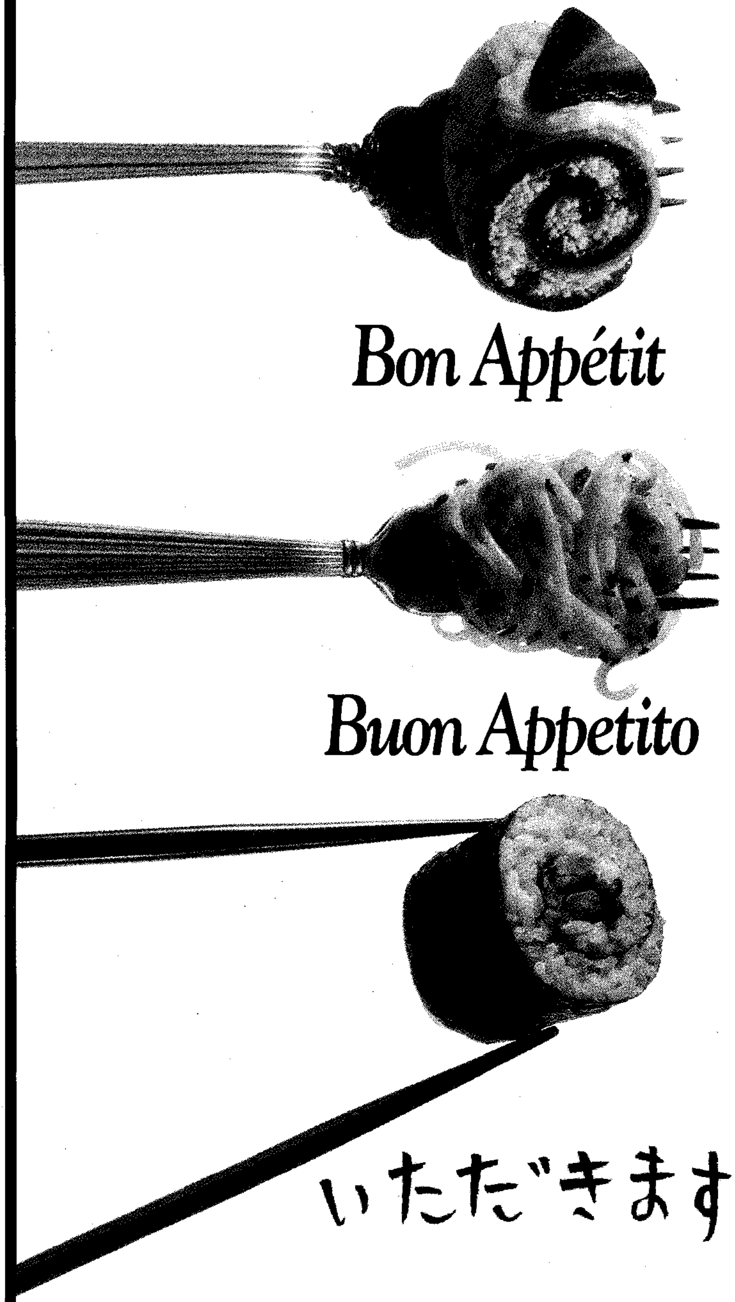
Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.



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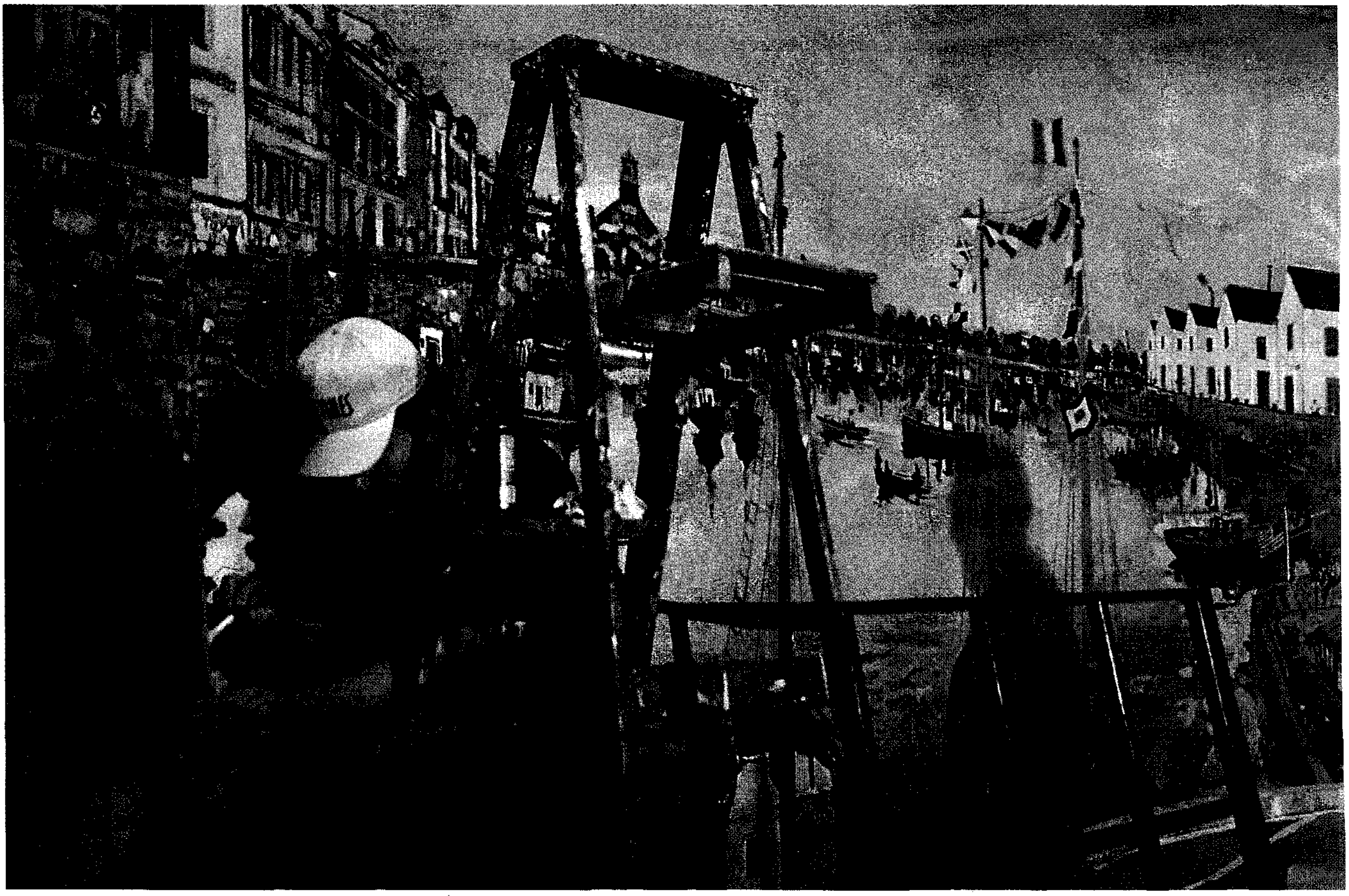


Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Asti—This Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo and Maine lobsters. This week, help celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Elephant & Castle—This eclectic American restaurant moved from SoHo to NoHo, but the menu still offers such favorites as steak frites with Szechuan sauce, honey-charred chicken, and its famous Caesar salad. *6 Bond St. (254-9604). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera-singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

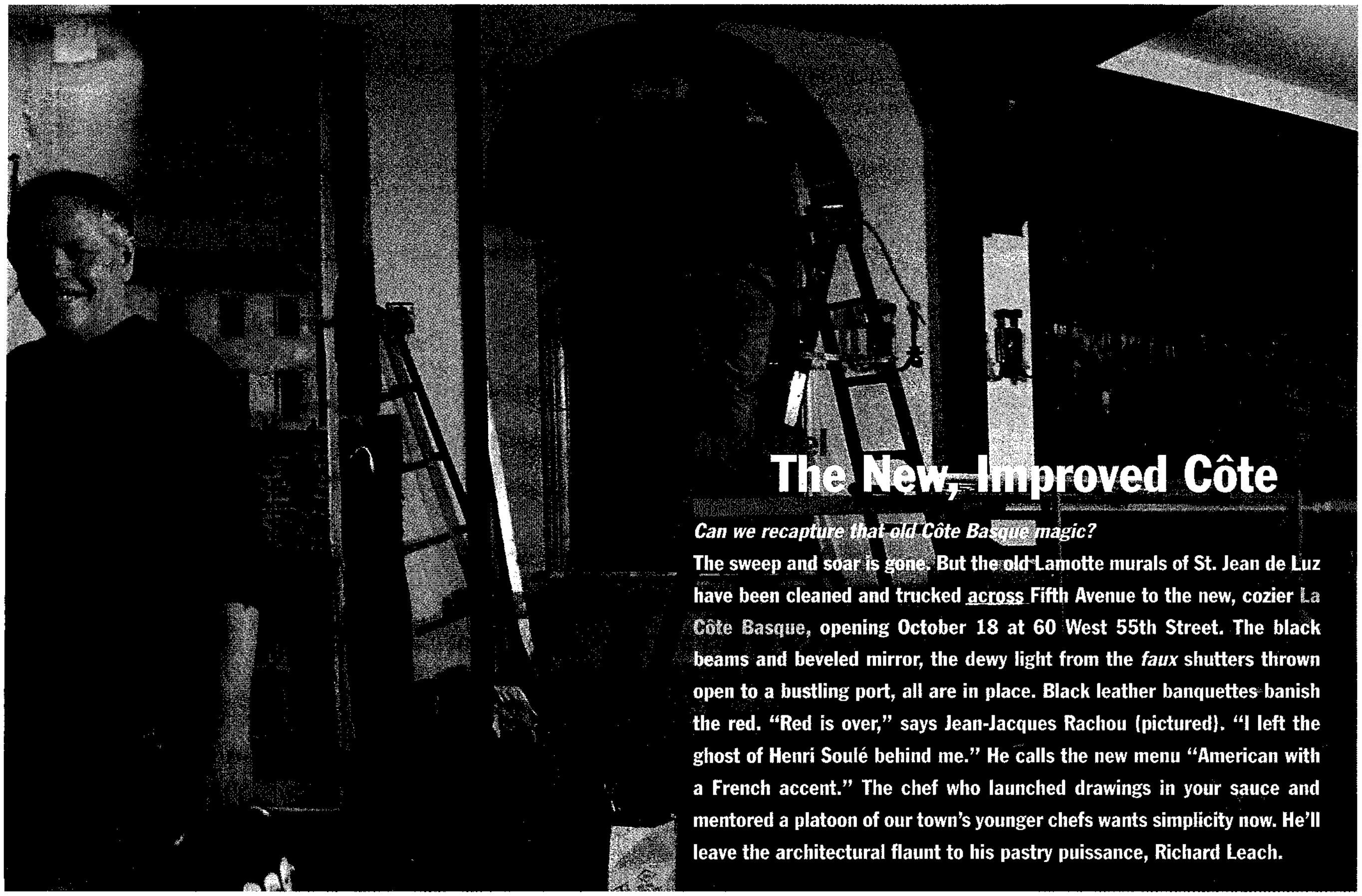
Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Rex Miller.



The New, Improved Côte

Can we recapture that old Côte Basque magic?

The sweep and soar is gone. But the old Lamotte murals of St. Jean de Luz have been cleaned and trucked across Fifth Avenue to the new, cozier La Côte Basque, opening October 18 at 60 West 55th Street. The black beams and beveled mirror, the dewy light from the *faux* shutters thrown open to a bustling port, all are in place. Black leather banquettes banish the red. "Red is over," says Jean-Jacques Rachou (pictured). "I left the ghost of Henri Soulé behind me." He calls the new menu "American with a French accent." The chef who launched drawings in your sauce and mentored a platoon of our town's younger chefs wants simplicity now. He'll leave the architectural flaunt to his pastry puissance, Richard Leach.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Lola—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings, but the kitchen also does a fine job with more ambitious dishes like roasted halibut with horseradish whipped potatoes, lamb chops, and Thai paella. Check out the Sunday gospel brunch. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam—A contemporary, elegant midtown setting for nouvelle Chinese. Try savory renditions of standards like Peking duck or such original creations as Grand Marnier prawns and squab soong. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this southwestern grill and dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and like to dance. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Pietro—A popular midtown Southern Italian, with a comprehensive menu and a chef who renders fine renditions of fish, pasta, and wild game. *18 E. 54th St. (753-9015). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most

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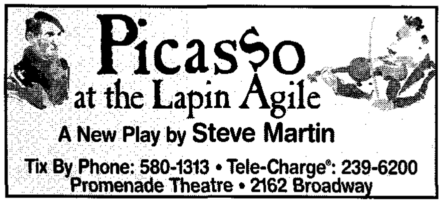

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imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trump Tower Café—Light Italian cuisine to replenish energy expended shopping in this gilded emporium. Salads, pastas, sandwiches, and risotto served on two garden terraces five floors up. *725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (754-4450). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE; CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Felissimo Tea Room—A new take on department-store dining, with a "haiku tea" and tarot-card readings on the top floor of a turn-of-the-century townhouse. *10 W. 56th St. (956-0082). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

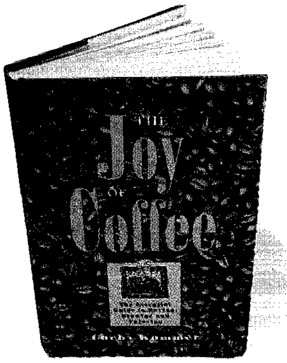
'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The coun-



In Print **In *The Joy of Coffee, New York* contributor Corby Kummer decodes "romantic, meaningless" espresso-bar lingo and waxes obsessive (and definitive) on every aspect of home brewing, from bean-buying to perfecting cappuccino *crema*. He ponders decaf, praises the manual-drip method, makes sense of roasting nomenclature, and shares his personal biscotti recipe.**

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

try's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for kids and grownups, with a toy-strewn foyer and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Object of Desire
All-Américain

The return of comfort food like meat loaf makes it easier to relinquish summer, and Etats-Unis's pork-and-veal version, with prime-rib trimmings and a tangy roasted-tomato sauce, injects a dose of Mom-style soul into the Upper East Side. (242 East 81st Street.)

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Dakota Bar & Grill—Casual, contemporary American with creative renditions of standard dishes like herb-grilled chicken with roasted garlic sauce, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin seed brittle, and grilled salmon with a green-horseradish-and-honey glaze. Award-winning wine list and an excessively long bar. *1576 Third Ave., nr. 88th St. (427-8889). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Fork University—Eat at this restaurant's benefit events, like cigar dinners, wine tastings, and singles evenings to support a good cause: financial aid for low-income students at city colleges. Lamb salad, seaweed, and curried coconut fish soup are indicative of the menu's range. *1490 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (988-5300). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten

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doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

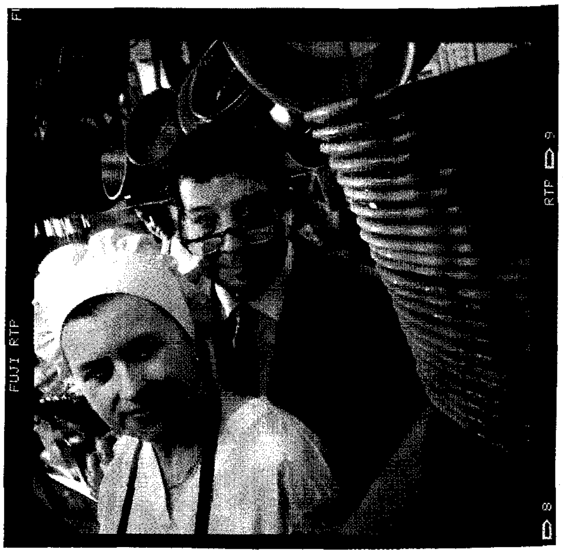
Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Institution
Family Affair

One of my chef friends—a huge fan of the Long Island City Italian restaurant Manducatis (13-27 Jackson Avenue)—made me wait until the summer was over to eat my first meal there. That's when owners Ida and Vincenzo Cerbone (below) would be back from their annual two-month trip to Lazio. Then he wanted me to wait another month, until Ida finished bottling all 1,500 jars of her own tomato sauce (made with fruit picked on a cousin's upstate farm) and putting up all the peppers, eggplant, and artichoke hearts she'll use throughout the year. Only then, he explained, could she concentrate on the rustic cooking and elegant specials—like stuffed rabbit, and salmon soaked in Armagnac—that attract a passionate following to this barren, mostly industrial stretch of Long Island City.



With its nondescript façade and tiny red neon sign, Manducatis has become something of a secret retreat for celebrities willing to be in Queens without a flight to catch (lately, Christy Turlington—who ate everything—and Kiefer Sutherland) and a stable of prominent New Yorkers (Tony Bennett, Ed Koch). Ida and Vincenzo's son Joseph makes wine for the restaurant at the family vineyard in Cassino, south of Rome, which is also where Vincenzo gets his private-label unfiltered olive oil. For regulars, the menu is superfluous; Ida sends out platters of luscious stuffed peppers, homemade pasta, a perfectly grilled piece of veal, some garlicky greens. And it's hard to get her to stop; after all, *manducatis* is Latin for, roughly, "You guys eat."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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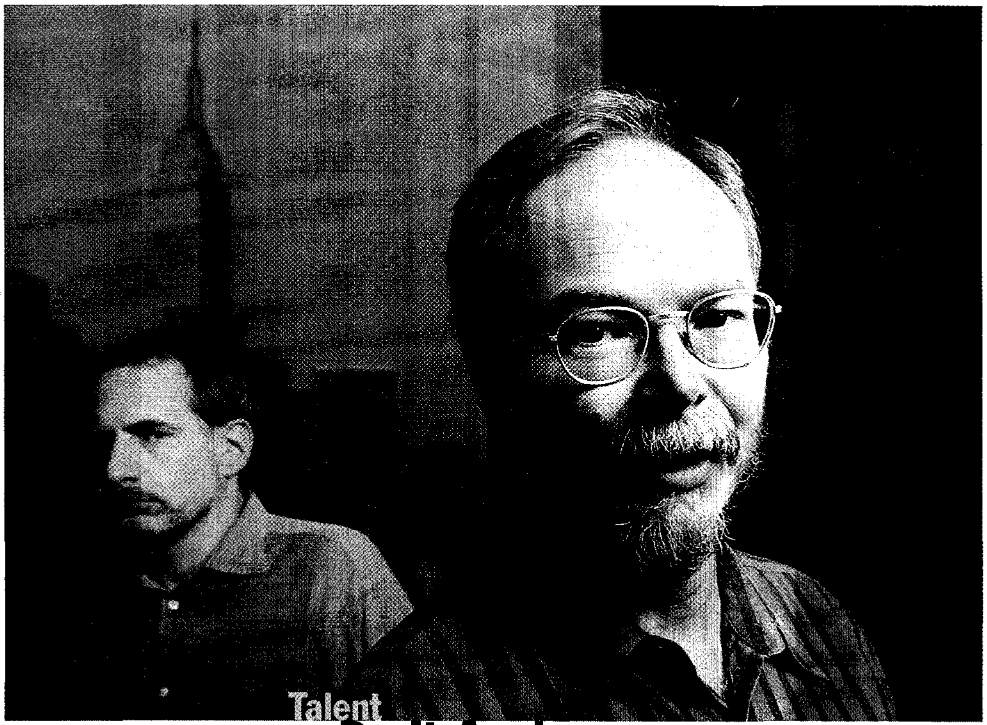


Talent

Do It Again

Cryptic, ostentatiously intelligent, and cultish, Steely Dan (Roseland, October 21–22)—the jazz-rock superstars of the seventies—are back. This week they release the concert record *Alive in America*—their first in fourteen years—and they've got a studio album scheduled for 1996. Unlike other classic-rock monoliths, the Dan has remained contemporary. "We're sampled all the time," says co-leader Donald Fagen (left). His partner, Walter Becker (right), grins. "The royalties aren't bad." Otherwise, the nineties hold little appeal. "Just saw Neil Young with Pearl Jam," says Becker. "Sounds ridiculous." To be fair, though, their own oeuvre is also being reconsidered. "We don't sing "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" anymore," confides Fagen. "No one remembers what the lyrics meant."

Roger D. Friedman

Concerts

Marianne Faithfull—Like fellow sixties survivor Ray Davies, Mme. Faithfull reemerged with an autobiography, in her case the less literarily ambitious *Faithfull: An Autobiography.* The tough-talking vet rarely hides behind conceit or contrivance and the spacey ambience of her recent *A Secret Life*—courtesy of David Lynch conspirator Angelo Badalamenti—hardly masks the directness of her songs. She's sure to share some fairly vivid, off-the-cuff reminiscences onstage as well. 10/23 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $28.50.*

Kitaro—Japan's own Vangelis, a master of sweeping soundscapes and airy meditations, Kitaro shuns the title "New Age," for his preferred term, "spiritual." He nearly deserves the distinction. Kitaro's music does ably incorporate Japanese instruments and harmonic surprises, and he seems possessed of a genuinely searching and tranquil temperament, if not the best P.R. smarts. His latest offering, a live record, is titled *Kitaro—An Enchanted Evening.* He plays 10/20 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$50.*

KMFDM—Germany's own kingpins of industrial-rock. With Life Of Agony and God Lives Underwater. 10/18 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland. $15.50.*

International Concert for Peace—This concert—in celebration of both United Nations Day and the National Week Without Violence—features Odetta, Stephen Chun-Tao Cheng, Julie Holtzman, Horatio Laguna, and choirs from the U.N. and the YWCA, and will *not,* we hope, include a stirring rendition of "It's A Small World After All." 10/18 at 6:30 P.M. *YWCA, Lexington Ave. and 53rd Street. (755-2400); $6 and $10.*

Ana Gabriel—The Mexican chanteuse commands the throngs of admirers slightly lonelier after the tragic death of her countrywoman, tejano queen Selena. 10/21 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th Street and Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Elton John—10/17–10/20 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171). Sold Out.*

Steely Dan—10/21–10/22 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200). $35.*

Tito Puente—The salsa king kicks off the six-month celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Abrons Arts Center. 10/25 at 7 P.M. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (598-0400); $10 and $15.*

Shirley Bassey—10/24 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $30–$60.*

Clubland

Academy—Enjoy the last few months of this wonderful rock venue. Soon new owners will convert it back to a musical theater. 10/18: Big Head Todd and the Monsters. 10/19: Ray Davies. 10/20-10/21: Sonic Youth; the fiery improvisational instrumental trio from New Zealand, the Dirty Three. 10/24: Jonathan Richman. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Bottom Line—The Roches—Terre, Suzzy, and Maggie—sing the lovely, strange, and often tortured songs on her new *Can We Go Home Now.* Always highly recommended. They play 10/21. 10/25: The always warm and blissful husband-wife duo of Tuck Andress, a funky, supremely innovative jazz guitarist, and his deep-voiced, gracious wife Patti. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Local heroes Chavez play with secret supergroup Butter, featuring the women of Cibo Matto and Russell Simins, drummer of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion on 10/20. 10/21: Their visuals—including a stunning, bald, black frontwoman named Skin—make Brits Skunk Anansie perfect for the flashy dystopia of the film *Strange Days,* in which they appear. Their audio is rather less futuristic: crisp thrash-rock, powerful, pleasantly generic singing, and commentary on such shopworn topics as TV evangelists. Still, they're probably quite an experience in the flesh. 10/23: American Music Club's bard of back-alley existentialism, Mark Eitzel. 10/24: Jim Lauderdale. 10/25: Chris Knox; Cibo Matto. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 10/18: San Francisco's delightful, nearly visionary avant-pop combo, The Mommyheads. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. 10/20-10/21: James Cotton. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light,

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Lynn Goldsmith/LGI.

moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 10/17: Tuesday night's ambient D.J. salon "The Egg." *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 10/23-10/28: The often experimental, frequently charming singer Jane Siberry. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Southern Culture on the Skids, a shticky indie-rock band whose lead singer sounds like post-punk bluesman Jon Spencer doing a rockabilly thing, plays 10/16. Hardly revelatory, but great fun after a few beers. 10/17–10/18: Reggae firebrand Burning Spear celebrates his fiftieth birthday. 10/21: Into Another; Seaweed. 10/23: A "Peter Tosh Day Celebration," with Black Uhuru and others. *17 Irving Place. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Sweating and bellowing on the bandstand, guitarist James Blood Ulmer doesn't strike one as the most avant-minded of artists. But his collaborations with jazzfolk like Oliver Lake and David Murray—plus the Ornette Coleman imprimatur of "harmolodic"—have marked Ulmer as one of the most influential jazz guitarists of the eighties. Lately, he's become something of a neo-Hendrix, fronting a bristling, highly-amplified trio and singing with a bluesy voice. But since even New Music mavericks like Lamont Young trace concepts like microtonalism back to the work of that mad experimentalist Robert Johnson, it makes sense: It's all, as they say, really the blues. He leads his Music Revelation Ensemble here 10/20–10/22 and 10/24–10/26. 10/23: David Murray Big Band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—As if the Smiths weren't campy enough, England's Gene have to nudge, deliquesce, and telegraph the irony in their drenchingly melancholic songs. The quartet boasts unbeatable pop hooks and the glammy arena riffs of guitarist Steve Mason. But when the fey, foppishly mopey Martin Rossiter warbles like Morrissey's butch-er little brother, the band reads as a sort of Smithsmania, an archer, more calculated take on suburban English disaffection that has little of Morrissey's phlegmatic soul or his own deft touches of self-parody. But since the Smiths have broken up . . . They play here on 10/24. *Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850).*

Maxwell's—England's beloved 16-year-old post-punk outfit the Mekons hold forth with country-schooled authority. In addiction to a warm blending of timbres, singers Jon Langford and Sally Timms also boast, hands down, the best banter in rock and roll. Mekons shows are somewhere between prayer meetings and encounter-group sessions and never, ever disappoint. They play 10/17. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Jim Lauderdale is an overlooked treasure whose soulful voice recalls Al Green, John Lennon, and Hank Williams—the kind of mix that, beautiful as it is, tends to land its owner between the cracks of marketing. Lauderdale's new *Every Second Counts* is excellent, however, in whatever bin you find it. He plays here 10/17. 10/18: Ian Tyson. 10/20: Bailter Space. 10/21: Jill Soubule. 10/23: John Hiatt. 10/25: High Plains Drifters, featuring the newly displaced *Saturday Night Live* guitarist G.E. Smith. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 10/23: The Antihootenany with Lach. 8 PM. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 10/17: "The Caribbean Jazz Project" with Paquito D' Rivera, Andy Narrell, and Dave Samuels. 10/18-10/19: Gil Scott Heron and the Amnesia Express plus the newest diva of spoken word, Dana Bryant. 10/24-10/26: Argentine tenor-sax star Gato Barbieri. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 10/22: the Beautiful South. *240 West 47th St. (496-6583).*

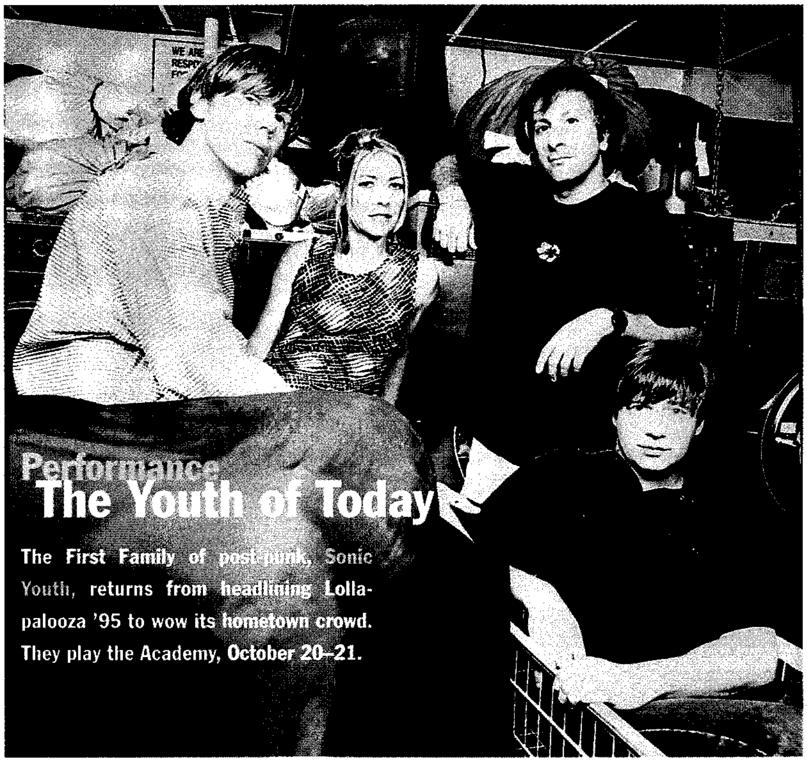
Tramps—10/17: Shawn Colvin. 10/19: "4th Annual Peter Tosh Benefit Birthday Celebration" with Andrew Tosh, Worl-A-Girl, Oku Onoura, and the Tamlins. 10/20: NRBQ. 10/21: Once the darker half to Tanya Donnelly (her 90210-ish bandmate who went on to form Belly), Throwing Muses leader Kristin Hersh specialized in knotty, serpentine melodies and fragmented, deftly poetic lyrics. Perhaps that's why she followed up her stark solo album by reforming the Muses as a trio—taut, telepathic, able to follow the twists and turns of her voice and guitar into arty psychedelia without losing focus. 10/21: Lunachicks. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 10/21: Baba Olatunji and his Drums of Passion; The Piamenta Band. 10/22: Babes in Toyland; Ash. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. 10/24: The graceful chanteuse Valerie Litchfield leads a trio. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—While Kitaro holds forth at Carnegie Hall, Andreas Vollenweider—the Harpo Marx, or perhaps Richard Simmons, of New Age—commands this big-budget jazz club. Is that curious marketing niche "Adult Contemporary" at last taking over the world? Vollenweider is harmless enough, and his harp improvisations are euphoniously diatonic. Still, some troubling movement seems afoot. He plays here 10/17–10/22. 10/24-10/29: Lionel Hampton and The Golden Men of Jazz. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*



Performance

The Youth of Today

The First Family of post-punk, Sonic Youth, returns from headlining Lollapalooza '95 to wow its hometown crowd. They play the Academy, **October 20–21.**

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dali with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 10/10–10/15: Terence Blanchard Quintet. 10/17–10/18: Jimmy Heath Big Band. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 10/18-10/21: Pianist Steve Kuhn, bassist Steve La Spina, and drummer Billy Drummond. 10/22: Vocalist Carol Fredette. 10/25-10/28: Pianist Ronny Whyte and Bassist Linc Milliman. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—A feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 10/17-10/22: Benny Golson Quartet. 10/24-10/29: Kenny Barron Double Piano Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 10/17-10/22: Margaret Whiting. 10/24-10/29: The cabaret ace and performing wonder Nancy LaMott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/17-10/22: The Pharoah Sanders Quartet. 10/24-10/29: The Harold Ashby Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa

Photograph by Michael Lavine.

Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. 10/5–10/8: Robert Schimmel. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 10/16–10/22: Rick Scotti; Quentin Heggs; John Rizzo; Brian McFadden. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club — 10/21:"Urban Jewish humor" with Barbara Dworkin and Eddie Hagar. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 10/20–10/21: Todd Barry; Lee Frank; Al Martin. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit-and-miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Sidewalk Cafe—10/25: "Performance Comedy with some Assembly Required" featuring Michael Eck, Sam Camus, and Robert Mainwaring. 8 P.M. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Through 10/27: Jeff Ross; Kevin Brennan; Ron Gallop; Gregg Rogell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The San Francisco-based singer Weslia Whitfield brings her distinctive blend of jazz and blues to the Oak Room for six weeks. Through 10/21. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30, pianist Peter Mintun plays pop classics from the twenties through the forties. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Currently headlining at this cozy boite on the corner of Central Park through 10/28 is the singer Betty Johnson, who has chosen it to open her new act "Soft Lights and Sweet Music." She'll be joined in several numbers by her daughter Lydia Gray. Tues.–Sat. at 9: $20, no minimum. Following that, dancing continues on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 10 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. There's a $10 music charge in the bar for Landis alone; no charge for staying on after Johnson, however. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F.illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat. from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. *New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave. (888-7000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Amanda McBroom, the L.A.-based singer and songwriter perhaps best known as the author of the title ballad for Bette Midler's film "The Rose," returns for her second engagement here this week. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thur. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000)*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, jazz vocalist and trombonist Pete McGuinness performs a salute to the music of George Gershwin and Chet Baker. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Tatou—Lainie Kazan, performing songs from her new, mostly jazz album, *Body and Soul.* $25 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri. and Sat. late show, $30 Sat. early show. Tues–Fri. at 9, Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 10/28. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor" is the theme, and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 East 14th St. at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Bowery Bar—Still the It bar, apparently. Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall—subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Preview

Old Clubs Never Die

When Sound Factory closed back in February—thereby joining the ranks of other fetishistically mourned great New York dance clubs (Studio 54, Paradise Garage, the Saint)—the usual end-of-an-era pronouncements were made. As it turns out, however, the death of the Factory has spawned three new versions of the club. On November 4, the former Sound Factory space at 530 West 27th Street will become Twilo, which, unlike its predecessor, will serve alcohol, won't enforce quite as snotty a door policy, and—most significantly—is licensed to stay open all night long (this was the sticky issue that put the old SF out of business). Phil Smith, one of the founding Factory partners, is Twilo's front man, and music will be provided by a rotating lineup of big-name spinners—the most anticipated of whom is Tokyo sensation Satoshi Tomiie, who incorporates live keyboard tinkling into his mixes.

Not everyone is upbeat about this reincarnation. "I think it's terrible to reopen the Factory space—some things should just rest in peace," huffs Junior Vasquez, the *Über*-D.J. who made his name at that club and now plays exclusively at the Tunnel (220 Twelfth Avenue), where, he insists, revelers "think *this* is the new Sound Factory." One person who might disagree is club owner Richard Grant, who is currently in the process of building the *actual* new Sound Factory at an address he won't disclose for fear of espionage on the part of rival nightlife promoters. That Grant owns nothing more than the rights to the Factory name is fine by him. "People call me all the time saying Junior's sold out," claims Grant, who is scoping out "fresh young talent" for his club, due to open early next year. "Junior's so emotional. I told him, 'You do your thing, let Phil Smith do his thing, and in the end, the crowd will decide.' " JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

Photographs by Tina Paul.

in concert

Nine Songs...Temple *Temps*...Dresden Boys

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 17

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra—Playing works by Grieg, Vaughan Williams, and Mozart. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$50.*

Alan Gampel, Pianist—Performs a program of Bach, Schumann and Chopin. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $10–$25.*

Wednesday, October 18

Juilliard Orchestra—Perform Diamond, Prokofiev, and Janáček; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; $7–$15.*

Thursday, October 19

Anne Timpane, Organist—Performs works by Bach, Vierne, and Franck. *St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-1540), at noon; free.*

New York Philharmonic—"Symphonic Cinema: Immigrant Composers in Hollywood"; John Mauceri, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Celebrate Opera—Empire State Opera presents an evening concert featuring Licia Albanese and Edmund Karlsrud, among others. *Ansche Chesed Synagogue, Upper Auditorium, 100th St. and West End Ave. (865-0600), at 8; $15–25.*

Friday, October 20

New York Philharmonic—See 10/19.

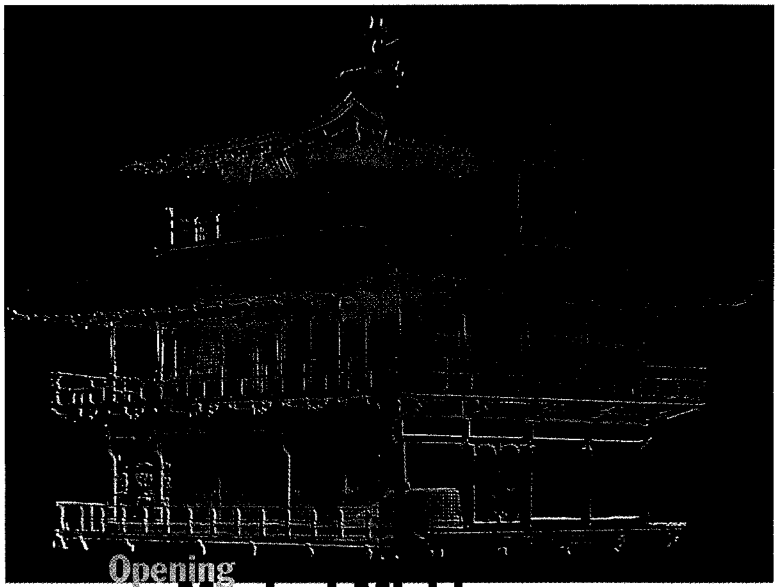
Arcata String Quartet—Performs Mozart, Ravel, and Schubert. *Hubbard Recital Hall, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Borromeo String Quartet—Perform Schubert's *Quartet in D Major* and *Cello Quintet in C Major. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

Songs of the Norwegian and Northern European Landscape—Soprano Anne-Lise Berntsen performs later romantic and contemporary music, with pianist Pamela Pyle. *National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), at 8; $14, reservations required.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Opening

Musical Mishima

Yukio Mishima's novels combine high melodrama, bizarre philosophy, ritual, and unrequited love—ideal material for opera. So Toshiro Mayuzumi had the right idea when he transformed 'The Temple of the Golden Pavilion' into 'Kinkakuji,' New York City Opera's latest production. NYCO general director Christopher Keene, who died last week (see "Classical Music," page 63), translated the work. See listing.

Saturday, October 21

Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal—Performs works by Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Chausson, and Ravel; Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/19.

Sunday, October 22

Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal—Performs works by Berlioz, Beethoven, and Martinu; Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $13–$60.*

Aeolian Chamber Players—Perform works by Debussy, Brahms, and Witold Lutoslawski. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

Dresden Cathedral Choir of Boys—This German choir will also perform at the U.N.'s fiftieth-anniversary celebration. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. (432-0705), at 3; free.*

New York Wind Soloists—"Paris: A Moveable Feast," a concert of French favorites. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 7; $12.*

Monday, October 23

Maurizio Pollini—The pianist performs the third of his seven-concert Beethoven cycle. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $13–$60.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *Aïda*, 10/17 at 8, 10/20 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 10/18 at 8, 10/21 at 1; Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 10/19 at 8, 10/21 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000), at 7; $23–$137.*

New York City Opera—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 10/17 at 8; Mayuzumi's *Kinkakuji*, 10/19 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 10/20 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 10/21 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 10/21 at 1:30; Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, 10/22 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. 10/21 at 7:30, 10/22 at 2:30. *Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $12.*

Dance

Nine Songs—BAM presents the Cloud Gate Dance Theater of Taiwan. 10/18 at 7, 10/20 and 10/21 at 8. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $25–$75.*

Paul Taylor Dance Company—World premiere of *Offenbach Overtures* and other classic pieces. 10/17 to 10/21 at 8, 10/21 at 2, 10/22 at 3 and 7:30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $15–$45.*

Maria Benitez Teatro Flamenco—Presents a new production of Manuel de Fall's 1915 dramatic opera *El Amor Brujo*. 10/17 to 10/21 at 8, 10/22 at 2 and 7:30. Through 10/29. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Bingo Bizarre—The 1995 Artists Advisory Board's benefit performance, featuring works by David Dorfman, Iréne Hultman, and Ralph Lemon. 10/21 at 7. *St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-8194); $15–$25.*

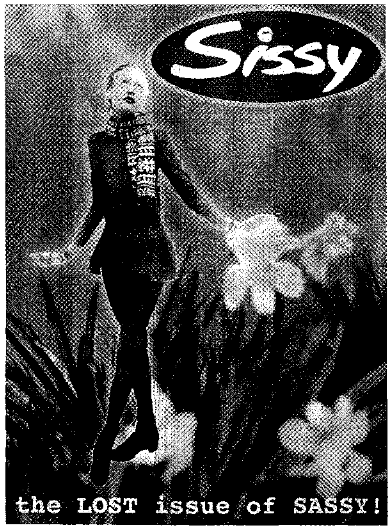
Doris Humphrey: A Centennial Celebration—On 10/21, performance of works by Humphrey, Jose Limon, Charles Weidman. *LaGuardia Concert Hall, 64th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (924-0077), at 6 and 8:30; $12.* On 10/22, a lecture-performance by Ernestine Stodelle titled "A Timeless Legacy." *La Guardia High School, main floor, 64th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (924-0077), at 2; $12.*

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Performing the Ailey classics *Isba, Streams,* and *Escapades*. 10/21 at 8, 10/22 at 3. *Queens Theater in the Park, Corona Park, Flushing Meadows (718-760-0064); $18.*

The Hi-Tops—Young musicians play jazz, R&B, and novelty tunes. 10/22 at 8; doors open at 7 for free dance lessons. *Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (696-9737); $12.*

the mix

Barn Raising...*Home* Remedy...*Sissy*


Sissy
the LOST issue of SASSY!

One Shot

A Very *Sassy* Web Site

When Peterson, publishers of *Teen,* bought the financially foundering *Sassy* last year, they laid off nearly the entire New York–based staff and scrapped their last issue. Among the dejected was Richard Wang, a 23-year-old medical student, e-zine editor, and *Sassy* fanatic who had, fortuitously, struck up an online friendship with *Sassy's* former creative director, Mary Clarke, at the time of the takeover. Their e-mail relationship led to *Sissy,* Wang's online paean to what he calls "old-school *Sassy.*" Wang relied on crappy third-generation Xeroxes to re-create stories from the "missing" issue: a spread on *Sassy*-intern-turned-*Kids*-star Chloe Sevigny as Edie Sedgwick, Ru Paul's zit tips ("Do not pop it. Scarring, sweetie, scarring"), and a disturbing prepubescent tale from Evan Dando that hints at his forbidden love. Download it before Wang gets sued. http://www.youth.org/zines/blair/sissy.

CHARLES RUNNETTE

John Leonard's Television Notes

What Darwin Never Saw (10/18; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) is described for us instead by Bill Kurtis, who takes "The New Explorers" to the Galapagos Islands, where he finds thirteen different species of finch, with thirteen distinctive beaks, all of them having evolved in a single human lifetime, which would seem to play fast and loose with the slower theories of evolution.

Tails You Live. Heads You're Dead (10/18 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) refers mysteriously enough to a dice game at a bar, where Ted McGinley finds out that Corbin Bernsen is not only a serial killer, but also intends, for reasons it takes far too long for anybody to figure out, to make Ted himself his next target. Tim Matheson, who also directed, signs on to save Ted's bacon, as this week's unlikeliest private eye with a flattop haircut. There are scorpions, too.

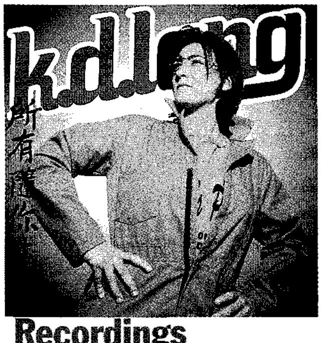
Homicide: Life on the Street (10/20 and 10/27; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) returns for a new season, with a two-parter about arson and murder, but without Ned Beatty and Daniel Baldwin, who've been wittily dispensed with by involving them in the scandalous behavior of those New York cops who got naked and ugly, down and dirty, at a D.C. police convention. Andre Braugher's Pembleton resents Reed Diamond's Kellerman, a workaholic arson detective who not only begs to differ with Pembleton's take on a frustrating case, but also bums his cigarettes. Only so-so.

Down Came a Blackbird (10/22 and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) stars Laura Dern as a journalist who was kidnapped and tortured in a nameless Latin American country; Vanessa Redgrave as a survivor of the mercies of the Gestapo, who runs a therapeutic retreat for victims of such brutality; Raul Julia as another patient at this retreat, who reads Rilke and keeps his secrets; plus, among others, Cliff Gorman, Sarita Choudhury, Jay O. Sanders, Jeffrey DeMunn, and Falconer Abraham. It's a remarkable cast—Julia, who was dying, seems to look at us from the other side, with mixed feelings; Redgrave has the serene gravity of the sacred stone of Ka'aba—and a serious attempt at thinking out loud about guilt and shame and abomination. It's also listless, as if reluctant to get to the surprise ending, knowing it will never satisfy our need to know. It still seems to me less contrived than Dorfman's *Death and the Maiden,* either on the stage with Glenn Close, or on the screen with Sigourney Weaver. The best treatment I know of this awful subject is Alberto Manguel's 1991 novel, *News From a Foreign Country Came.*

The Surrogate (10/22; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) asks co-ed and aspiring artist Alyssa Milano to believe that Connie Sellecca and David Dukes are putting her up rent-free in a quaint cottage and footing her bills at college out of the goodness of their hearts, so why not carry to term for them the child they can't have? Little does she know, of course, this engaging twit, that Connie is not who she says she is, didn't do what she said she did, won't speak to either of her mothers (one of them Polly Bergen), and has Alyssa under 24-hour electronic surveillance. Although I miss Connie's comic touch, this one musters some genuine suspense.

Edison's Miracle of Light (10/23; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) continues its *American Experience* season with the latest from documentarian Matthew Collins, who produced *Telegrams From the Dead, Insanity on Trial,* and *Sins of Our Mothers: The Story of Emmeline.* We are expertly returned to Menlo Park, New Jersey, in 1878, back when Edison's first name was Thomas instead of Consolidated. We are on our way to bad news for gas stocks, as well as to the electric chair. If Tom's behavior leaves something to be desired, he's a paragon compared with Westinghouse and General Electric, both of which still have something to do with television.

Deceived by Trust: A Moment of Truth Movie (10/23; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) would have us buy the unlikely notion that Stepfanie Kramer, who was Fred Dryer's tough-as-nails detective partner on the *Hunter* series, would put up for a minute with the strong-arm tactics of a pudging gray-haired bullyboy like Michael Gross, even if he happens to be principal of the high school where she happens to be a guidance counselor. He is also molesting the female students. Teaming up with a labor lawyer (Conor O'Farrell, a fresh face with some welcome energy), Stepfanie will visit the Bureau of Social Services, the Board of Ed., the local fuzz, and, finally, the local scandal sheet, before she gets some action. Dee Dee McCall would have wasted him.



Recordings

Lover Girl

No longer pop's Patsy Cline Jr., the wonderful k. d. lang steps into high-gloss sophistication with her breathless, sensual new album, *All You Can Eat* (Warner Bros.). She's not talking buffet, folks.

Radio Highlights

Jewish Short Stories—10/19: "The King," by Isaac Babel, read by Jeff Goldblum; "Gimpel the Fool," by I. B. Singer, read by Eli Wallach. 10/26: "My First Goose," by Isaac Babel, read by Alan Rosenberg; "A Stranger," by I. B. Singer, read by Elliot Gould; "The Loudest Voice," by Grace Paley, read by Rhea Perlman. At 7 P.M.; WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Symphony Hall—10/17: Brahms's *Academic Festival* Overture, Opus 80; and Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 5 in D. 10/18: Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E flat and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 in c, Opus 17, *Little Russian.* 10/19: Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 in D, Opus 25, *Classical,* and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 in G, Opus 58. 10/20: Stravinky's *Scenes de Ballet* and Ives's Symphony No. 4. 10/23: Lortzing's *Zar und Zimmermann*: Overture, and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 in a, Opus 56, *Scottish.* 10/24: Berlioz's *Les Francs Juges,* Overture, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D, Opus 36. 10/25: Bizet's Symphony in C and J. Strauss Jr.'s *Emperor Waltz*, Opus 437. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—10/17: Thomas Mallon on his novel *Henry and Clara*; Natalie Robins on *The Girl Who Died Twice*, about the Libby Zion case. 10/18: Julia Phillips on *Driving Under the Affluence;* Evan Thomas on *The Very Best Men.* 10/19: H. Christopher Luce, who curated the exhibit, "Abstraction and Expression in Chinese Calligraphy;" Adam Raphael on *Ultimate Risk.* 10/20: Jonathan Kozol on *Amazing Grace.* 10/23: Mark Pollizotti on *Revolution of the Mind*; James Shreeve on *The Neanderthal Enigma.* 10/24: Restaurateur Sirio Maccioni of Le Cirque; designer Geoffrey Beene. 10/25:

Elinor Burkett on *The Gravest Show on Earth;* Dr. Ethel on *By Force of Fantasy;* David Herbert Donald on his book *Lincoln.* Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—10/21 at 1: Ponchielli's *La Gioconda.* With Maria Callas, Fiorenza Cossotto, Irene Companeez, Ivo Vinco, Pier Miranda Ferraro, Piero Cappuccilli, Leonardo Monreale, Carlo Forti, and Chorus of La Scala. Antonio Votto conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—10/21 at 10 P.M.: Artist Wendell Minor talks about his book *Art for the Written Word: Twenty-five Years of Book Cover Art* with novelist William Martin, author of *Cape Cod.* Dave Litfin columnist for the *Daily Racing Form* tells about his book *Dave Litfin's Expert Handicapping: Winning Insights Into Betting Thoroughbreds.* The actor Larry Linville, formerly Frank Burns on TV's *M*A*S*H* talks about his Off Broadway role in *Travels With My Aunt.* Freelance author Mark Schone talks about the comeback of southern chain gangs. WOR, 710 AM.

Sunday Night Opera House—10/22 at 8: Lehar's *The Merry Widow.* With Bryn Terfel, Barbara Bonney, Boje Skovus, Cheryl Studer, Rainer Trost, Uwe Peper, Karl Magnus Fredriksson, Heinz Zednik, and the Monteverdi Choir. John Eliot Gardiner conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Shopping
Heywood Heaven

This weekend, you don't have to haul out to Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn to view the gorgeously restored vintage furniture collected by the owners of City Barn; the store has a lobby spot at the Sanford Smith Show (call 777-5218). But a glimpse of the wares is likely to send you out to survey the entire stock of Heywood-Wakefield originals: It's easily the most comprehensive selection in any borough, and also among the least expensive. *362 Atlantic Avenue; 718-855-8566.*

The Written Word

Rebecca Goldstein—10/17 at 7:30: Shakespeare & Co., 81st St. and Broadway. (580-7800); free.

Adrienne Rich—10/17 at 8: The feminist writer appears at the 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 nonmembers.

Denise Duhamel and Tracie Morris—10/18 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Edwidge Danticat—10/18 at 8: Rutgers Student Center, Graduate Student Lounge, College Ave. (908-932-8029); free.

Nick Flynn, Marie Howe, and Jean Valentine—10/19 at 7:30: Barrow St. Readings/Greenwich House Arts, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 nonmembers.

Carlos Fuentes—10/23 at 8: 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 nonmembers.

All-Girls Tour—10/20 at 7 P.M.: Heather Lewis reads from *House Rules;* Catherine Bush reads from *Minus Time;* Lynne Tillman reads from *Haunted Houses;* Ann Rower reads from *Armed Response.* This marks the start of the tour that will send these four authors through the major cities of the East Coast and California. Limbo, 47 Ave. A (741-8500); free.

Readings from *After Yesterday's Crash: The Avant-Pop Anthology*—10/20 at 10:30: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Kurt Brown, Brooks Haxton, Grace Schulman—10/22 at 3: Civic Center Synagogue, 49 White St. (362-2548); $7 sugg./$5 students.

Kenneth T. Jackson—10/24 at 7:30: Reading from *The Encyclopedia of New York City.* Shakespeare & Co., 81st St. and Broadway. (580-7800); free.

Melissa Pritchard and Rick Moody—10/22 at 7 P.M.: KGB, 85 E. Fourth St. (505-3360); free.

Sarah Shulman—10/24 at 7 P.M.: A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Umberto Eco—10/30 at 8: 92nd St. Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 non-members.

James King on Virginia Woolf—10/22 at 11 A.M., 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $15 members/$10 non members.

Amy Tan—10/29 at 8: 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Sports

Blowout 2—With or without Dan Marino, who has been sidelined with an injury, the Miami Dolphins would be hard-pressed not to repeat their opening-day blowout of the hapless gang green. Sun, 10/22, at 1.

(Black &) Blue—The Giants have a bye this week, which affords Reeves, Brown & Co. a chance to lick their wounds and to assess the breakout season that never was.

Rangers—Mon., 10/16, at 7:30 vs. Hartford; Tues., 10/17, at 7:30 at Islanders; Fri., 10/20, at 7:30 at Buffalo; Sun., 10/22, at 7 vs. Ottawa.

Islanders—Mon., 10/16, at 6 at Florida; Tues., 10/17, at 7:30 vs. Rangers; Fri., 10/20, at 7:30 vs. Montreal.

Devils—Tues., 10/17, at 7:30 vs. Edmonton; Thurs., 10/19, at 7:30 vs. Detroit; Sat., 10/21, at 7:30 vs. Ottawa.

Herman's National In-line Slalom Championship—Organized by the New York Road Skaters Association. On Central Park's West Drive at 67th St., opposite Tavern on the Green Sat., 10/21. Qualifying rounds begin at 9 A.M.; the finals begin at 1 P.M. For registration information, call the NYRSA at 534-7858.

Hoop Jam—A three-on-three basketball tournament, sponsored by *MetroSports* magazine and the New York Special Olympics, held at Hunter College Sat., 10/21. For more information, call 627-7040 ext. 13 or 661-3963.

Lectures and Panels

Conversations with Charlie Rose—10/18 at 8: Rose interviews the author of the bestselling *On the Road With Charles Kuralt* and *A Life on the Road.* 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Paul Theroux—10/17 at 8: The renowned travel writer will talk about the places that have informed and inspired his work. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

In Print ***Home,* a collection of thoughtful essays by such writers as (left to right) Henry Louis Gates Jr., Jane Smiley, and Kathryn Harrison does not need an artfully planned publication party, and it won't get one. Instead, Pantheon employees will commemorate its arrival by renovating, with the help of Habitat for Humanity, a Brooklyn brownstone that two single-parent households will soon call home.**

Panacea or Pandora's Box?—10/17 at 7: A colloquy exploring the issues raised by the rise of managed care; a panel will discuss the benefits and drawbacks of the managed-care model of health-care delivery. Ethical Culture Building, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6846); $10 members, students, and seniors, $20 all others.

Elie Wiesel—10/19 at 8: "The Fascination With Jewish Tales: The Obsession With Learning." 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Anna Deavere Smith and Gloria Steinem—10/22 at 8: 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

The End of the Roman Holiday—10/24 at 6:30: Tibor Kalman has returned to the States after a two-year hiatus in the Eternal City, where he served as editor-in-chief of the global magazine *Colors.* He will talk about his current and past preoccupations with media, magazines, and global issues in design. Call the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum at 860-6898 for further information; $15.

Online

Reverse the Aging Process On Your Face—Rachel Perry, an expert in the area of skin care chats with Prodigy members: 10/16 at 10 P.M.

Ask Nancy—The editor of *New York*'s Strictly Personals Section will dispense advice on finding the perfect mate, avoiding imperfect mates and how to tell the difference. On *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, *go* NYMAG: 10/18 at 9P.M.

Dick Cavett—Legendary talk-show host and vacuum cleaner afficionado chats on Prodigy: 10/19 at 10 P.M.

Andre Harrell—See the story on him in this issue and chat with him this week on CompuServe *New York* Magazine Online, *go* NYMAG.

Multimedia Magazine's Editors—Chat with editors: Russ Glitman, Donn Menn, and Vince Broady about the news in the Multimedia field. On America Online: 10/20 at 9 P.M.

Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

Photographs: top, Kenneth Chen; bottom left to right, Jery Bauer; Stephen Mortensen; Joyce Ravid.

Kids

Lending a Hand...

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Its Own Reward—**The Big Help** block party is part of a nationwide kids' volunteer drive—sponsored by Nickelodeon—to enlist children to help make a positive difference. The cheerful orgy of mural painting, paper-making, and dog-biscuit baking, with music by City Kids, includes games about conservation and food distribution. Children may wish to commit to lengthier volunteer efforts, and representatives from worthy endeavors in all five boroughs will set up booths to discuss their programs. Bring canned food or books if possible. 10/21 from noon to 4. Pier 17, **South Street Seaport** (walk east on Fulton St.).●●

Group Effort—Many kids have committed to volunteer efforts around the city prior to the above block party (which of course will make the afternoon celebration all the sweeter). Volunteers are still needed at two places: a Prospect Park spruce-up; enter the park at Vanderbilt or Park Circle and follow signs to the Nethermead (register before the day by calling 718-965-8960), 10/2 from 10 to 2; or join **Earth Force and Catholic Big Brothers and Big Sisters** in a Central Park clean-up. 10/21. Meet Earth Force representatives at 9:30 at the West Side entrance to the park between 86th and 87th Sts. to register.●●

Warts and All—A family history program at the **New-York Historical Society** looks at the odd, the gross, and the bizarre in our local past. Find out about how leeches were used, and learn why the governor used to dress like a queen. For ages 5 to 12. 10/21 at 11. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Reserve. ●●

Who's the Scariest of Them All—Bring along old clothes and accessories for a competitive edge in a scarecrow-making workshop. Creations will be judged by their humor, fright value, and lunacy. 10/21 from noon to 3. **The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** Central Park at 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (860-1370). ●●

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

"A Midsummer Night's Dream: The Fairies' Story"—**The American Heritage Dance Company** perform as Titania, Oberon, Puck, and their fairy consorts in a dance inspired by the choreography of Isadora Duncan, with excerpts from Shakespeare's verse and incidental music by Mendelssohn. (The central plotline is a debate over child custody as it occurs in the Shakespeare play.) 10/21 and 10/22 at 3. Theater of the West Side Dance Project, 162 West 83rd St., second floor (332-0842); $5 for children, $10 for adults.

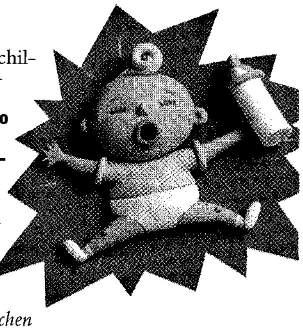
Making It Up—Vent your pent-up directorial abilities at **Freestyle Repertory Theatre**'s "Theatresports," where the actors on competing teams perform according to the audience's bidding. This particular performance format occurs Saturdays at 8 and 10:30, Mondays at 8. Call to find out about other types of improvisational comedy performed by the group. John Houseman Studio Theatre, through 11/19. 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202); $15.

Make a Run for It—Hundreds of 2- to 6-year-old kids put their efforts to a good cause in a sponsored "Pee Wee Race to Deliver" (followed by longer adult races) to benefit **God's Love We Deliver.** All children receive T-shirts and prize ribbons. (Families are encouraged to sponsor children on the short dash.) To register, call the New York Road Runners Club (423-2294). Entry fee is $4.●

New Talent—Plays written by teenagers and selected from nearly 2,000 submissions are performed at the **1995 Young Playwrights Festival.** The plays—*Guyworld, The King, Proof Through the Night,* and *This Is About a Boy's Fears*—are suitable for anyone age 10 or older. Performances are Tues. through Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 with the exception of 10/29, when the performance is at 7. Tickets are $25. (Weekend performances are free through a program called "Take a Grownup to the Theater," which stipulates that a student make the reservation for him- or herself and an adult.) For reservations, call 260-2400 from 1 to 7:30 daily. Through 10/29. Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.

In Line—New York's best in-line skaters slalom and side-surf against Boston's (with some decent skaters from other parts of the country, too). 10/21. See "Sports" listings for further details.●

Haunted Hayrides—Take a spooky, tractor-drawn journey that ends up at a witch's cauldron where, thank goodness, soothing cider and doughnuts are served. By reservation only. **The New York Botanical Garden,** 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-325-8600). General admission is $11.95, $10.95 for seniors, free for children 3 and under.



"Things That Go Bang"—**The Little Orchestra Society** for children ages 3 to 5 is a romp through all-time favorites, including: Kling's *The Kitchen Symphony,* Tchaikovsky's *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy,* and "I've Got Rhythm." 10/21 at 10:30 and 11:45, 10/22 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute/Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100); $32.●

Musical Roots—Mike Seeger, Tracey Schwarz, and John Cohen, who together form the New Lost City Ramblers, have performed traditional American string-band music for more than 35 years and put out twenty albums during that time. Their first performance here in many years is being billed as "An Afternoon With the New Lost City Ramblers" and promises to deliver "a good, clean, family show." 10/21 at 3. (A performance at 8 that includes klezmer and bluegrass mandolin music is geared to adults.) Symphony Space, Broadway and W. 95th St. (864-5400); $20. ●.

Break a Leg—Auditions for children ages 8 to 17 to try out for parts in *Flies in the Soup,* an original musical, are being held 10/21 from 3:30 to 5:30, and 10/25 from 4 to 6. It doesn't cost anything to participate, and you need not have experience, but cast members must be willing to commit to rehearsals five days a week. Performances are scheduled 12/22 through 1/28. TADA! Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732).●

Spooky Stories—The New York Public Library system has come up with a word to describe it all: *Halloweek,* which starts 10/24. Check with your local library for a schedule of scary storytelling at a branch near you.●

Ghostbusters—Paranormal investigators Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis try to rid this very city of pesky spirits. 10/21 at 2. **Walter Reade Theater,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). Tickets are $2.●

Red Light—Free clinics given by Central Park Skate Patrol volunteers instruct both adults and children on how to come to that all-important stop on in-line skates. Volunteers wear red shirts with white crosses. Children ages 6 and up; must wear wrist guards and helmets to participate. Sat. and Sun. from 12:30 to 5:30, weather permitting. At 72nd St., both east and west entrances to Central Park.●

Outer Space—A new interactive CD-ROM on view—on a large screen—at the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum takes viewers wherever their interest leads them amongst rare Soviet footage and 1,300 photographs. Wed. through Sun. 10 to 5 (last admission is at 4). W. 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. (245-0072). General admission is $10, $7.50 for senior citizens and students, $5 for children (ages 6 to 11). The first child under 6 is admitted free; $1 for each subsequent child.

Opening
Circa 1920

The Big Apple Circus's new show, the unfortunately titled "Jazzmatazz," celebrates Art Deco, big bands, flappers, flying machines, and giddiness in general. Opening October 19 at Lincoln Center (268-2500). Tickets are $10 to $48.

CORCORAN'S

October in Manhattan is for festive events. Don your black tie for a benefit at the Met, then on to Café Carlyle to see Bobby Short. The New York Film Festival is another gala that you must not miss. Life in New York offers all the best to you.

Barbara Corcoran—President

TOWNHOUSE

NEW ON MARKET
70s West. TH. Unique opportunity to grow in 4-story limestone! Garden and 2 terraces and flexible layout for live/work. Must see!
Jamie Gottlieb/Cathy Blau 875-2839/2822

EASTSIDE

SCARCE CARNEGIE HILL 6
Park Ave./90s. Classic 6. Perfect layout in F/S prewar. LR plus 2 BRs face Park Ave. Sunny, big FDR, EIK, md's and gallery. Bring the family! Great exclusive.
Jacquelyn Schwimmer 836-1002

TOTAL CHARM
90s./Fifth Ave. 5 Rms. Maisonette with prewar details, Central Park views. 2 BRs, 2 baths, WBFP. Asking $395K. Mt $895! Needs TLC. Exclusive.
Grace Williams 836-1044

BARGAIN-PRICED LUXURY
Park Ave./Carnegie Hill. 2 BRs. Imagine both BRs and big LR facing Park Ave from hi flr. Brand new deluxe EIK. Prewar F/S. 70% financing. Really only $310K! Exclusive.
Jacquelyn Schwimmer 836-1002

CHARM, TRADITION, VALUE
80s East. 8 into 6 Rms. Grand FDR, LR with WBFP and Southern exposure. 2 BRs, 2 baths, double md's, now office and EIK. Excellent condition. $650K. Exclusive.
Sharon E. Baum 836-1036

RESTORED EXCLUSIVE 5
Park Ave./87th St. 5 Rms.Top Park Ave prewar. Detail, South facing, WBFP, 2 BRs, 1 new bath, md's rm/bath and French country windowed EIK. $595K, mt $1,363. 1,300sf.
Elena Pisa 836-1008

SUNNY CORNER 3 BR
145 E 84th St. 5 Rms. All rms face South or West. New kit and lrg open LR/dining foyer. Split BRs and 2 baths. F/S co-op with sun deck. Happy space. $385K. Exclusive
Jacquelyn Schwimmer 836-1002

THE SPLENDOR OF CAMELOT
72nd St Prime. 9 Rms. Light spills over pvt landing, grand salon, FDR, library, 3 BRs and 4 baths plus 4 fireplaces. Excel cond with custom kit, dbl md's and lndry rm. Excl.
Emilie O'Sullivan 836-1028/628-8352-h

SEE RIVER, CITY AND SUN
79th St East. 5 Rms. From very hi flr. Triple mint. Drop LR with balcony, FDR, 2 split BRs, 2.5 baths, many closets. Fine service bldg with garage. $385K. Exclusive.
Marsha Hartstein/Jayne Rubin 836-1012

BEST 2 BR VALUE
70s East. 5 Rms. F/S bldg with garage. Hi flr, separate dining rm, LR with balcony, 2.5 baths. kit with W/D. Glorious views and more! Must see! Exclusive.
Jayne Rubin 836-1012

DUPLEX DELIGHT
70s/Near Lexington Ave. 4.5 Rms./Terr. Amazing exclusive: 2 BRs, 2 baths (steam and jacuzzi), set-back terrace, WBFP, huge EIK and skylight. Buy before Fall rush. Only $430K!
Jacquelyn Schwimmer 836-1002

VILLA IN THE SKY
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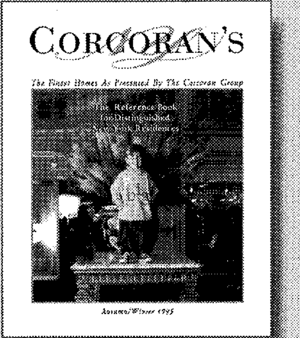
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Man Of Affluence—55, charming and witty, seeks woman of culture and substance, 35-55. Photo/phone please. 3134 ✉ ☎

Outgoing Nice Guy Desired!—Please be over 35 and young at heart, attractive, intelligent, successful corporate type, fun-loving, athletic (golf/tennis a plus). This woman is ready to "play". Photo. 3199 ✉ ☎

Life's Too Precious!—You won't waste time with a very affectionate internationally-known surgeon, low key, playful, old-fashioned romantic guy with good looks, hard body - tall, classy, 30s, high level of humor. You also are a top-class, sincere lady under 36, tall. Note/phone/photo a must for reply. You never know! 3200 ✉

Very—Pretty, thin, great shape, successful professional, down-to-earth Jewish female. Brunette with long natural curls, hazel eyes, great legs. Athletic (sleep-away camp, color war, jock at heart). Outdoorsy (leaves, lakes, camping). Cultural (ballet, opera, art). Warm, sensitive, silly. Seeks same in a man, 37 plus, with boyish looks, wit and charm, who's fun and will dance with me, laugh until he cries with me, explore fine restaurants, theater, movies, and watch Thursday night TV with me. 40, divorced mom of 9- and 14-year-old. Tell me about you. Nonsmoker. Phone/note/photo a must. Happy to exchange. You won't be disappointed. 3106 ✉

All-American Blond—Fit, pretty, with diverse interests - from dancing to the theater to outdoor activities to splashing in puddles - seeks single white man, 30-42, who is fun-loving, caring, athletic, Christian, a dog-lover - and who really likes to enjoy life. No egos or smokers, please. 3115 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful CEO—Italian-American, 40, 5'8", well built, athletic, romantic. Seeking beautiful model - tall, slender, intelligent, sincere, 24-34, for an extremely wonderful relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3177 ✉

What Are You Doing—The rest of your life? Sensuous, creative, very attractive blond, slender yet curvaceous, early 40s, president of Madison Avenue company, spent the past years creating a very successful business but realize there's more to life than my career. Would like to meet a friend/companion/lover to be with always. My interests are varied and range from cerebral to culinary, aesthetic to athletic. I prefer dialogue to cyber-chat, content over form. I write poetry (published), sculpt, am naturally curious, love to explore - museums and galleries. I enjoy city night life as well as country wildlife. My counterpart should be involved as well as evolved, approach life with humor, passion and insight, 45-60, not afraid of romance or commitment. 3208 ✉ ☎

Unwilling To Settle—For less than true friendship and passion. 36, tall, good-looking, brainy, fit, Ivy-educated, world-traveled European/American professional who is romantic, sensual, eclectic, humorous and adventuresome - seeks cultured, bright, vibrant, fun-loving woman with great looks/figure, who is not just beautiful on the outside. Note/recent photo/phone. 3196 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Fit, Fun-Loving Lady—I am a dynamic, diverse, passionate, secure, (914) executive, 31, who loves travel, adventure, laughter plus. I am seeking a strong, balanced, dynamic, modern, well-built, successful, handsome, white Christian man, 30s, for lasting friendship/romance. 3102 ✉ ☎

Warm And Lovable Lawyer—Impossible, you say? Then read on! Late 40s, handsome, divorced, fun-loving, witty lawyer with great sense of humor. Interests include tennis, fine dining, travel, theater, ballet and movies. Seeks warm, bright, pretty, slim, easygoing woman, 40 and under, for lasting love. Note/phone/recent photo. 3174 ✉

Just Curious—This smart, attractive, witty woman with a big heart and a vibrant spirit, wonders if she can find a sincere, intelligent and equally active guy this way. If a fit, Jewish (not religious), tennis-playing, bike-riding skier who's 36, cooks and loves the arts and traveling, appeals to you...maybe it's possible. A note and photo might give us an answer. 3092 ✉

Prescription For Happiness—Sensitive and caring, single, white Jewish male, physician. I am 39, 5'6", slim and good-looking. Interests include reading, bicycle riding, sailing and quiet, intimate dinners. Wish to meet an attractive, slim female, 30-37, with similar interests and temperament. Note/photo/phone. 3112 ✉

Others Describe Me—As truly gorgeous, sexy and incredibly smart. More importantly, I'm very warm, witty, affectionate and definitely a woman of integrity. You are 35-44, who, like me, is comfortable with his Jewish identity, blessed with exceptional professional accomplishment and financial success, yet knows what's truly important in life. Our lives are terrific, fun and fulfilling. All we need to do is meet. 3140 ✉

Petite In Size, With Big Green Eyes—Adorable, sensuous, sweet and sincere - seeks successful, warm, sincere Jewish male, 39-49, for relationship leading to marriage. Photo/note. 3212 ✉

Appearing On Murphy Brown—That's right pal - make sure your recorders are set. I'm a 6'1" businessman, an upper West Sider who enjoys running in the park or dancing around town, and has been compared to royalty: "Prince of Porcelain", would love to meet a female counterpart. Send note and photo. 3187 ✉

Sophisticated, Elegantly Sexy—And very successful in a high-powered career despite being unabashedly feminine, compassionate, honest and very pretty. Thanks to a healthy lifestyle and lucky genes, no one believes I'm 47 (constantly mistaken for 30s). So, please be sophisticated enough to get past my hourglass figure (5'5", 115 lbs), turquoise eyes and blond hair to see the real me: bright, articulate, classy, warm, giving and funny. Seeking these exact same qualities in a high-powered, impeccably dressed (sorry, impeccably dressed is a must), genuinely kind yet unquestionably dynamic man with loads of integrity, who has a great smile, loves to laugh and misses being in a happy, loving relationship. Together we can generate enough electricity to light up a small city. Recent photo appreciated. 3157 ✉

Successful Inventor/Businessman—Attractive, athletic, world traveled, multi-lingual, fun-loving, youthful 50s, seeks meaningful relationship with elite lady who is well-spoken, elegant, refined/cultured, sportive, vivacious, good-humored, with flexible schedule, in 40s, who wants to love again. Photo. 3185 ✉

Successful Fashion Exec—Pretty brunette, 37, 5'7", sophisticated, intelligent, creative, playful, funny, very fit. Looking for kind, communicative, emotionally healthy, successful male counterpart for a committed relationship (30s-40s, nonsmoker). Note/photo. 3164 ✉

Fine Jewish Man—Seeks quality Jewish woman in the 40s to share life. Note/photo please. 3204 ✉

Control Your Destiny—Should our paths cross. Mine: 41, pretty blond female with eclectic interests and a combination of sophistication, sass and sincerity. Seeks you: single, professional, energetic male with a sense of humor, honesty and adventure. 3223 ✉ ☎

Pretty And Curvaceous Woman—Blond, successful, 5'4", 36, looking for a confident, successful, well-educated man (32-42) with a good sense of humor and an optimistic attitude towards life. We are athletic, thoughtful, generous, trustworthy, Christian and marriage-minded, looking for an upscale, balanced life style with great passion and romance. Would like to share outdoor sports (tennis, golf, biking), NYC culture, wine and weekends away. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 3183 ✉ ☎

Come To My Christmas Party!—5'7", beautiful woman, 118 lbs, leggy, perfect size 6, long brown hair, happy, no baggage, Wall Street VP, tennis and golf lover - seeks bright, accomplished, upbeat professional man, tall, fit, 45-55, to celebrate all the holiday seasons to come. RSVP now. Photo/note. 3169 ✉

Laughter, Photo Safaris, Laundry—Share these with warm, creative woman, 44, good looks. Seek man with limber heart and head for march, amble and frolic into future. 3121 ✉

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Fine Female—50, fit 'n' slim, foxy, 'ffectionate, fashionable, fun, financials. Focus: male match, 45-65. 3098 ✉ ☎

Pan Piper?—Composer, 40s, personable, youthful, many talents, seeks lovely, sensitive, culturally literate, arts-loving, unusual woman - professional, 25-50, looking for a different drummer. 3149 ✉

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Demure But Daring RN—Blond, green-eyed, slim and curvaceous, single Jewish female, 33, 5'4", seeks down-to-earth, slim, athletic, intelligent, Jewish professional male, 31-40, for happily ever after. Photo/note. 3170 ✉

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Gay, Romantic Man—47, desires sensual guy. Photo! POB 36, FDR Sta., NYC 10150

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Whimsical Pinstriper—Tall, bearded, fit man, 43, whose passions include ballet, jazz and yoga, seeks ethereal maiden with tender heart, sharp mind and very fit body, for everlasting affair. Photo. 3216 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Vivacious, Adventurous—Professional Jewish female, 36, slim, 5'9", blond, blue eyes. Note/photo. 3193 ✉ ☎

Sensational Blue-Eyed Brunette—Slim, Jewish (you need not be) mom/TV exec, young 40, likes tennis, biking, conversation - seeks stable, upbeat guy. Divorced dads welcome. 3125 ✉ ☎

Blond, Blue-Eyed, 29—Jewish, pretty professional. My likes: good conversation, NYC nights, beach and boating weekends, snow skiing. You: boyish charm, smart, funny, successful, 33-43. Photo/phone, please. 3224 ✉

Dark-Haired, Dark-Eyed—Sexy, lean single white male, likes dancing and dining, seeks white or Latin lady, 25-35, who is lighthearted and light on her feet, por amor. Photo and note required. Testimonial of friends, family and co-workers optional. 3179 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful NJ Physician—38, funny, fit, romantic, sincere, with varied interests, seeks a very pretty, sexy, affectionate professional female for possible relationship. Photo a plus. 3151 ✉

Lovely Lady Seeks Romantic Soul Mate To enjoy a loving family. Desire professional, 40-55, 6' plus, Christian. Me: striking, successful, adventurer/traveler, childless. Note/photo. 3122 ✉

Charming Black Male—Handsome, Ivy MBA, 30s, seeks, smart, adventurous, accomplished black female, model good looks and centerfold figure. 3126 ✉

Beautiful Brown-Eyed Brunette—Single Jewish female, 32, 5'7", fit, professional, intuitive and free-spirited, a believer in destiny and chemistry - seeks a unique, marriage-minded, single Jewish male, 32-42, who is tall (6' plus), has integrity, good looks, intelligence, a sensitive soul, who is able to give freely from the heart (without an agenda), to share all that really matters in life. Note/photo/phone, appreciated. 3166 ✉

Looking For A Raquel Welch Equal—Professional, good-looking, Jewish - nonreligious NJ gentleman, 48, seeks stunning partner, 30-55, for serious relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3109 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Shapely—Gentle blond, warm, fit, degreed, childless, seeks accomplished Mr. Right, 38-46. 3138 ✉

A Little Romance—Jewish professional male, 25, tall, athletic and handsome (I'm told), looking for an intelligent, fun-loving woman who knows how to receive roses. Photo appreciated. 3153 ✉

Truly Sincere Gentleman Sought—By bright, elegant, friendly writer/model, 20s, from Orient. Must be successful. Photo/phone/note. 3158 ✉

Westchesterite—Pretty, 45, educated professional, varied interests, seeks employed, educated, successful male, 40-55, to share quality time. (203)/(914) only. 3111 ✉ ☎

Win The Love Lottery!—Divorced Jewish male, dentist, 44, 5'6", warm, witty, down-to-earth, seeks to remarry. Religion unimportant. 3103 ✉ ☎

Widowed, 40something—Attractive, independent woman, lover of both city and country pleasures, finds her nest almost empty. Seeks the friendly companionship of a warmhearted, generous and easy-spirited man, 48-62, with youthful energy. 3099 ✉

Wall Street Biotech Analyst—Ivy-educated, financially secure, single Jewish male, 44, 5'6" - enjoys theater, film, history, ballet and diverse cultural and athletic activities. Seeks petite, educated, marriage-minded, single Jewish female, 29-40. Note/photo please. 3148 ✉

You Could Be The One!—I am a 32-year-old, 5'9", professional (MBA) Jewish female, seeking special man to be best friend and partner in life. I am confident, very attractive, athletic, fun, nonsmoker... and hoping to hear from you soon. Note/phone/photo. 3104 ✉

Joie De Vivre—Soft, spirited, attractive, 5'10", classy music therapist seeks duet with 40-60, nonsmoking gentleman, 6' up - no musical ability necessary. 3061 ✉ ☎

Mom Will Be Thrilled—Financially secure, tall, dark, handsome Jewish male, 34, seeks very fit, attractive, athletic, smart woman. Phone/photo a must. 3205 ✉

Not Your Typical Upper-East Sider—I'm a young 39, 5'11", fit and trim, handsome Jewish male - open-minded, emotionally and financially secure, world traveler with a quirky sense of humor. I love to collect art, enjoy most cultural events, movies, novels and country excursions. You are a slim/trim, intelligent, pretty woman interested in the real thing. 3220 ✉ ☎

Middle Eastern (Westernized)—Islamic, single female attorney, 30, tall, slender, exotic, successful. You are JD/MD/CEO, 30-37, single Islamic (westernized) male, successful, down-to-earth, humorous, kind, and enjoy the finer things in life. Please include recent photo with note. 3152 ✉

The Best Things In Life Are Free—Life. Laughter. Love. Let's get our share together. Single male, 31, with minor disability, pining for single female. Note/photo. 3162 ✉

Out Of Stock—Need a special order for a single Jewish male - 35-45, warm, fun-loving professional who enjoys skiing, bicycling, the arts, Haagen Dazs - all the normal things in life, to share with this outgoing, witty, pretty, vivacious female advertising exec. 3145 ✉

Wall Street Professional—Attractive, well-built 32-year-old - athletic, energetic, adventurous. Enjoys outdoor recreation. Good listener, positive attitude, single black male. Seeks lady (race not important) with same characteristics, for friendship and marriage, age 32 or under. Nonsmoker only. 3202 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Single White Female—5'7", 30s, nurse, nonsmoker. Loves animals, passion for great food, music and dancing. Seeks warmhearted, secure (emotionally and financially), relationship-minded man, good sense of humor, loves to laugh. Recent photo a must. 3206 ✉

Pretty College Instructor—Creative, seeks upbeat Jewish man, 40-50, for friendship and romance. 3171 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Thoughtful—And very attractive, 43-year-old professional man, with depth, heart and integrity, seeks warm, genuine, pretty woman for enduring relationship. Please send note and photo. 3215 ✉

Curable Romantic—Seeks his antidote to dating scene - you: a smart, pretty, Jewish, svelte woman, 20s-30s. Me: 34, handsome or close to it, honest in love, fit physically and mentally, an editor. Photo, please. 3207 ✉

No Future Dad—Producer/director with own production company. Tall, attractive, fun, well-groomed man. Hoping for pretty, slim, sexy, exciting, insightful, up, career woman, 23-33, for play weekends in south Florida, NY mountains and NYC. We both ride Harleys, jet skis, ATVs and more. You teach me about love. Photo and note. 3227 ✉ ☎

Northern NJ Widow—Mid 60s, seeks sincere, caring gentleman, 60-75, who would like to share the many good things maturity has to offer. 3154 ✉

Wanted: NJ Girl—By 29, 6', very attractive, spontaneous, athletic, single white male. I enjoy working out, the beach and skiing. If you're an attractive, fit and single female with similar interests, please send a photo and note. 3175 ✉

Attorney, 26, Handsome, Fit—Nonreligious Jewish male, 6'2", 180, sincere and funny, with varied interests, seeks to meet down-to-earth, professionally-minded female, 21-27, who might be as reluctant to respond to an ad as I am to place one. Note/photo. 3108 ✉

Very Pretty, Sophisticated—Attorney, 40, Jewish - nonreligious; refined, warm, vivacious and athletic. Loves sports, cultural activities, country weekends and traveling. Seek great guy: well-educated, financially secure, with traditional values and Brooks Brothers looks. 3190 ✉ ☎

Jeans On A Motorcycle—Or slim body-hugging dress at night in Aspen - you're fabulous in both. Secure, single white male, young 40ish, desires date with above ...happy, younger, single white/Hispanic female. Anything's possible. 3228 ✉ ☎

As Down-To-Earth As They Come—Head of marketing department for major prestigious publisher, 41, 5'5", kind-hearted, very pretty, slim, fit, multilingual, divorced, dog owner, nonsmoker - but most important is my friendliness, humor and ability to form wonderful relationships. Seeking real human being. Letter/photo/phone, please. 3143 ✉

Don't Read This Ad—Unless you are a sensual, pretty and youthful Latina who wishes to share life's pleasures with a virile, young-at-heart, sensitive, kind, funny and intelligent, middle-aged physician. If you are between 18-40, you may qualify for the jackpot prize! Please be sweet, sexy and kind. Looking forward to special Kodak moments together. Please send note/photo. 3137 ✉

Shall We?—Handsome, fit, very successful Jewish male, 30, looking to meet an intelligent, kind, very attractive woman in her 20s. A hopeful romantic with a knack for making people laugh (even without tickling them), I love to play piano and tennis (not at the same time, of course), as well as traveling, elegant dining and stimulating conversation. If you seek a long-term relationship built on romance, friendship and fun, our song is playing... Shall we? Photo/note. 3100 ✉

Truly A Mensch—Single Jewish male, MD, 41, from central Jersey, kind, affectionate, romantic, successful, handsome and even athletic, would love to settle down with a bright, attractive, nonsmoking, warmhearted, medium to tall woman. I will dazzle you with gentle hugs and kisses. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 3116 ✉

Smart, Sexy Chick—With a package worth unwrapping, seeks fun-loving guy, 30-40, with a tameable heart. Please send photo and note. 3219 ✉ ☎

Gay Male—41, attractive professional with a colorful past and bright future, seeks a similarly optimistic gay man with warmth, intelligence and integrity, for romantic friendship. 2986 ✉

Handsome, Affectionate Gentleman—Divorced, 54, seeking a woman for a loving, committed relationship. Enjoys travel, movies, theater. Note and photo a must. 3195 ✉

Long-Haired, Green-Eyed—Dirty blond, beautiful LI professional who enjoys outdoors, dogs, horseback riding, working out - seeks attractive, health-conscious, self-confident man, 30-35, to enjoy the above with. Photo. 3119 ✉

Auburn Hair, Hi NYC!—Is there a guy for me? Attractive, 34, white female, Christian, would like to know. Intelligent, creative, "good girl", seeks intelligent, good guy - single, white, 30-40, to have fun this fall. No smoke/no drugs. 3221✉☎

30, Ivy-Educated Bachelor—5'10", blond, Christian background, searching for a female companion, 26-35. I'm a self-employed entrepreneur in north NJ, who enjoys NYC as well as the upstate. If you're a sensible, college-educated woman, please write or leave a message. No students, foreigners. 3114 ✉ ☎

Culturally Literate Male—Successful, good-looking, high achiever. Seeks classy, career-directed female, 30s (or nearby), with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 3194 ✉

Sensational Lady—Pretty, classy, smart, 5'6", blond Jewish professional, athletic, happy in heels/sneakers - seeks upscale, successful, commitment-minded counterpart, 50-60, with solid values, to share happiness forever. Note/photo. 3201 ✉

Statuesque Blond Seeks Soul Mate—I'm smart, sassy, sensuous and fun. Looking for tall, successful, attractive man, 40-50, secure with himself but missing the last piece of the puzzle. Enjoy food, the beach, music, theater and travel. Satisfaction guaranteed for right applicant. Note/photo. 3139 ✉ ☎

Stop, Look, Respond—This is the one you're looking for. 40s, 5'7", Italian Rockland County male, seeking commitment-minded, outgoing woman, tired of superficial bar scene. Phone/note/photo. 3203 ✉ ☎

Brunette Spitfire—Slim, sexy, spirited, attractive Jewish professional, 35 - enjoys skiing, travel, fine cuisine, laughter and living life to the fullest. Seeking white male (30-40) with character, strong family values and a sense of adventure and romance. No smokers. Photo, please. 3189 ✉

Seeking A Soul Mate—For intimacy, passion and commitment. We: slightly offbeat, attractive, successful, athletic, spiritual, sensual and self-aware. Me: 35, mildly Jewish MD, 6', 155 lbs. You: 24-36, ultra-smart, naturally pretty. Us: cycling, dancing, art, nature...future little souls. Note/photo/phone. 3107 ✉ ☎

Early-50s Lady—Elegant, wise, trustworthy, truly attractive - seeking quality friendship first and foremost, with worthy man. 3141 ✉

If You Don't Take A Chance—You don't stand a chance. Brainy, sincere, elegant, very attractive (38, 5'7"), very athletic (avid skier, tennis player, runner), cultured Russian/Jewish professional, seeks very intelligent, optimistic, successful gentleman. Honesty, sincerity, kindness and sense of humor are important. 3128 ✉

Pretty RN—30s, seeks sincere, sensitive, intelligent, witty professional, 33-48, to share life forever. No drugs or diseases. Photo and phone. 3198 ✉

Fall Adventure Beckons—Grab your hiking boots and tickets to the Philharmonic. Elegant, upbeat, very pretty, slender, professionally successful, witty, divorced female Manhattanite with passion for hiking, culture and the arts, seeks ardent, nature-loving, creative soul mate to share life's pleasures. 55 plus. 3188 ✉ ☎

Lawyer - Tall, Handsome, Romantic—Good conversationalist, strong sense of humor, kind with varied interests. Seeks warm, attractive, affectionate woman, 45-55, to share life's multiple pleasures. Nonsmoker. Note/photo optional. 3182 ✉

Private Events for NY's Most Successful Jewish Professionals

The Circle

Ages 25-39

Join us at our fall event.
Wed. Nov. 1st · 6:00-11:00pm
The Madison · 29 East 32nd St.

Wine Tasting & Hors D'oeuvres
6:00 - 7:30pm

Live Jazz, Dancing & Conversation
6:00-11:00pm

Reservations & details 212-987-6400
$30 in advance & $35 door

The Link

Ages 40 plus

Join us at our premier event.
Wed. Nov. 8th · 6:00-11:00pm
The Madison · 29 East 32nd St.

Wine Tasting & Hors D'oeuvres
6:00 - 7:30pm

Live Jazz, Dancing & Conversation
6:00-11:00pm

Reservations & details 212-987-6400
$30 in advance & $35 door

Arts And Nature Lover—Adventurous, outdoorsy, self-aware, divorced Jewish male professional. I'm 45, 5'11", fit, attractive, with big blue eyes, a great smile and a warm heart. Seeking Jewish female, 30s, to hike a trail, see a show, share a life, start a family. 3124 ✉

Truly Beautiful—30-plus, Orthodox Jewish woman of depth, spirituality, sensitivity, talent and zest for life, seeks soul mate. 3186 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Warm, witty, creative Christian female, late 30s, seeks down-to-earth, caring professional man to share the arts, laughter and love. Photo. 3135 ✉

Hazel Eyes And Cute—Divorced, white professional male, early 40s, seeks an attractive, shapely 35-45, nonsmoking lady who is into laughter, hand-holding, movies, walks, travel and special moments together, which will lead to a long-lasting relationship. Note/photo. 3217 ✉ ☎

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. 3163 ✉

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Recipe for a great
Strictly Personals
PARTY

Use time-tested ingredients that make a great time!

THROW THE PARTY IN A BIG BEAUTIFUL SPACE:

COPACABANA

Serve fabulous food and lots of it: 2 food Stations
Keep it moving and fun: Great DJ gets the crowd dancing and romancing.
Make an offer that is hard to refuse: You'll have to be there to find out!

Thursday, November 9th, 5:30 pm - 12 am

617 W 57th St. (great parking & lots of cabs)
$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by November 3 to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL: 212-545-3668

party! party!

Handsome, Athletic Jewish Male—36, attorney, seeks beautiful, slender Jewish woman, 25-33. Photo and phone. 3176 ✉

Downtown Professional, Gay Male—With down-home values...seeks partner. 38, 6'2", 190, brown/blue, caring, commitment, conversation, cuddling, codpieces and country home. Photo a must, with letter and phone. 3226 ✉

I've Been Blessed In Many Ways—And I'd like to share some blessings with you. 40s exec/writer, successful, fit, compassionate, dynamic, seeks LI lady with similar gifts. Photo helpful. 3184 ✉

Jewish Beauty—Inside and out, 34, 5'7", size 6, son, 6 - seeks tall, wonderful man for mutual spoiling. Photo. 3132 ✉

When Holly Met --- (Fill In The Blank)—30-something single female wants to meet her Harry. I have an upscale, balanced lifestyle in both the city and country. Have been described as very attractive (tall, fair skin, brunette, blue eyes), thoughtful, intelligent, creative, confident and sophisticated. Love to travel, especially to Europe and South America. Am a tennis and swimming enthusiast. Please reply if you are optimistic, genuine, have a joie de vivre and a high energy level. Good wit and sense of humor is essential. Be attractive inside and out. Let's meet for breakfast at Tiffany's. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 3173 ✉ ☎

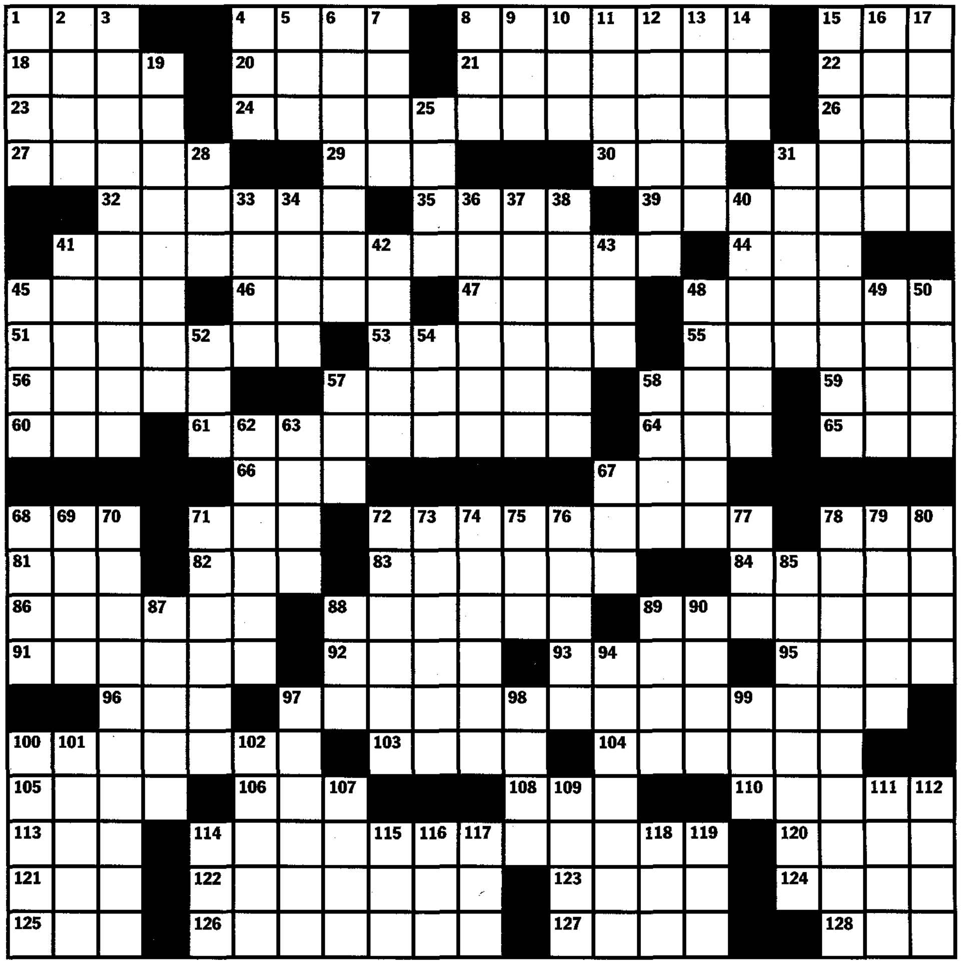
Patrons Of The Opera Preferred—Beautiful, accomplished, cultured, athletic Jewish professsional and operatic soprano, seeks sincere, successful, family-oriented professional or businessman with a loving and generous spirit. Note/photo. 3117 ✉

Looking For A Strong Man—Me: 31, fun, smart, very attractive, slender, feminine, stylish and a bit zany. You: 32-42, playful, witty, charming, sensitive, successful Jewish Manhattanite. Let's share NYC! Photo/phone, please. 3225 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Loving Teacher—5'7", auburn hair, seeks fit man, nonsmoker, 58-68, who enjoys politics, travel, laughter. I like theater, music, literature, swimming, bicycling, walking, dancing. Financially secure - seeks same. Photo. 3178 ✉ ☎

Adventurous, Successful Entrepreneur—35 years old, seeks female, 27-32, who is intelligent, adventurous, romantic, affectionate, very attractive and sensual - who loves traveling the world, beaches, wining and dining, dancing, etc... or just staying home, cuddling and renting a movie. Photo a must. 3180 ✉ ☎

‘Guess the Theme’:
‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson



ACROSS

1 Channel 7, in N.Y.
4 Coffeepot, for short
8 Paid athlete, occasionally
15 —— Mahal
18 Sock exchange
20 Autobahn auto
21 Paesano’s language
22 Half a bray
23 ——’acte
24 Carefully inspected biscuits
26 Victorian, e.g.
27 Floating flower
29 Milne marsupial
30 “—— we there yet?”
31 Complexion
32 “From —— Eternity”
35 Lomond, for one
39 Pals
41 Made a racket
44 —— Aviv
45 Operatic prince
46 Draftable rating
47 Help oneself to
48 “Streetcar” wife
51 Saunter
53 Pail’s go-with
55 Chosen profession
56 “The Divine Miss M”
57 Electronic paging device
58 Jowls site
59 Battering apparatus
60 Trouble for a lisper
61 Sondheim musical
64 Belfast rebel gp.
65 Owing the pot
66 Aga Khan’s son
67 Night before
68 Wapiti
71 “—— Were a Rich Man”
72 Vermont Notch
78 Mailman’s tote
81 Louvre-annex architect
82 Lapidary’s object
83 Highest male voices
84 Draw out
86 Space in from the margin
88 Ice-cream indulgence
89 Dictionary
91 Military escort
92 Outer: prefix
93 River of Flanders
95 Land measure
96 Tire need, sometimes
97 Not the first narrator
100 Drain resources
103 Popular cookie
104 Part of A.S.A.P.
105 Removes stitches
106 A feast —— famine
108 Toothpaste type
110 Hoopster Shaquille
113 Drink that sounds helpful
114 Trainer of new pets
120 Takeout store
121 For each
122 Tall shade-provider
123 Utah’s lily
124 No-seats signs
125 Speech stumbles
126 Quits
127 Trampled
128 Wimbledon grouping

DOWN

1 First murder victim
2 Lead singer of U2
3 Tonsil surgeons do it
4 Opposite of neg.
5 Antipollution org.
6 Put back into the ice chest
7 Role for Liz
8 Round Table title
9 Incoming-flight abbr.
10 Scottish-name syllable
11 One of the Chases
12 Hawkeye of “M*A*S*H”
13 Less broiled
14 Sides, in cricket
15 Hemingway short story
16 Eagle’s nest
17 Levi’s
19 Wayne’s Oscar film
25 More than cool
28 Madrid Mrs.
31 Villain’s expression
33 Cabell or Slaughter
34 Fork feature
36 Squids’ relatives
37 Cowardly
38 Nature walkers
40 Northern capital
41 Fairy-tale heavies
42 Alleviates
43 Gibson of “Braveheart”
45 “Let ——,” Beatles movie
48 Fearsome one
49 Rachel’s sister
50 West Point team
52 Shade of green
54 Men
57 Howl at the moon
58 Hepcat’s music
62 Kind of pin
63 Successful at dieting
67 Golfer Ernie
68 Grand-scale tale
69 Late-show host
70 Sleeping children
71 Pay no attention to
72 Wall cement
73 Guru
74 Like neglected tasks
75 Malabar Coast state
76 Jane and Zane
77 Dr. Ruth’s topic
78 Tampa Bay team
79 Squirrel’s tidbit
80 Heredity factor
85 Ice, to a fence
87 Sinful practices
88 Spectate
89 Some born in August
90 Guesses wrong
94 Stealthy pursuer
97 Antitoxins
98 Onetime Venetian honcho
99 —— hoo!
100 Window hanging
101 Down from a duck
102 Actor Peter O’——
107 Piedmont wine city
109 “Sidewalks of New York” start
111 Skin-lotion ingredient
112 Schindler’s item
114 “Rings on —— fingers”
115 Unit of work
116 London’s big timer
117 Matter, at law
118 I, to Claudius
119 Gangland gat

Solutions to last week’s puzzle

B	E	A	R	I	S	H	■	■	C	O	B	R	A	S	■	C	A	K	E	S
O	P	T	I	C	I	A	N	■	A	R	M	A	D	A	■	A	M	I	G	O
G	I	L	L	E	T	T	E	■	N	E	W	Y	O	R	K	T	I	M	E	S
■	G	A	L	■	■	C	O	B	■	■	■	S	P	A	N	S	■	B	R	O
E	R	R	■	L	A	H	■	O	M	A	N	■	T	H	E	P	I	E	■	■
W	A	G	N	E	R	■	E	M	I	L	I	A	■	S	E	A	G	R	A	M
A	M	E	R	I	C	A	N	B	R	A	N	D	S	■	■	W	O	L	F	E
■	■	■	A	C	H	E	D	■	■	R	E	D	A	C	T	■	R	Y	A	N
A	Y	R	■	E	E	R	■	A	L	I	■	S	L	O	O	P	■	C	R	O
S	E	A	R	S	R	O	E	B	U	C	K	■	A	P	P	A	L	L	■	■
U	N	L	I	T	■	■	S	A	M	■	N	A	M	■	■	L	E	A	V	E
■	■	S	C	E	N	I	C	■	P	H	I	L	I	P	M	O	R	R	I	S
V	E	T	■	R	I	C	H	E	■	U	T	A	■	L	A	M	■	K	A	T
A	R	O	W	■	T	H	E	R	E	S	■	■	I	O	N	I	C	■	■	■
M	I	N	I	M	■	■	W	A	S	H	I	N	G	T	O	N	P	O	S	T
P	E	P	S	I	C	O	■	S	T	E	R	E	O	■	R	O	O	S	T	S
■	■	U	P	S	H	O	T	■	E	D	E	R	■	E	S	S	■	T	I	P
A	A	R	■	S	O	D	O	M	■	■	■	D	O	M	■	■	A	I	L	■
B	R	I	S	T	O	L	M	Y	E	R	S	■	C	O	C	A	C	O	L	A
C	A	N	O	E	■	E	A	R	L	A	P	■	S	T	A	R	T	L	E	D
S	T	A	M	P	■	S	N	A	P	P	Y	■	■	E	R	A	S	E	R	S

Strictly Personals

Vivacious Green-Eyed Beauty—With a heart of gold and great smile. This shapely, intelligent, passionate Jewish female, 33, who loves to laugh and enjoys movies, theater, working out, NY Knicks and much more, seeks handsome, intelligent, professional Jewish male with similar interests and sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 3160 ✉

Looking For A Good-Natured Woman—25-33, white, single or divorced, who is honest, warm, unselfish, affectionate, fit mentally and physically, pretty, religion unimportant, seeking a committed relationship. I'm a professional, 35, Jewish, handsome, with a great sense of humor, who enjoys working out, tennis, dining out and in, and movies. Note/phone/photo. 3150 ✉

She's Got Knicks Tickets!—My coworker needs to meet the right man, because I'm sick of hearing about all the wrong ones! She's a sexy, slim, sporty, successful 30-year-old Jewish woman. She likes a man who's savvy, secure, successful and sane. If you enjoy the outdoors, keeping fit, all seasons, sushi and the Knicks(!), I know the woman for you. She's a great catch, boys. Photo - will exchange. 3211 ✉

Wakeup Call!—Manhattan/Westchester mensch, 32, very successful businessman, handsome, bright, fun, sense of humor, hobbyist, very athletic, 5'7", 155 lbs, hears alarm ring for meaningful relationship with athletic or built, 4'11"-5'5", 20s-30s woman (religion unimportant), who appreciates honesty and sincerity in a relationship! Photo a must/note. 3123 ✉

Gay Man—5'11", 180, attractive advertising exec, 50 plus, looking for solid relationship. Me: healthy, HIV-positive, romantic, playful, theater lover. Searching for well-built, intelligent, perhaps preppie man, 35-50, passionate, playful, and ready to settle down. Note/photo. 3118 ✉

Searching For Prince Charming—30-year-old, Jewish, full-figured mom of one, (516) - loves traveling, theater and good conversation. Wants to be swept off her feet by a professional, nonsmoking Jewish male, 30-42, who loves children and has a great sense of humor. Note/phone. 3129 ✉

Here's The Deal—I'm a single white male, 36, 6', 210 lbs, physically fit, easygoing, funny, north Jersey resident. If you are a female equivalent, 30-40, nonsmoker, let's give it a shot. 3191 ✉☎

Black Female—Age 32, full-figured, educated Manhattan professional - seeks same in male, for relationship. Note and photo. 3197 ✉

Gay Woman—45, kind, well-educated, attractive, adventurous, seeks feminine counterpart to share many intellectual and outdoor interests. 3130 ✉☎

Dynamic Package—I can make your dreams come true. 5'5", beautiful, sexy Jewish widow, seeks attractive, sincere, feisty man, 55-65, who wants to enjoy life. Note/photo/phone. 3147 ✉☎

The Best Friend You'll Ever Have—Beautiful, slim Jewish MBA, 33, varied interests, seeks educated, similarly accomplished male, to 40. Note/photo. 3213 ✉

Meet My Sister—Pretty, vivacious, warm, giving, artistic and a sports enthusiast. She lives on LI (1/2 hour from NYC) with her two terrific teenage children. If you are a strong yet sensitive man who is career-oriented, honest, caring and fun-to-be-with, you can be my present for her 43rd birthday. Responses go directly to her. Note/photo (preferred). 3131 ✉

Fabulous, Funny North Shore Female—5'7", Jewish, European-born, seeks tall, smart, kind (45-60) sweetheart for lifetime of adventures, exploration and joy. Likes: too many to mention. Dislikes: too few to matter. Share my passion for friends, family, kids, music and travel. Rush letter/photo or call. 3172 ✉☎

Warm, Attractive Bi-Racial Woman—33, professional, nonsmoker. Interests range from comics to opera. Enjoys skiing, travel, reading and pretending to be athletic. Seeks 30-45 man who is honest, intelligent, who can be silly or serious. Note/phone/photo. 2950 ✉☎

Pretty, Slim And Sexy—39-year-old Jewish female with green eyes - seeks a man with zest for life, love, family and sports. Photo/phone. 3167 ✉☎

I Know I've Passed Her—In that sea of humanity. She reads these ads over another take-out dinner and laughs. Nothing much ever changes. She'd never answer one of these and I'd never put one in. If you're 28-38, never been married, don't have a computer-generated response and still think there's magic in the midnight sky, go for it! Photo/phone. 3127 ✉

Assortments

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304 E 39th St (1st & 2nd) **212-213-0508**

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JANET—You responded to "Buddies First", Box 2727, 10/2, but didn't leave phone. **PLEASE TRY AGAIN W/#.**

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GREG! Park Avalon, 9/14! We met/talked/sat on steps/hugged/on my mind/trust chemistry/call me! Nancy **691-3298**

STAN & JEFF INVITE YOU To their 2nd Annual **"City Slickers" Weekend** at **Pinegrove Dude Ranch -** November 3-5. For info: **718 428-6447; 201 224-4268**

MARY ANN MADDEN #834

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

PRETTY IN PINK II—You and a guest are cordially invited . . .

MEET CODY GIFFORD—8 A.M. shopping before FAO Schwarz opens. Bring your little angel and let her or him choose toys to be charged and sent. Santa, elves, hot chocolate.

HAIR CLUB FOR MEN HARVEST JAMBOREE—On-site transplants, weaves, and detection games. Prizes.

Above, uninviting invitations. Competitors are invited to devise one sample, please.

Results of Competition 831, in which you were asked for a flavorful line typical of *Mystery/Masterpiece Theater.*

Report: You may not be play doctors, but you do know your TV. Little of Henry James or Trollope or Waugh. More of mysteries in which an Inspector calls. And calls. We had to follow a single thread here, which more or less eliminated Watson, Hastings, and Jane Tennison. But PBS would be proud. Or aghast. We were. Hoping you the same.

No individual laurels, but thanks to all who conspired to write the following appalling, um, thing.

"Ah, Inspector. Welcome to our humble albeit stately home."
Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

"I'm Julia Horvath, and this is my twin brother, Augustus, but do call him Nibs, and me Julia."
Kate Koutsavlis, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"We were just about to call you."
Aileen Antonia Fenton, N.Y.C.

"Any news, Inspector?"
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

"Are you aware that it is illegal to display false credentials?"
Robin Phillips, Bergenfield, N.J.

"We'll sort this all out at the country house—Edgar, bring round the car."
Fred Buffa, Staten Island, N.Y.

"Shall we?"
S. J. Bernstein, N.Y.C.

"Will you join us, Chief Inspector?"
Laura Jessup, San Diego, Calif.

"Pity, sir, but I fear I must intrude upon your bereavement to ask a question or two. We shan't detain you long."
Terry Zheutlin, Wilmette, Ill.

"No, no—put that chicken down. I must have everything *exactly* the way it was."
Sarah Schulman, Oakland, Calif.

"How many of you had chicken and how many had fish?"
Connon Barclay, Holland, Mich.

"Who dimmed the lights?"
Patricia Mims, Minneapolis, Minn.

"My dear inspector, these incessant questions are becoming most tiresome."
Anne Fescharek, Toms River, N.J.

"What is that odour?"
Susan Rosenberg, Bridgeport, Conn.

"It was very clumsy of me, mum."
Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"One does not have to be a Sherlock Holmes, Inspector, to realize that cats don't bark."
H. B. Farr Jr., Winston-Salem, N.C.

"We appreciate your coming forward, Miss Fernley. Until now we had not considered the absence of kippers."
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"Just a few enquiries, Doctor . . . was Miss Wynncroft careless with her medication?"
Ann Kimbrough, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Strong as she was, I doubt she could get out on her own . . ."
David Brubaker, Carlisle, Pa.

"Just one thing, Chief Inspector . . ."
Kate Savage-Barron, Waldwick, N.J.

"'Ere's the report on the bleedin'—beggin' your pardon, sir—weapon."
Joan Savage, Waldwick, N.J.

"Good show, Sergeant; now bag it and tag it."
Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.

"If I could have one minute of your time, Chief Inspector . . ."
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

"Calm yourself, my dear woman, and try to tell us what happened."
Jim Lobell, Pawtucket, R.I.

"It was 'orrible, sir, and him such a fine gentleman and all."
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Poisoned? Oh, how frightfully ghastly!"
Rachael Brickley, McConnellsville, N.Y.

"Gruesome, it was, yet set against a hill so gloriously awash in heather."
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

"It 'appened on Shrove Tuesday, it did."
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

"It's a bloody shame, it is."
Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

"I'm ever so terrified, Nigel."
Patsy Couper, Clinton, N.Y.

"Hello, what's this, then?"
David English, West Sommerville, Mass.

"Wait, don't go in there . . ."
Steven Dorman, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Mind where you tread, miss; those bloodstains are quite recent."
Al Baltz, Salem, N.Y.

"Sir Reginald escaped by means of a most ingenious disguise, Inspector."
John Foshee, Austin, Tx.

"A chilly spot for a young heiress to be walking without a sweater . . ."
Alex Wang, Long Island City, N.Y.

"She fancied her poodle, sir, more than her husband, I would say."
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"A husband who's hibernal is no better than no husband at all."
M. E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

"It seems that she made a fatal miscalculation when she let her visitor in."
Robert N. Goldman, New Rochelle, N.Y.

"Forget the chiffon dress and the pearls—the victim was a man."
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

"But, Inspector, you must realize that Madame was disguised as a jockey."
Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

"That is precisely what our murderer would have us think. Am I not right, Sir Giles—or should I say *Lady* Armbruster?"
Roselle Scaduto, N.Y.C.

"What? But then . . ."
Christina Chung, N.Y.C.

"Would you permit me another look at the corpse's face, Detective Sergeant?"
Francis X. Herbert, Sparta, N.J.

"We will have to exhume the body again, Inspector."
Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

"Examine this closely, gentlemen, and then pray to God that you will never have to see it again."
Mary M. Loveless, Memphis, Tenn.

"It's just as I thought."
Diane Donner, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"The question isn't who wanted Melville dead—it is who did not."
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Observe the divers footprints; the timid, irresolute steps; the measured, determined stride . . ."
Raymond S. Kauders, Montesanto, Wash.

"You overlook one thing, Inspector."
Leonard Drum, N.Y.C.

"Murder? Murder is such an ugly word."
Wayne M. Ozzi, Staten Island, N.Y.

"Coincidence? Hardly. Alluring but impossible."
Patty Kane, Clarks Summit, Pa.

"Care for some wine, Inspector? From our own vineyards, you know."
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

"The perfect wine, my dear fellow, the perfect cigar, but never, I assure you, the perfect crime."
John Michael Trimbelli, N.Y.C.

"I 'aven't 'ad me tea yet, Inspector."
Peter Lukas, N.Y.C.

"Would the inspector care for a spot of tea?"
Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

"Our Desmond sure did love his cuppa."
Pat Baltz, Salem, N.Y.

"Would that Lionel were here to sip sherry with us . . . now, don't fret, darling. I shan't be a moment."
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Oak Park, Ill.

"He always had his gin and tonic before dinner . . . except last night."
John Falxa, N.Y.C.

"Is that Lady Gregory getting out of that car?"
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

"'Tisn't."
Sandy Peresmik, Flushing, N.Y.

"That's preposterous—why, I've known him since he was a child."
Sheva Golkow, Philadelphia, Pa.

"He's a scoundrel, all right, but is he the right scoundrel?"
Barbra-Del Campbell, Allentown, Pa.

"And you, sir, are a cad and a bounder."
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

"I shan't dignify such a silly calumny by answering."
Linnet Walker, Bradford, Vt.

"I'm a good girl, I am, Chief Inspector."
Jean Paschke, Melrose, Minn.

"Hold the candlestick closer, Frederick, I think I can make out an inscription."
Miriam Rankin, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Of course, they aren't the real Cholmondey emeralds, Inspector."
Barbara Wies, Carson City, Nev.

"Apparently, someone would like us to believe that the Plantagenet curse has struck again."
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Will the master be dining alone tonight?"
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

"I'll be dining alone tonight, Judson."
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

"That's odd . . . are you saying that no one here has ever met our host?"
Michael Mahoney, Mahopac, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 834, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 71154.3014@compuserve.com. It must be received by October 27. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the November 20 issue.

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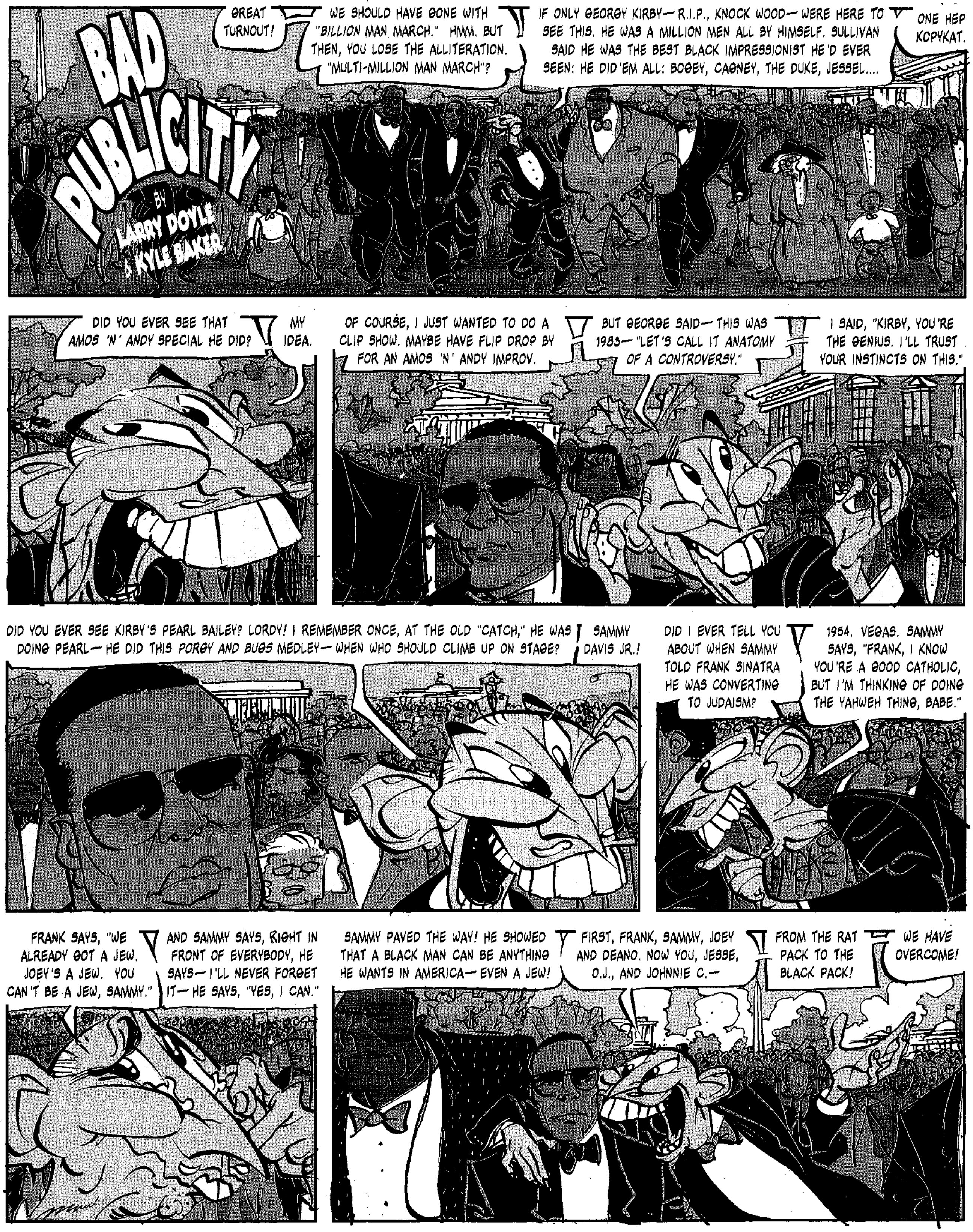
Meet Me With St. Louis

Sandy shows the reverend he's down with this whole million-man thing.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
GREAT TURNOUT!
WE SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH "*BILLION* MAN MARCH." HMM. BUT THEN, YOU LOSE THE ALLITERATION. "MULTI-MILLION MAN MARCH"?
IF ONLY GEORGY KIRBY—R.I.P., KNOCK WOOD—WERE HERE TO SEE THIS. HE WAS A MILLION MEN ALL BY HIMSELF. SULLIVAN SAID HE WAS THE BEST BLACK IMPRESSIONIST HE'D EVER SEEN: HE DID 'EM ALL: BOGEY, CAGNEY, THE DUKE, JESSEL....
ONE HEP KOPYKAT.
DID YOU EVER SEE THAT *AMOS 'N' ANDY* SPECIAL HE DID?
MY IDEA.
OF COURSE, I JUST WANTED TO DO A CLIP SHOW. MAYBE HAVE FLIP DROP BY FOR AN AMOS 'N' ANDY IMPROV.
BUT GEORGE SAID—THIS WAS 1983—"LET'S CALL IT *ANATOMY OF A CONTROVERSY.*"
I SAID, "KIRBY, YOU'RE THE GENIUS. I'LL TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS ON THIS."
DID YOU EVER SEE KIRBY'S PEARL BAILEY? LORDY! I REMEMBER ONCE, AT THE OLD "CATCH," HE WAS DOING PEARL—HE DID THIS *PORGY AND BESS* MEDLEY—WHEN WHO SHOULD CLIMB UP ON STAGE?
SAMMY DAVIS JR.!
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN SAMMY TOLD FRANK SINATRA HE WAS CONVERTING TO JUDAISM?
1954. VEGAS. SAMMY SAYS, "FRANK, I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD CATHOLIC, BUT I'M THINKING OF DOING THE YAHWEH THING, BABE."
FRANK SAYS, "WE ALREADY GOT A JEW. JOEY'S A JEW. YOU CAN'T BE A JEW, SAMMY."
AND SAMMY SAYS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY, HE SAYS—I'LL NEVER FORGET IT—HE SAYS, "YES, I CAN."
SAMMY PAVED THE WAY! HE SHOWED THAT A BLACK MAN CAN BE ANYTHING HE WANTS IN AMERICA—EVEN A JEW!
FIRST, FRANK, SAMMY, JOEY AND DEANO. NOW YOU, JESSE, O.J., AND JOHNNIE C.—
FROM THE RAT PACK TO THE BLACK PACK!
WE *HAVE* OVERCOME!

COME BE OUR GUEST

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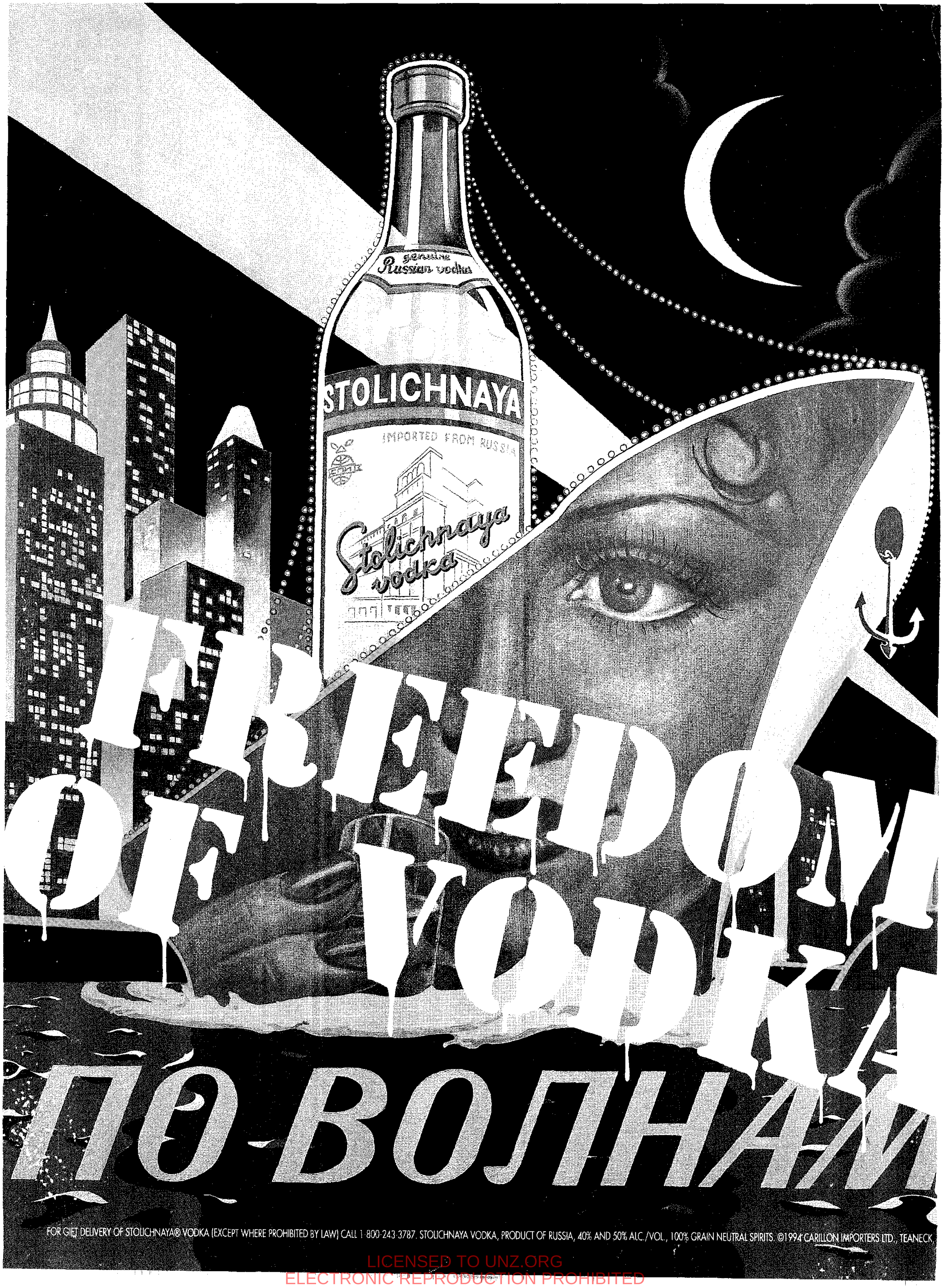
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